

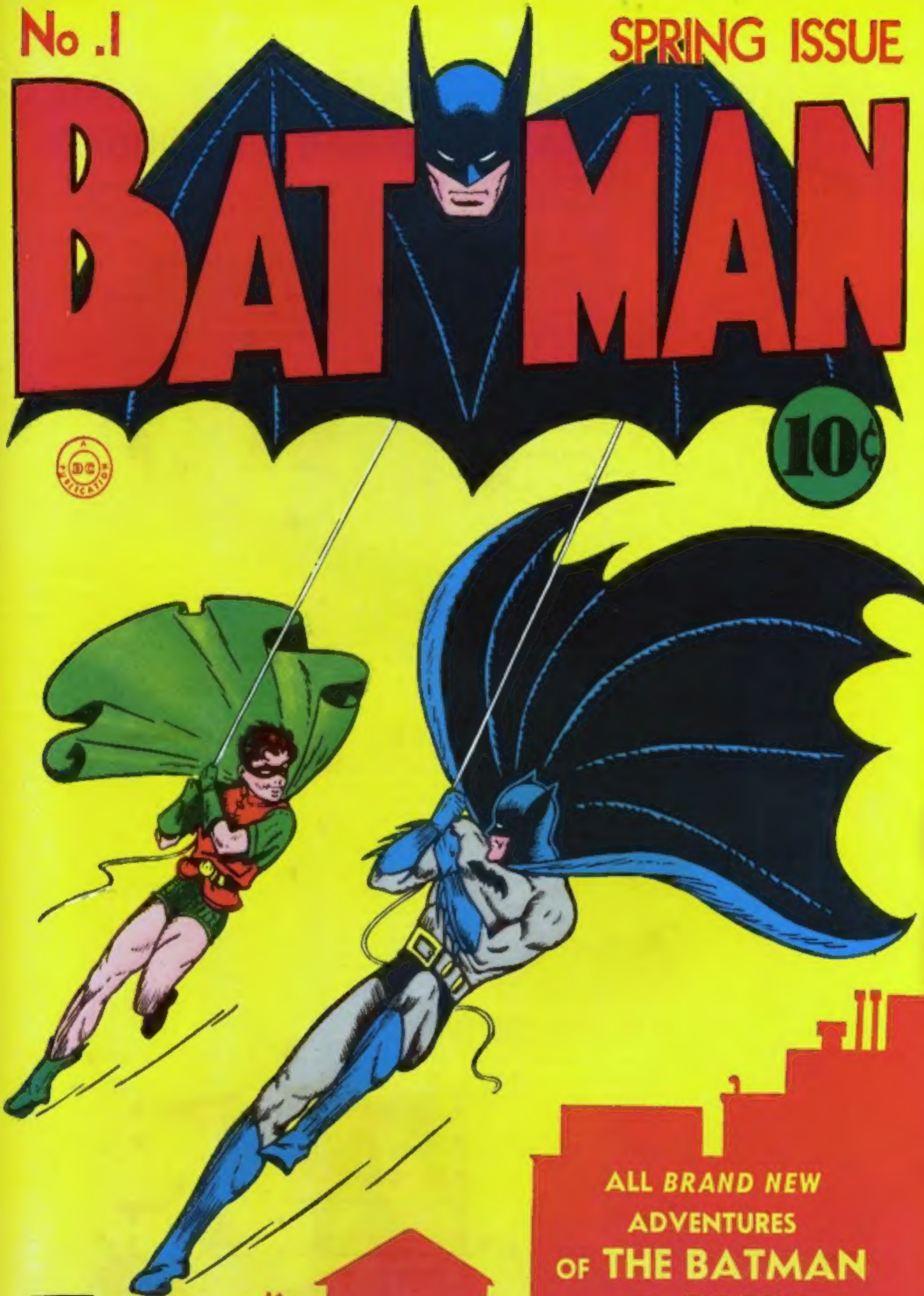
No .1

SPRING ISSUE

# BATMAN



10¢



ALL BRAND NEW  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN,  
THE BOY WONDER!



# Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE  
COUPON  
TO START

**Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others  
and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!**

**S**H-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

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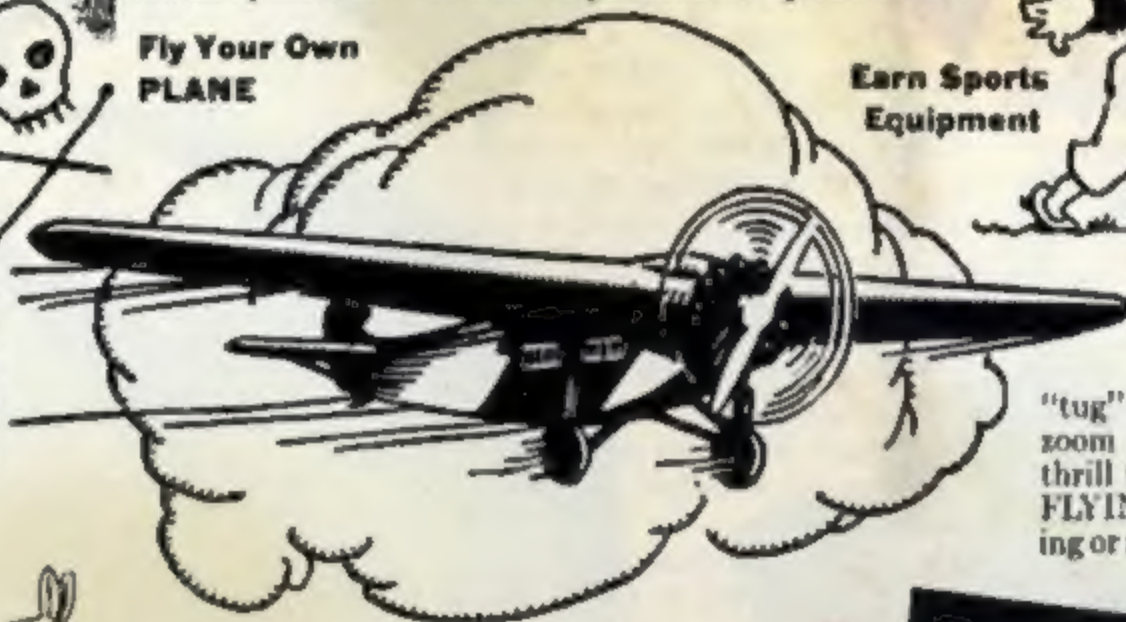
**Fly Your Own  
PLANE**

**Earn Sports  
Equipment**



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an Ace  
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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
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BATMAN No. 1 • SPRING 1940 ISSUE

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The **LEGEND** of the

# BATMAN

by **DOB KANE**

— WHO HE IS  
AND HOW HE  
CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN  
YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE,  
HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE  
WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...

W. WHAT  
IS THIS?

A STICKUP, BUDDY!  
I'LL TAKE THAT NECK-  
LACE YOU'RE  
WEARIN' LADY!

LEAVE HER  
ALONE, YOU!  
OH.....

YOU  
ASKED  
FOR IT!

THOMAS! YOU'VE  
KILLED HIM. HELP!  
POLICE... HELP!

THIS'LL SHUT  
YOU UP!



THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.



FATHER... MOTHER!

...DEAD!  
THEY'RE  
D. DEAD



DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE.

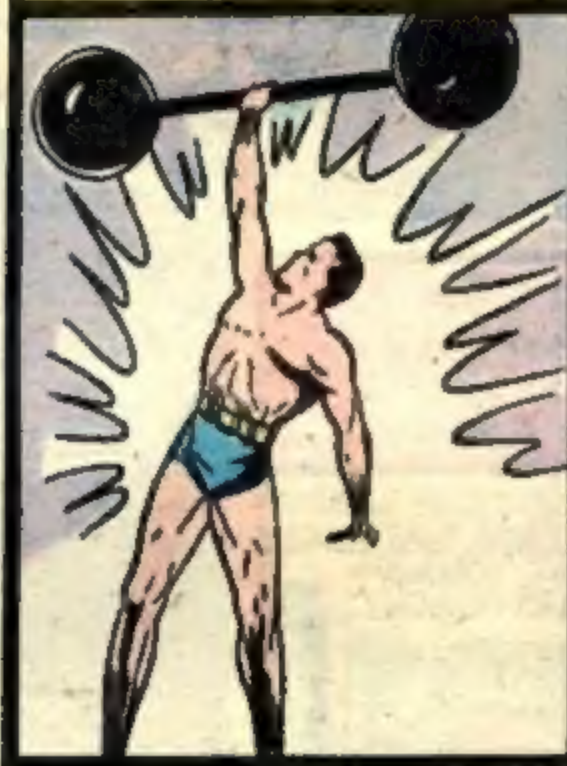
AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS



AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.



TRAINS HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.



DAD'S ESTATE LEFT ME WEALTHY. I AM READY... BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A DISGUISE.



CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT, SO MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE... A A



AS IF IN ANSWER, A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!



A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S AN OMEN... I SHALL BECOME A BAT!

AND THIS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL... THE BATMAN





# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

by  
**BOB KANE**

© ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS—A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM—LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWN'S GRIN THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM—**BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED—THE **JOKER**! A BATTLE OF WITS—WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!



IT IS NIGHT—IN MOST HOMES PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS—

MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL SITTING AT HOME LIKE THIS?

NOTHING LIKE IT! HMMM STATIC!

AWWK! CRACKLE! AWWK!



SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT OFF—A VOICE—A TONELESS VOICE DRONES...

TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME! THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!





WHEN ONCE AGAIN MUSIC....

HENRY. DID YOU HEAR? HENRY CLARIDGE, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED. THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!

HAW! THAT'S JUST A GAG-LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MRS. THE LAST TIME! HA! HA! PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, DEAR!

RADIO STATIONS ARE SWAMPED WITH CALLS! OFFICIALS DECLARE THE STRANGE MESSAGE IS NOT A PART OF THE PROGRAM. THE 'GAG' HAS BECOME A REALITY!

HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE

YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED - ROBBED!

DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WE'LL ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND IS KEPT, AND WATCH YOU

ELEVEN O'CLOCK! ONE HOUR TO GO!

BONG!  
BONG!

AN INFLEXIBLE CORDON IS FORMED ABOUT THE DOOMED MAN!

TIME DRAGON-SECONDS MINUTES THEN THE FATAL HOUR-TWELVE O'CLOCK!

I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M SAFE!...

SLOWLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHOSTLY GRIN, THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER!

THE JOKER HAS FULFILLED HIS THREAT CLARIDGE IS DEAD!!

IT'S...IT'S HORRIBLE!

GROTESQUE! THE JOKER BRINGS DEATH TO HIS VICTIMS WITH A SMILE!

WHEN WITHOUT WARNING!

"I'M SAA-AAGH! AAGH!"

DEAD. IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET...

CHIEF! LOOK HIS MOUTH!





WHAT NOW, CHIEF?

THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND!... IF THE JOKER KILLED CLARIDGE, HE MUST HAVE THE DIAMOND!

BUT HOW COULD HE? WE WERE IN THE ROOM ALL THE TIME!



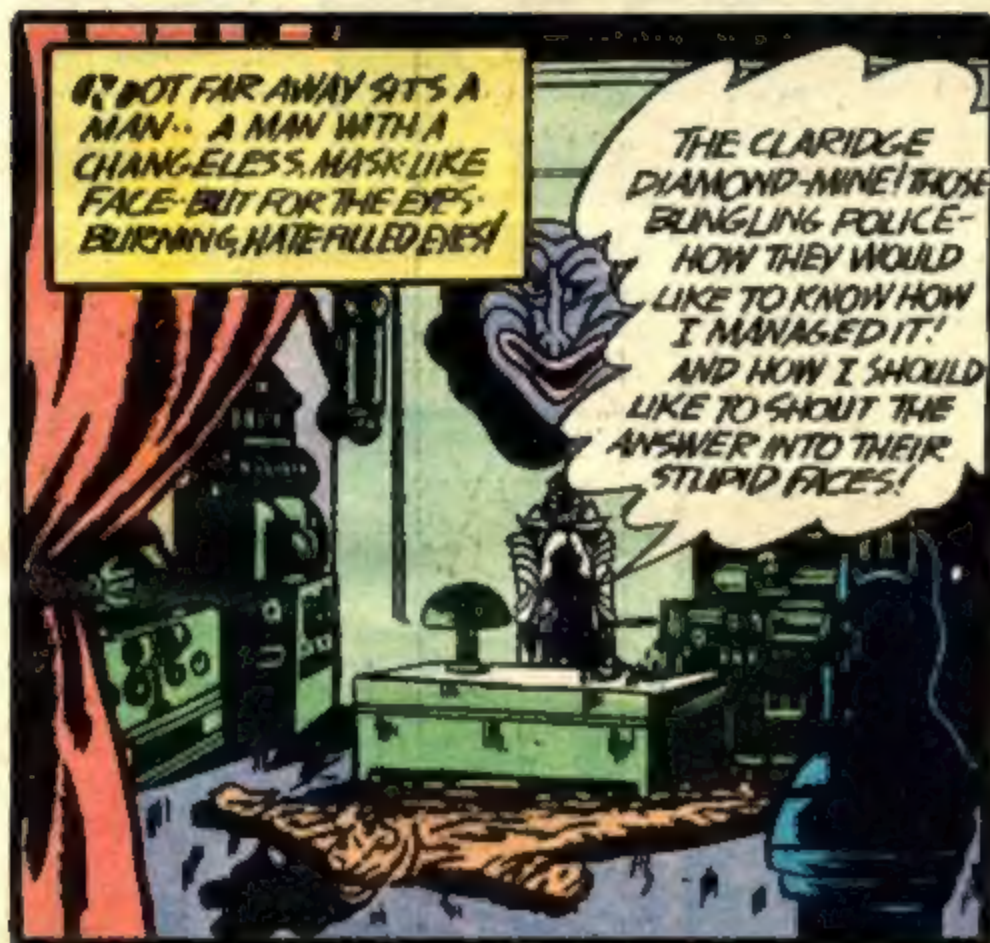
THE DIAMOND! THE JOKER DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL!

HE DID GET IT! THIS IS A PHONEY! IT'S GLASS!

CHIEF! I FOUND SOMETHING IN HERE! IT WAS UNDERNEATH THE CASE!



THE SIGN OF THE JOKER!



NOT FAR AWAY SITS A MAN... A MAN WITH A CHANGELESS, MASK-LIKE FACE... BUT FOR THE EYES... BURNING, HATE-FILLED EYES!

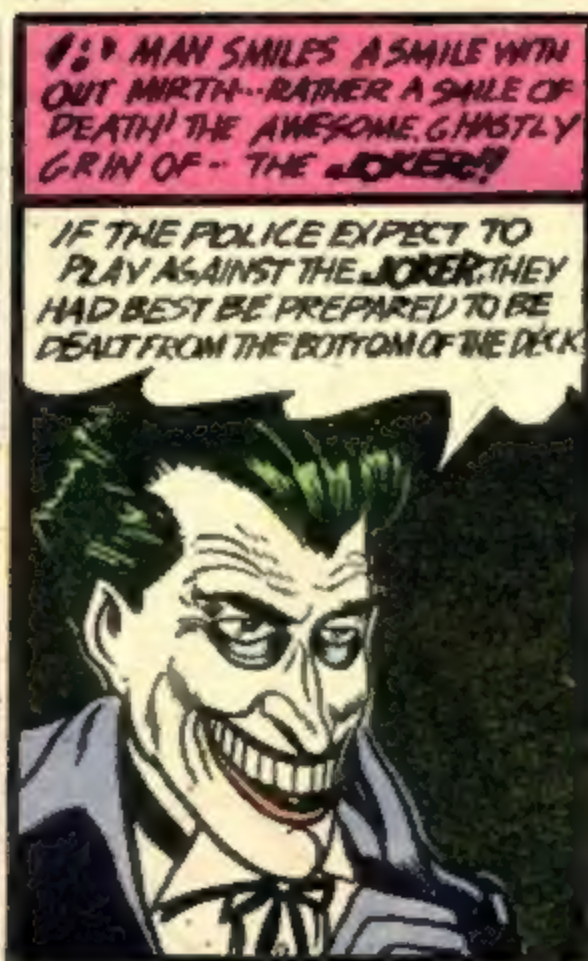
THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND-MINE! THOSE BUNGLING POLICE-HOW THEY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW I MANAGED IT! AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SHOUT THE ANSWER INTO THEIR STUPID FACES!



A SOLUTION INJECTED INTO SLEEPING CLARIDGE AT TWELVE LAST NIGHT... A SOLUTION THAT KILLS IN EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS SO THAT HE DIED AT TWELVE TONIGHT!



THEY FIND THE GLASS DIAMOND TO NIGHT, THAT I EXCHANGED FOR THE REAL ONE LAST NIGHT! A PREDICTION ON THE RADIO OF A CRIME THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!



MAN SMILES A SMILE WITH OUT MIRTH... RATHER A SMILE OF DEATH! THE AWESOME, GHOSTLY GRIN OF... THE JOKER!

IF THE POLICE EXPECT TO PLAY AGAINST THE JOKER, THEY HAD BEST BE PREPARED TO BE DEALT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK!

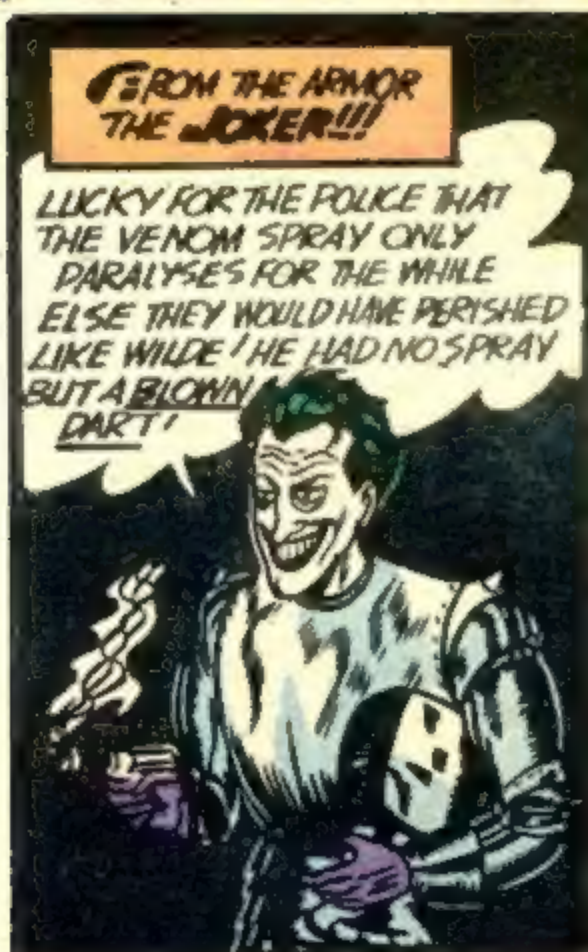
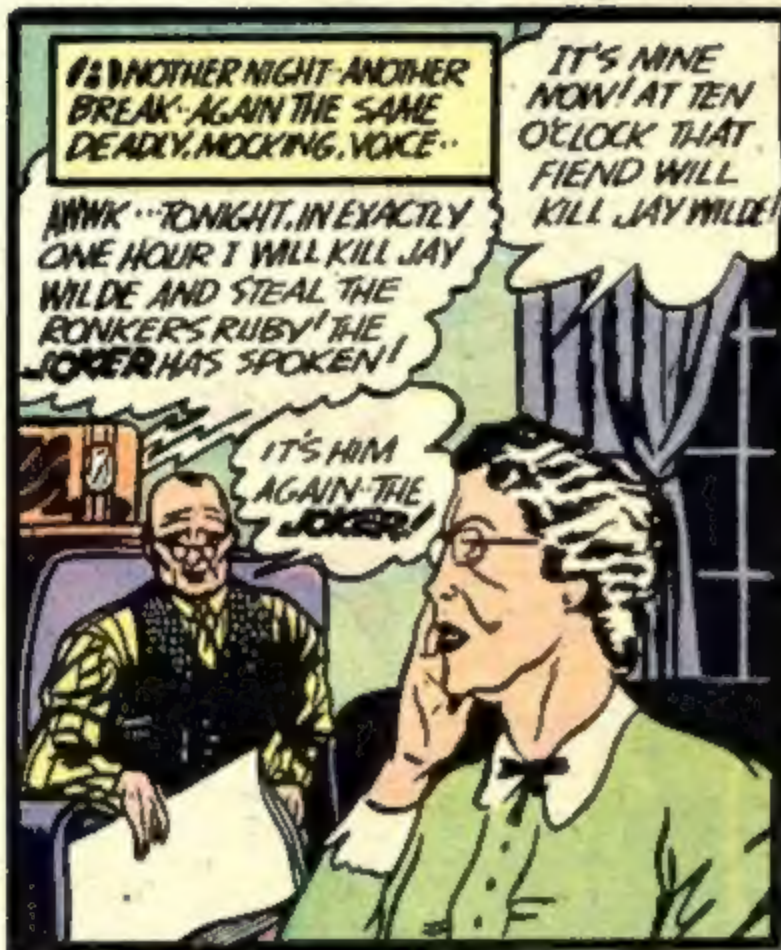


NEWSPAPERS, RADIOS ALL SCREAM THE STORY OF THE RUTHLESS CLAWING CRIMINAL THE JOKER! AT HOME BRUCE WAYNE, THE BUTLER SPEAKS WITH HIS YOUNG AID, DICK GRAYSON, KNOWN AS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!

BUT BRUCE, WHY DON'T WE TAKE A SHOT AT THIS JOKER GUY?

NOT YET, DICK. THE TIME ISN'T RIFE BUT WHEN WE DO...







THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE JOKER BUT TO NO AVAIL. BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED THE CRIMINAL! "A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT"



THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GUNNING FOR THE JOKER TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL GRAPE VINE THE BATMAN IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION



IT IS NIGHT- BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.



SUDDENLY A DROWNING DEADLY VOICE A FUNERAL FACE. WITH EYES RADIATING HATE



SUDDENLY DOORS BURST OPEN- THE JOKER IS TRAPPED!!



SUDDENLY THE SCRAPE OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR THE MIGHTY BATMAN!

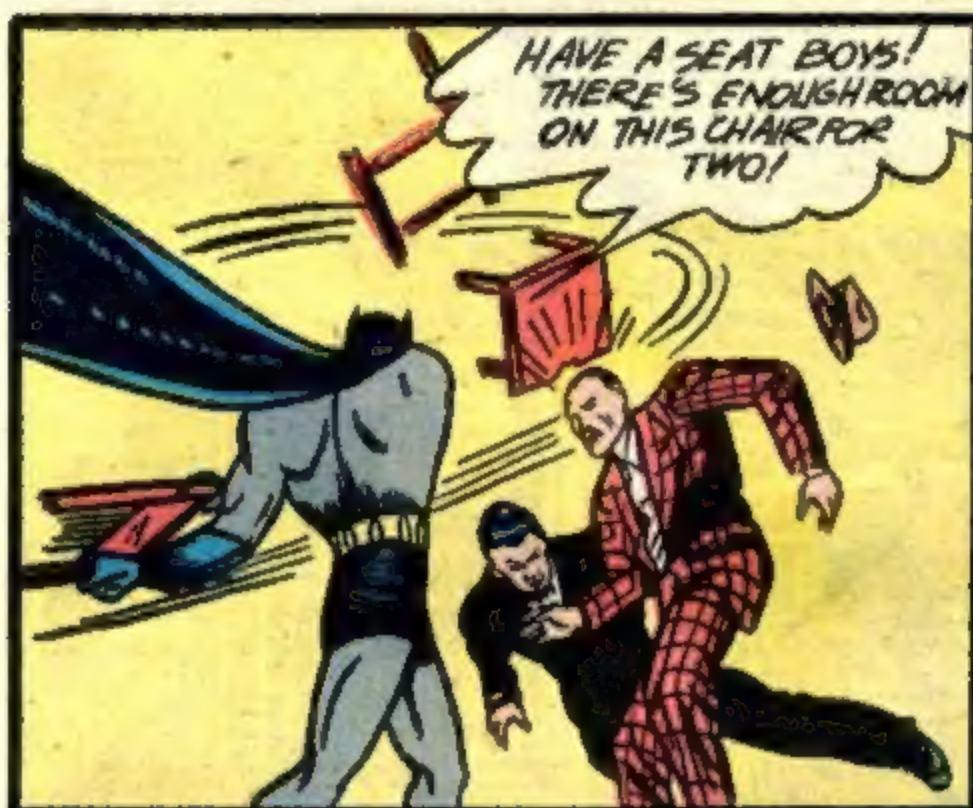


THE JOKER IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE BATMAN LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS

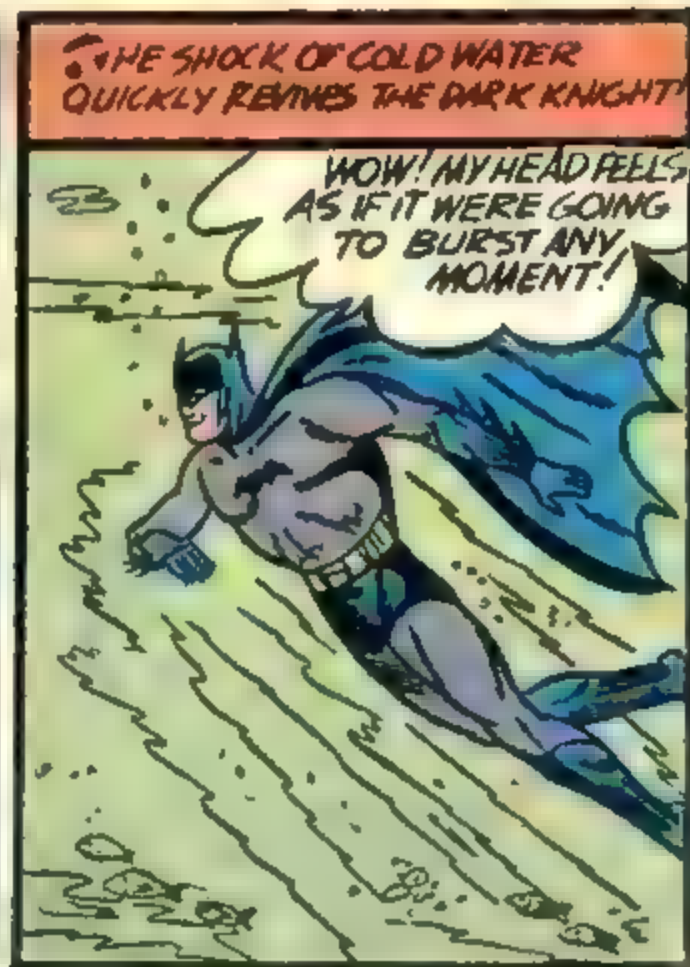
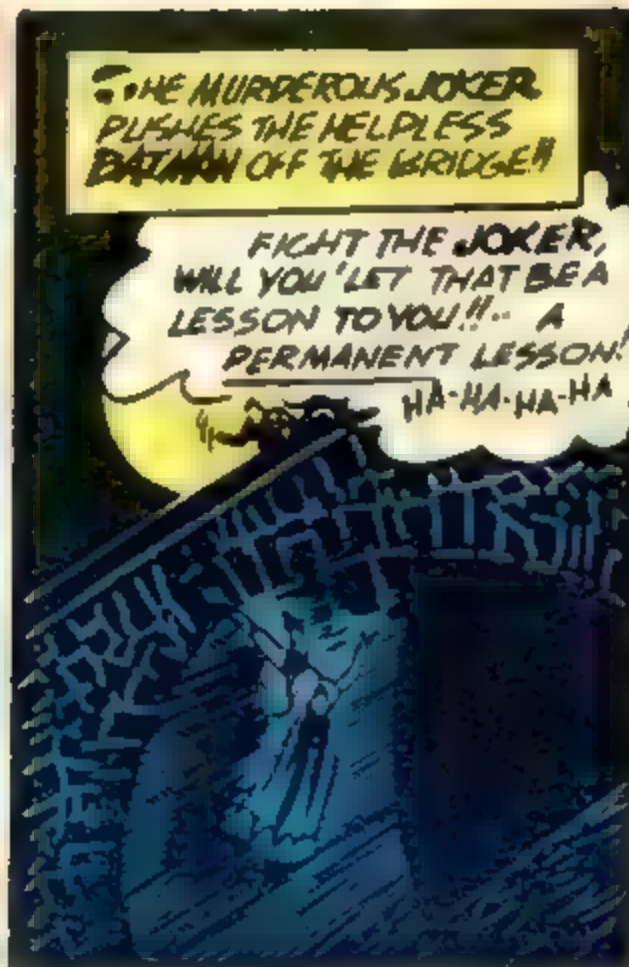
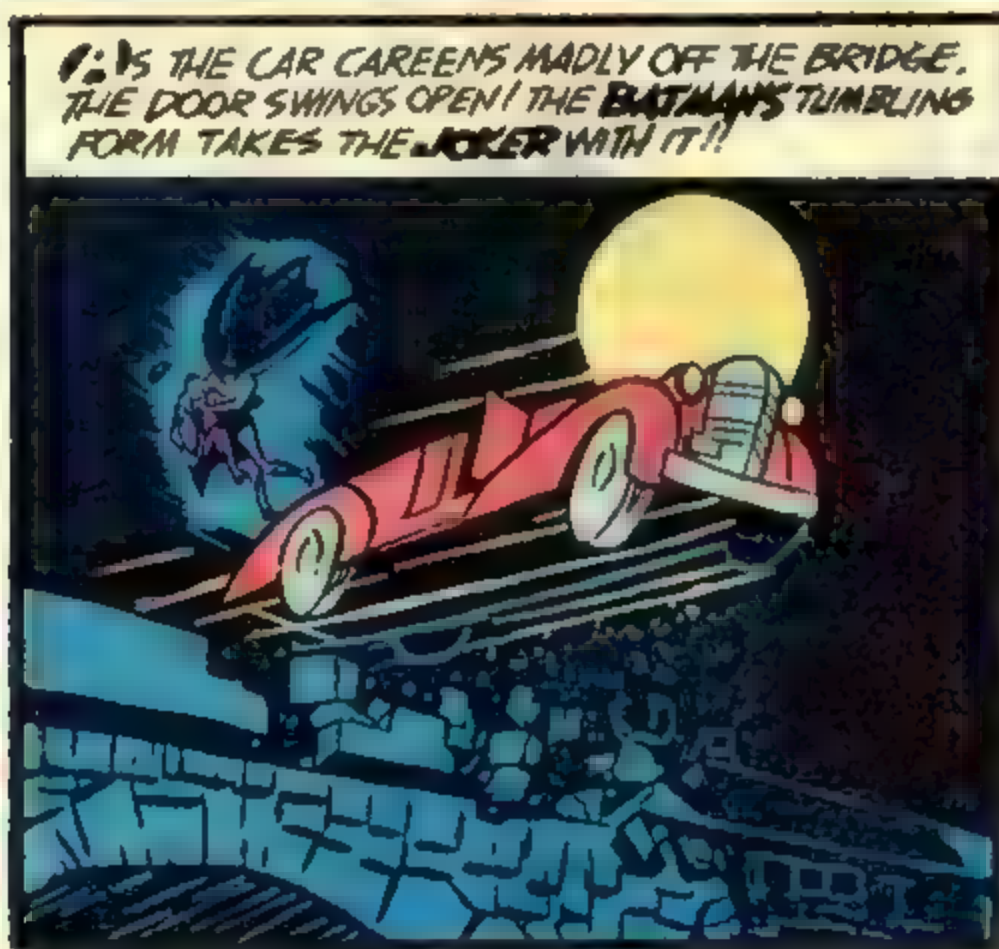
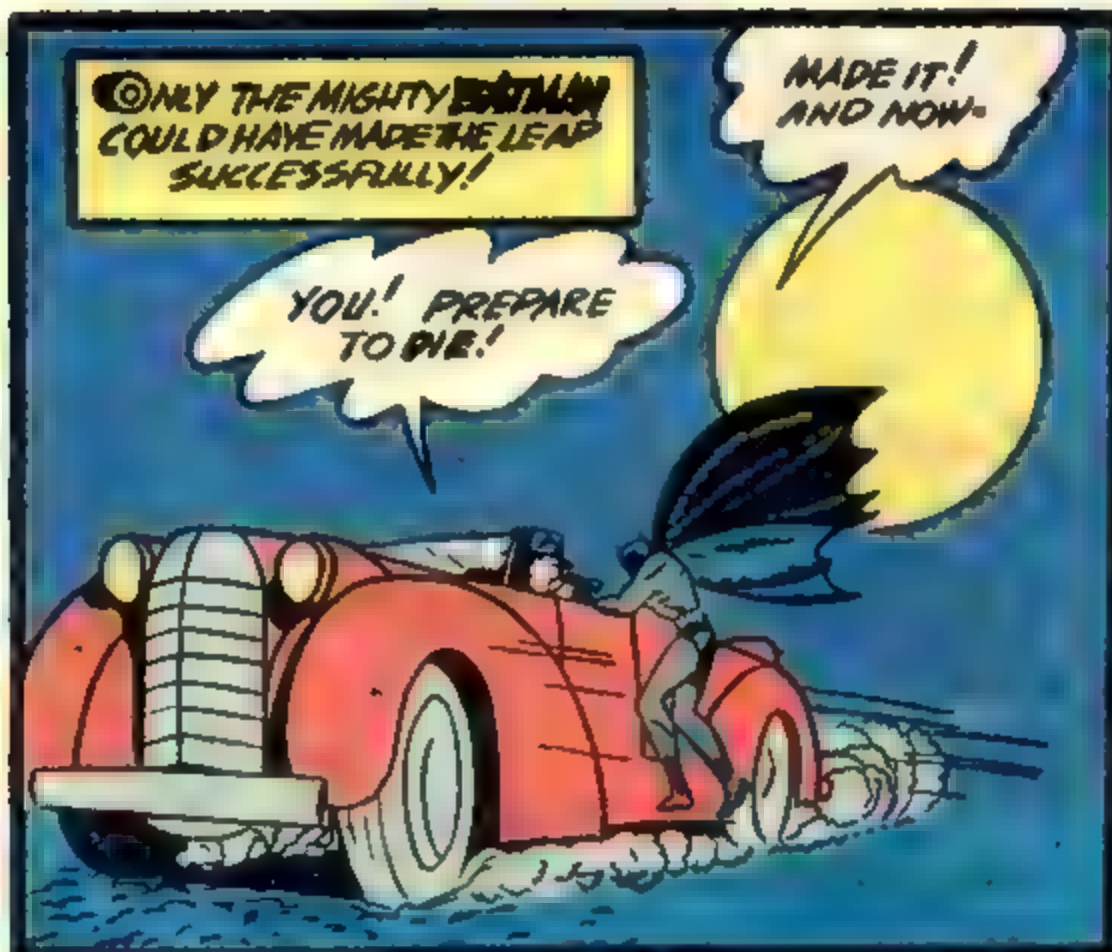


PUBLIC DOMAIN











IT SEEMS I'VE AT LAST MET A FOE THAT CAN GIVE ME A GOOD FIGHT! HOWEVER I'M NOT LICKED YET! "NOT QUITE!"

ONCE MORE THE JOKER DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE OF DOOM

JUDGE DRAKE, YOU ONCE SENT ME TO PRISON FOR THAT YOU WILL DIE! DEATH WILL COME AT TEN! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

TWO HOURS!

IT'S NOW EIGHT O'CLOCK!

JUDGE DRAKE'S HOME ...

NINE O'CLOCK! ONE MORE HOUR TO LIVE!

LISTEN JUDGE, I'VE GOT MEN POSTED OUTSIDE EVERY DOOR! NO ONE CAN GET IN! RELAX LET'S PLAY SOME CARDS!

THE MINUTES FLY

IT'S YOUR BET, JUDGE!

YOU WIN! I NEED THE ACE OF SPADES TO MAKE THE GAME!

THE JOKER!

YOU CAN'T WIN ANYWAY... YOU SEE, I HOLD THE WINNING CARD!

THE JUDGE IS AGHAST AS HE LOOKS AT THE SUPPOSED POLICE CHIEF!

YOU... THE POLICE CHIEF... THE JOKER!

YES! BUT NO! ONCE THE POLICE CHIEF - THE REAL CHIEF IS TRUSSED UP IN THE CELLAR! DISGUISE IS ALSO ONE OF MY MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

THE CLOCK TOLLS THE DEATH KNELL FOR ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE JOKERY!

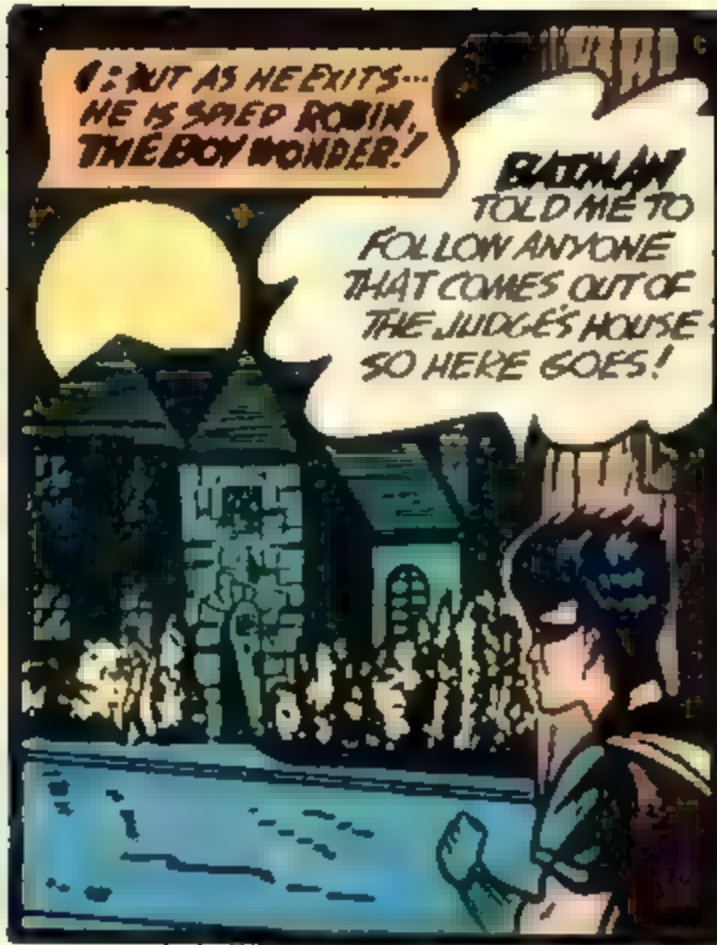
TEN O'CLOCK! THE VENOM WORKS WELL! ADIEU JUDGE - OUR LITTLE GAME IS FINISHED!

THE "POLICE CHIEF" GIVES ORDERS!!

JUDGE DRAKE IS DEAD! THE JOKER HAS WON AGAIN! WATCH THE BODY. I'M GOING TO HEADQUARTERS!

DEAD!... OKAY CHIEF!





1: BUT AS HE EXITS...  
HE IS SPIED ROBIN,  
THE BOY WONDER!

BATMAN  
TOLD ME TO  
FOLLOW ANYONE  
THAT COMES OUT OF  
THE JUDGE'S HOUSE  
SO HERE GOES!



1: ROBIN TRAILS THE  
MAN TO AN OLD  
DERELICT HOUSE!

"GOING  
INTO THAT  
HOUSE!"



2: THE BOLD YOUNG DARE DEVIL ENTERS  
THE SINISTER DWELLING!!

CHEERFUL PLACE!  
I DON'T THINK!

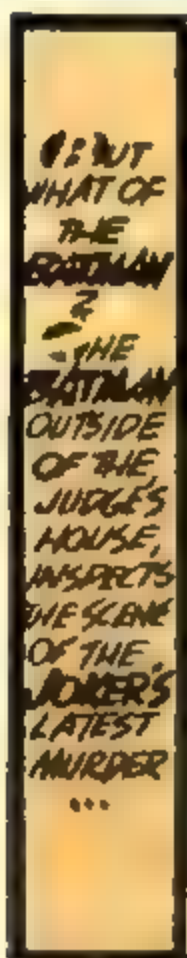


IT'S QUIET...ALMOST  
TOO QUIET!



3: A CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND!

SNOOPER,  
EH?



1: BUT  
WHAT OF  
THE  
BATMAN?  
2: THE  
BATMAN  
OUTSIDE  
OF THE  
JUDGE'S  
HOUSE,  
INSPECTS  
THE SCENE  
OF THE  
JUDGE'S  
LATEST  
MURDER...

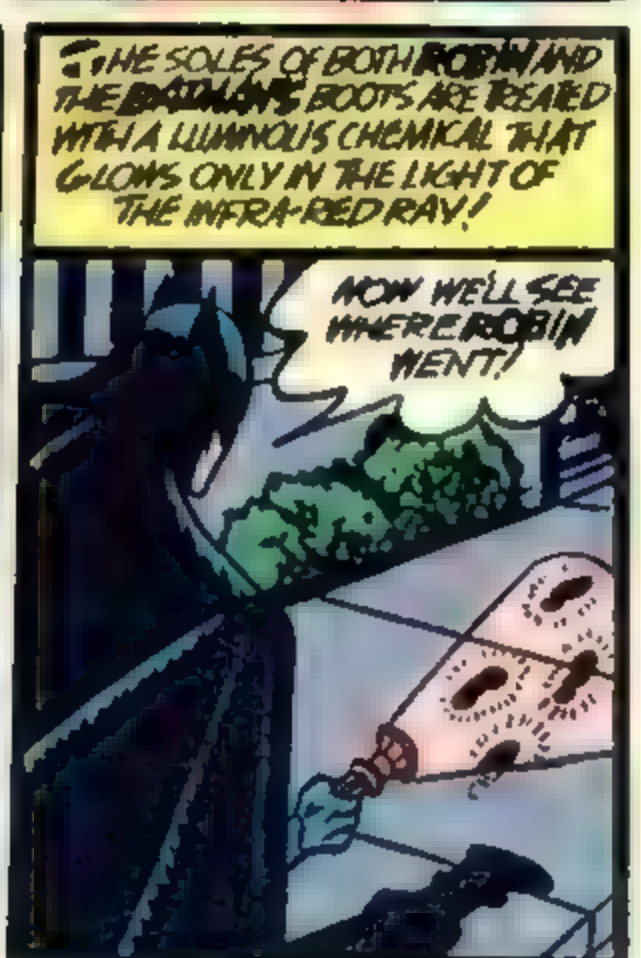


ROBIN-GONE MUST  
HAVE FOLLOWED A  
LEAD! I'LL USE THE  
INFRA-RED LAMP!



1: A RED LIGHT FLASHES OVER  
THE GROUND...MIRACULOUSLY  
ROBIN'S FOOTSTEPS GLOW  
IN THE DARK!

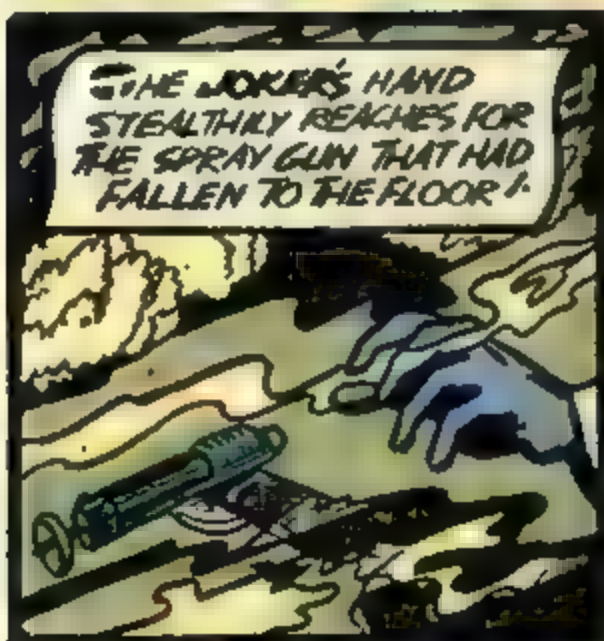
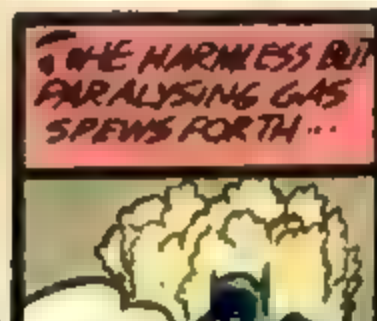
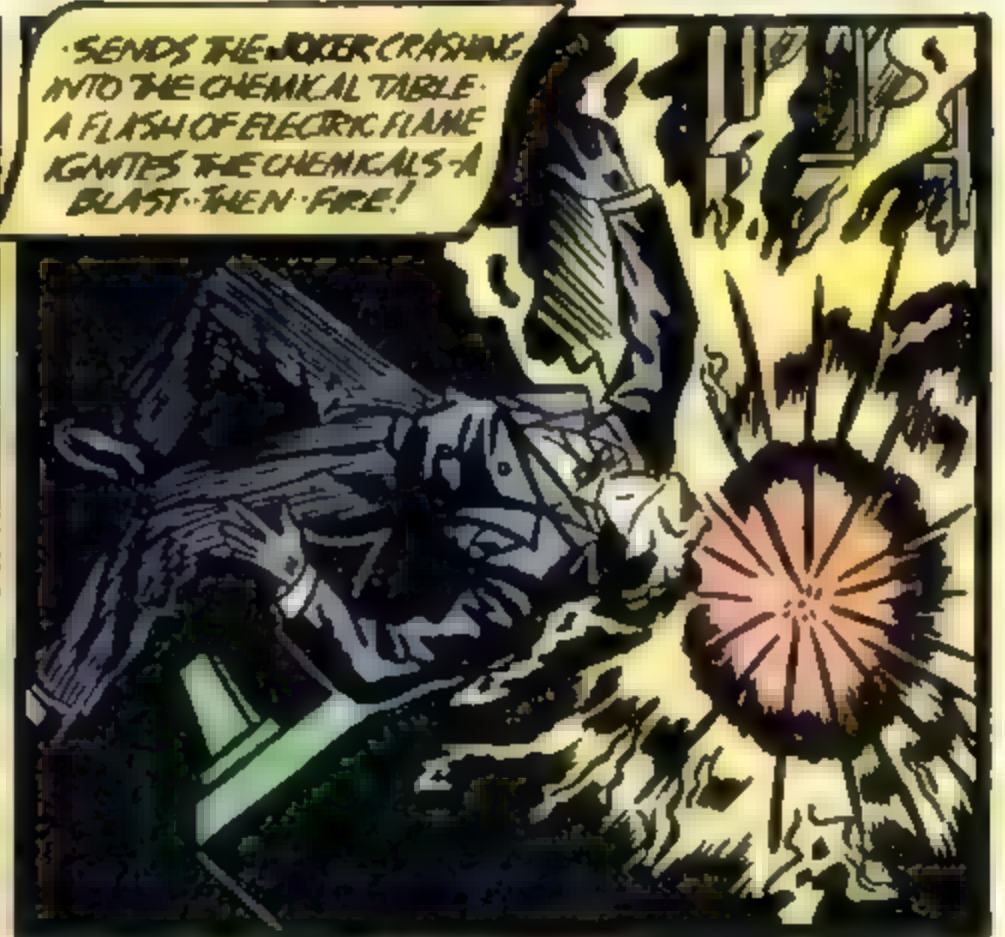
THIS INVENTION OF  
MINE WILL COME IN  
HANDY NOW!



2: THE SOLES OF BOTH ROBIN AND  
THE BATMAN'S BOOTS ARE TREATED  
WITH A LUMINOUS CHEMICAL THAT  
GLOWS ONLY IN THE LIGHT OF  
THE INFRA-RED RAY!

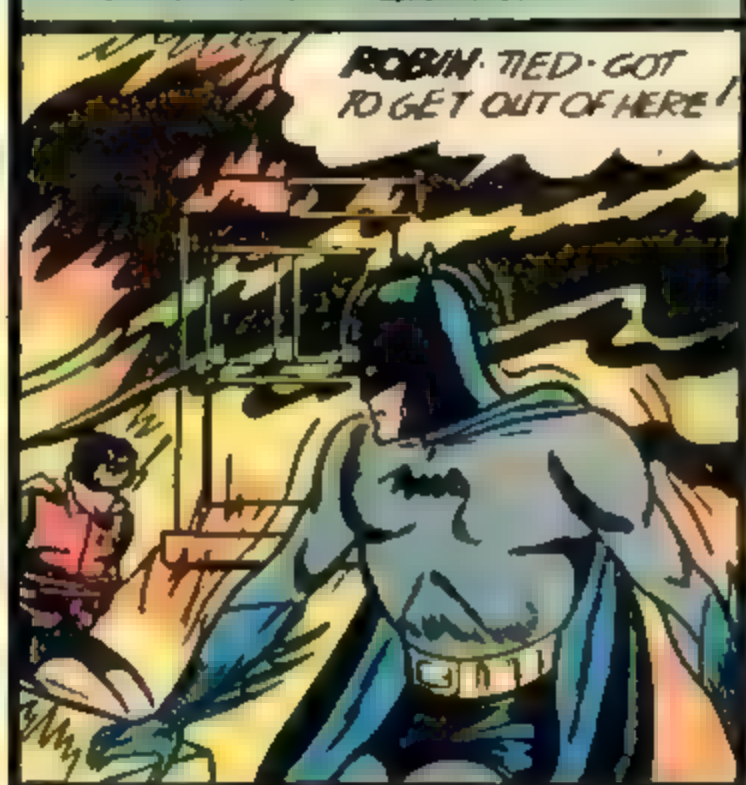
NOW WE'LL SEE  
WHERE ROBIN  
WENT!







BUT THE JOKER HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN!



ROBIN: TIED. GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

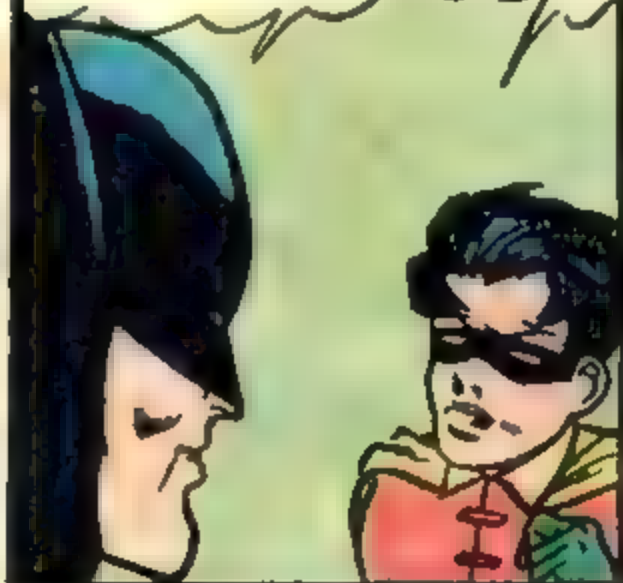
WON'T ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!



FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THE JOKER IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!

HE BOASTED INSIDE THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE NEXT!



THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE! THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL! GIMM. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!



OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE JOKER DOES!



ON THE PENTHOUSE THE JOKER PREPARES TO ENTER.

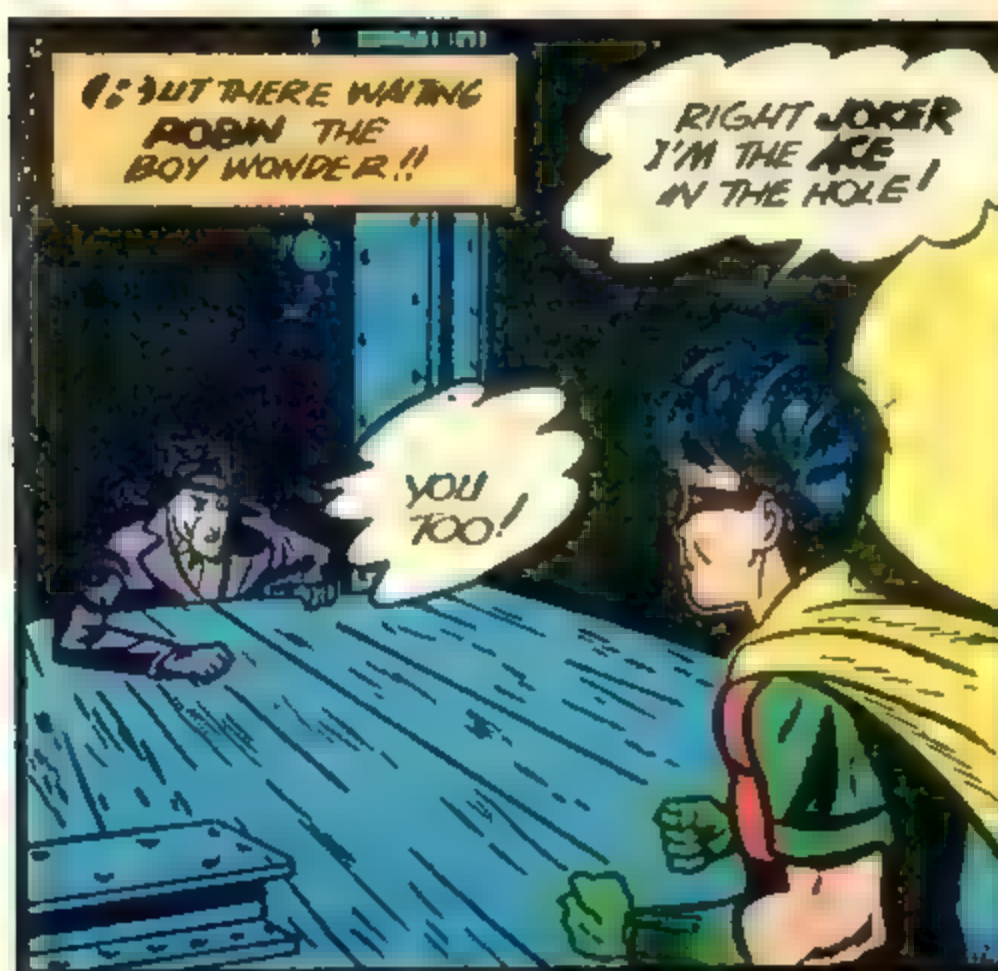
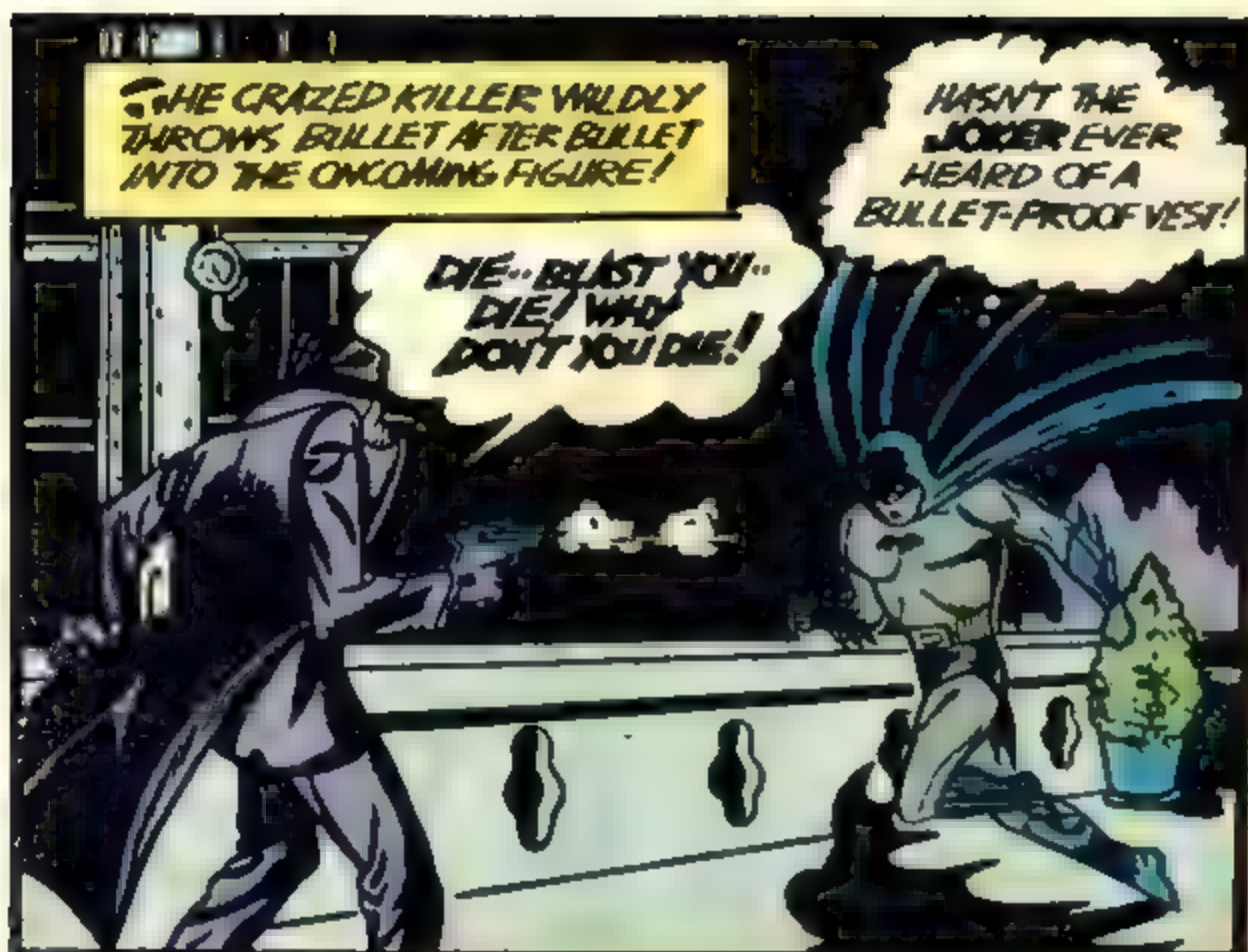


BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD THE COWLED BATMAN.

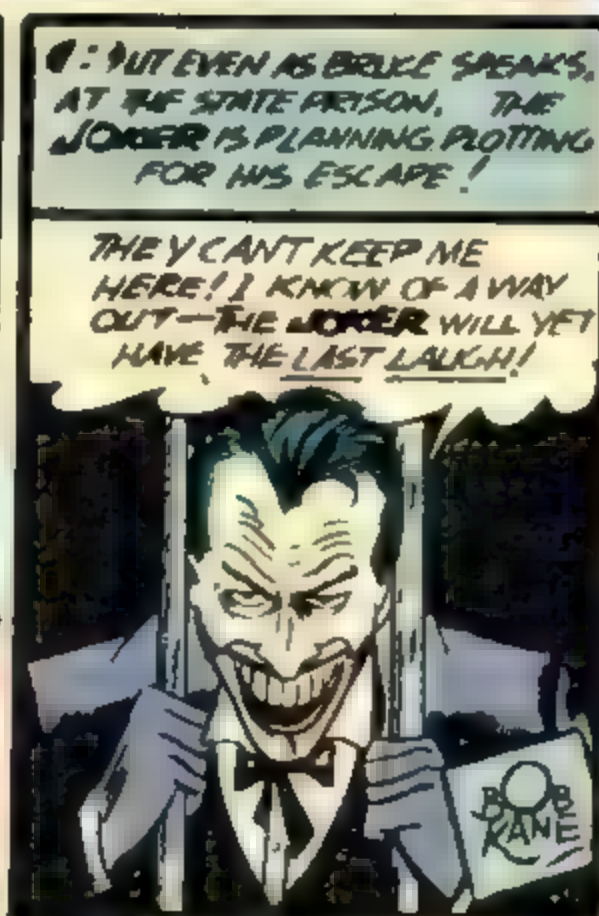
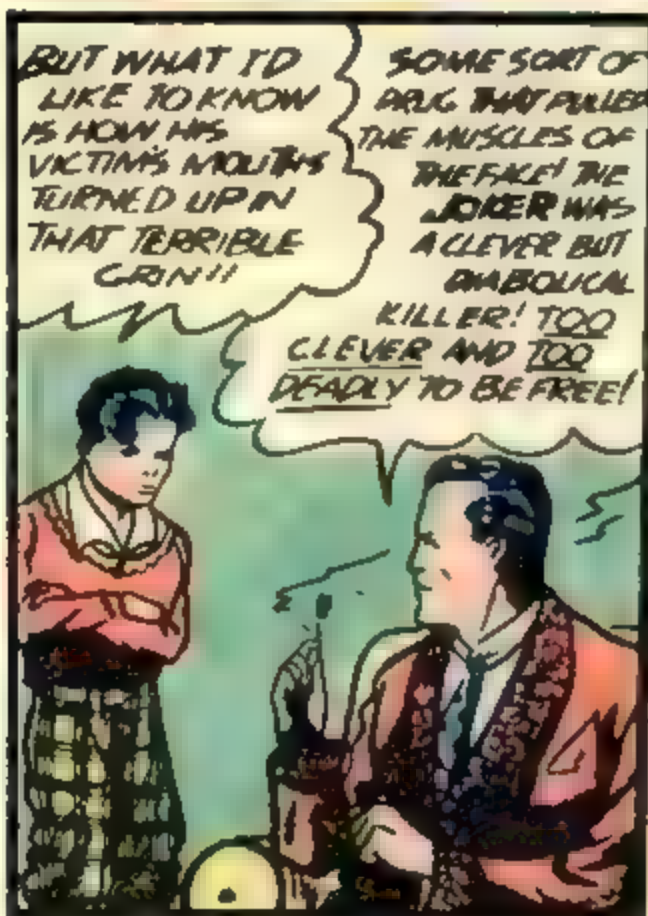
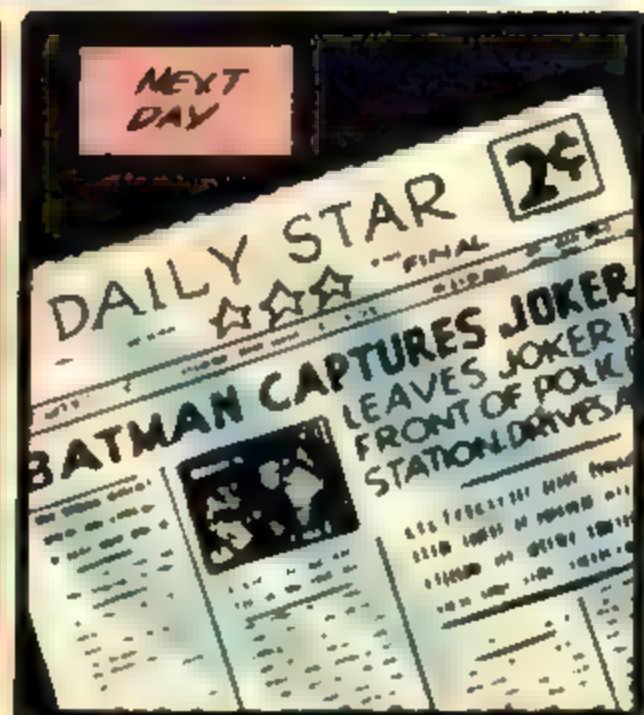
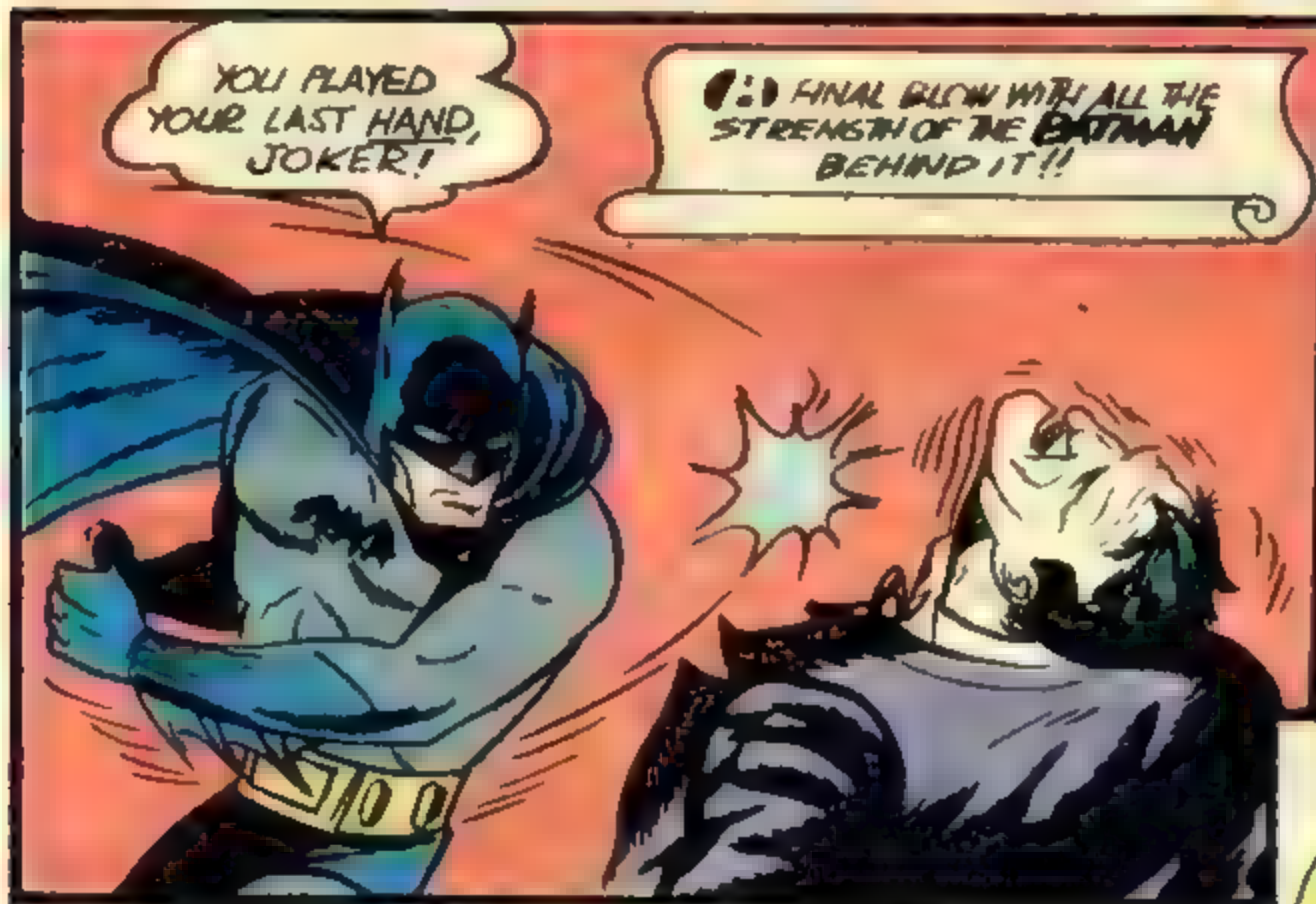

STILL AT IT, EH?













THE Amazing **BATMAN**

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURE STRIP CHARACTER... WITH THAT SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY, THAT LAUGHING YOUNG DARE-DEVIL

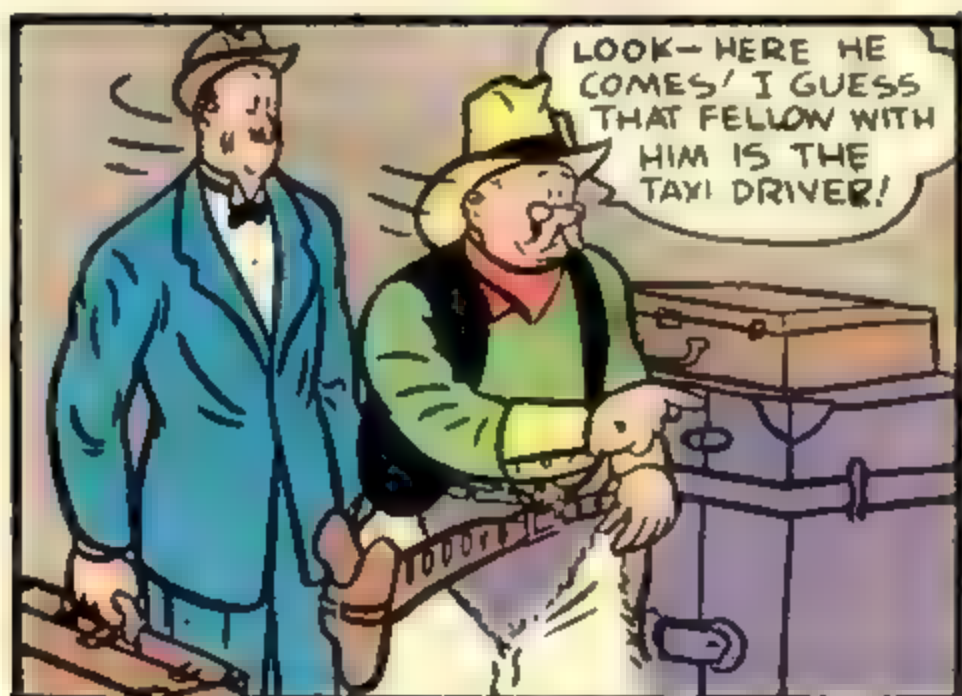
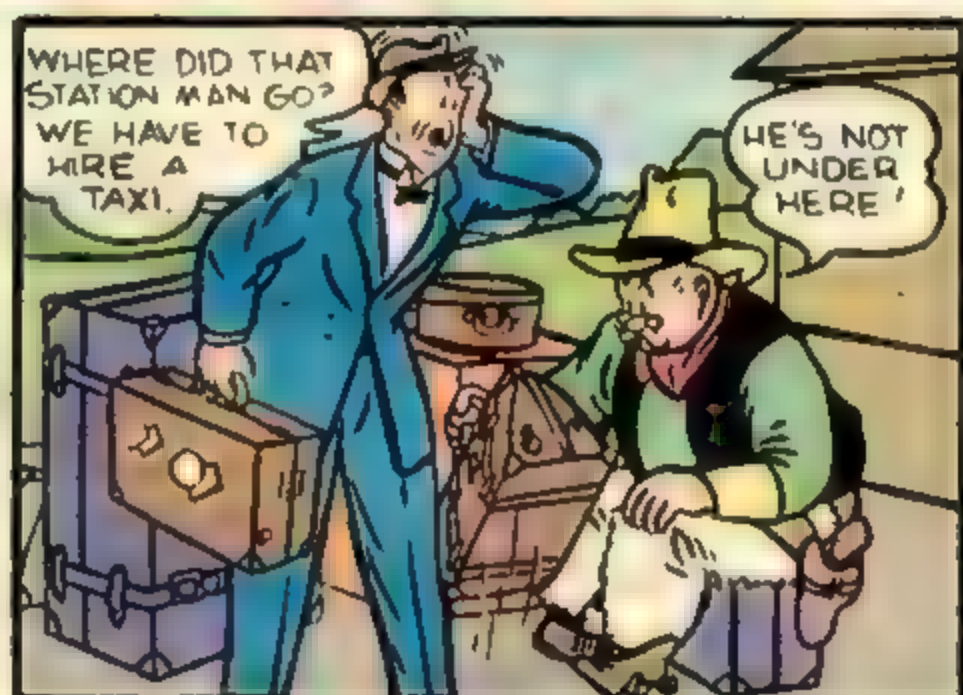
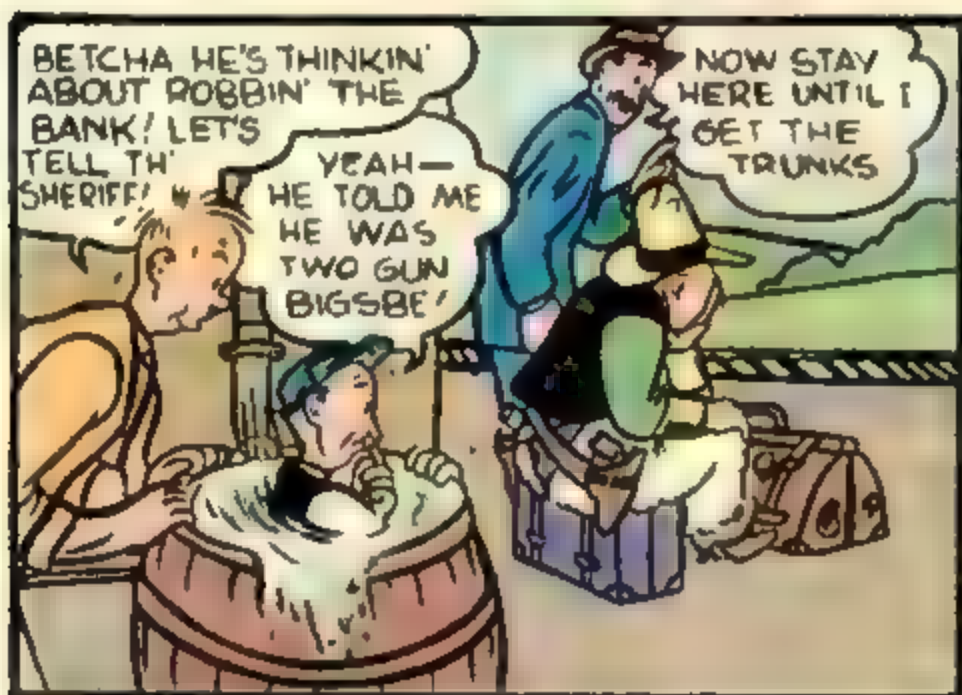
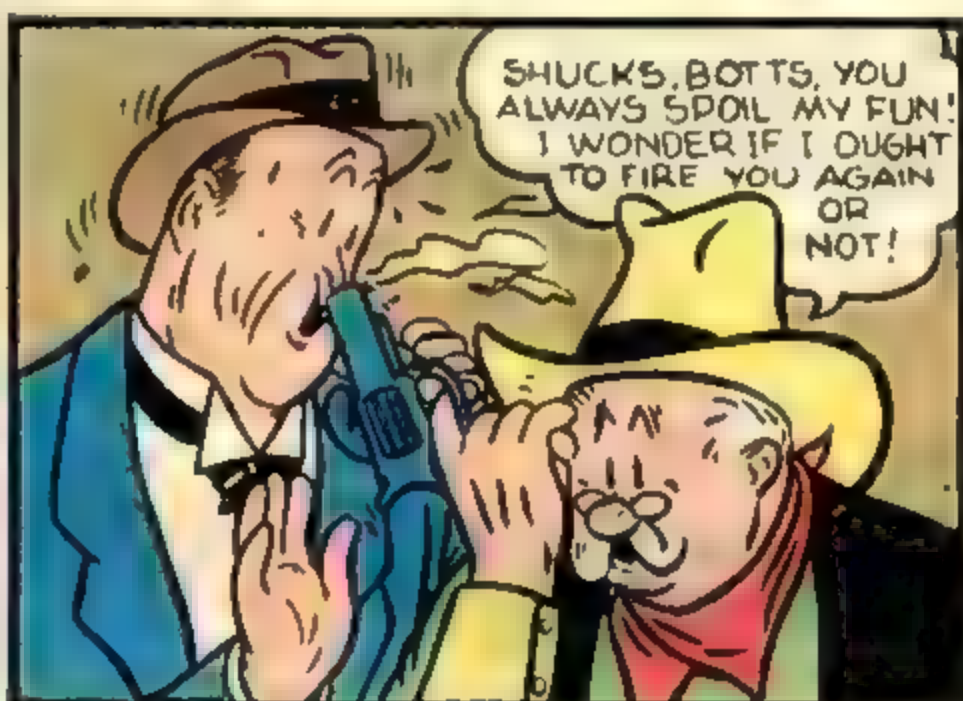
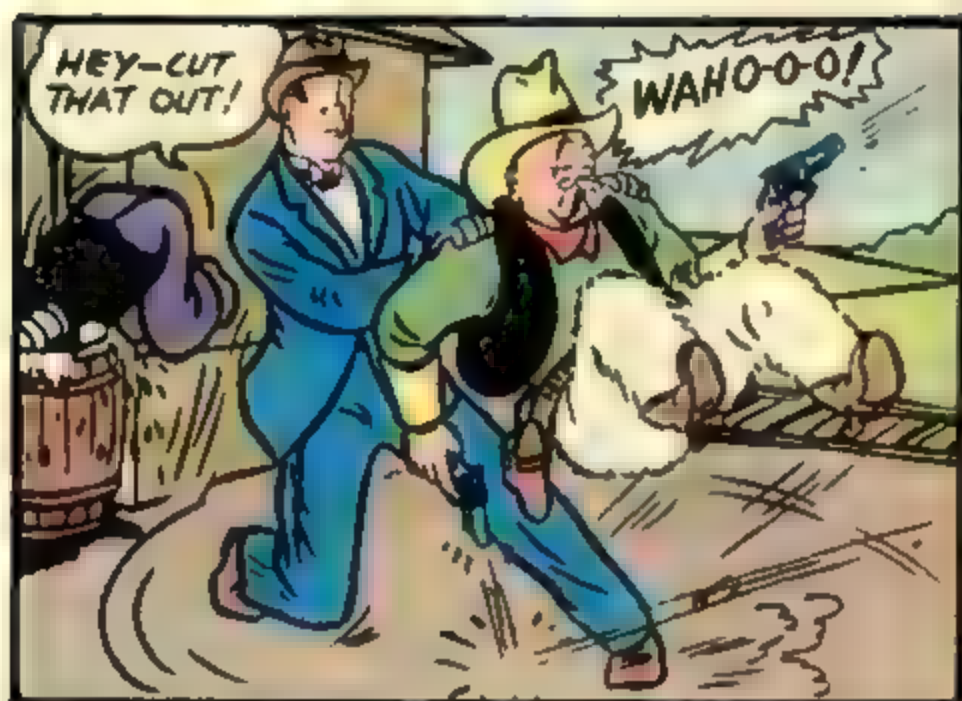
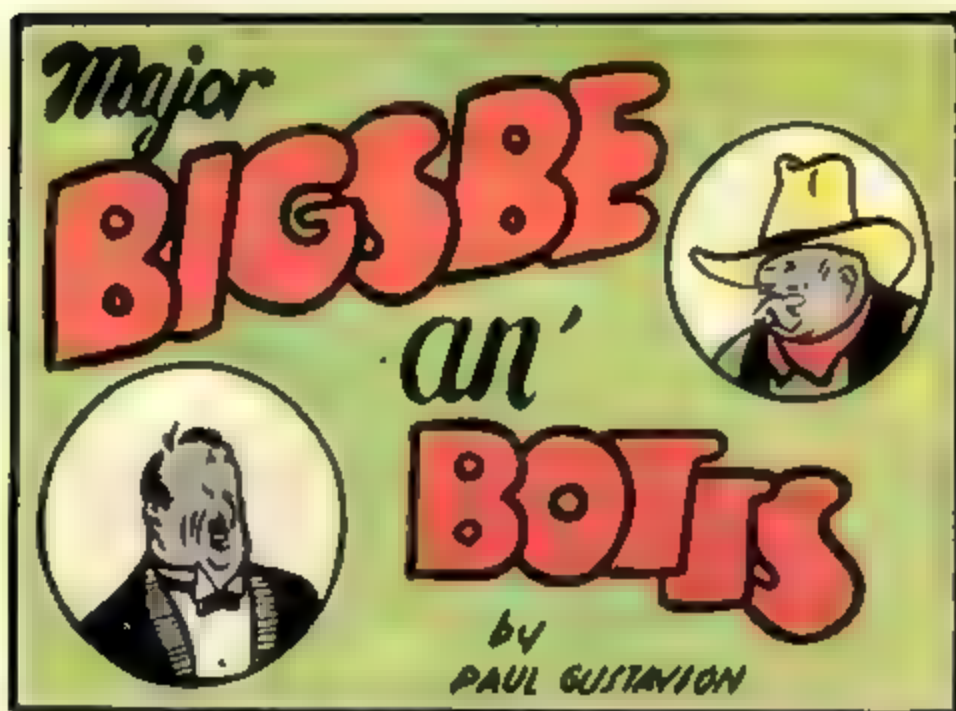
**Robin** THE BOY WONDER

WILL THRILL YOU EVERY MONTH WITH THEIR ASTOUNDING EXPLOITS IN DETECTIVE COMICS




PUBLIC DOMAIN











# BATMAN

BY BOB KANE

ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROWLs THROUGH THE NIGHT PREYING UPON THE CRIMINAL PARASITE, LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED



WHILE AN INNOCENT METROPOLIS SLEEPS LITTLE DOES IT REALIZE THAT HUGE, TERRIFYING MAN-MONSTERS SHALL SOON STALK THE STREETS AND BRING TO THEM HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION AND LITTLE DOES BRUCE WAYNE SUSPECT THAT FATE SHALL TOUCH HIS SHOULDER AND SINGLE HIM OUT AS THE ONE TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MONSTERS, AS HE GOES FORTH CLAD IN THE GARB OF THE WEIRD AND MENACING...  
**BATMAN!**

NOT LONG AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE ARCH-CRIMINAL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IMPRISONED - AND YET

ONE OF 'YOU MEN GET THE WARDEN WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!

OKAY STRANGE



ONCE MORE PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IS FREE TO CARRY OUT THE NEXT OF HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEMES.

WHY TRY! PROFESSOR STRANGE ESCAPES IN PRISON BREAK!



THE NEXT NIGHT... THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM

GET THEM OUT QUICKLY!

C'MON NUTS!

GOODY! GOODY!

OH GOO!





**THAT NIGHT ... THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE**

FLASH - A GUARD IDENTIFIED PROFESSOR STRANGE AS THE LEADER OF THE MEN WHO FREED FIVE INSANE PATIENTS FROM THE CITY INSANE ASYLUM.

INSANE MEN?

CRIMINALS, MANIACS, AND STRANGE CAN ONLY ADD UP TO ONE THING ... SOMETHING NEW IN CRIME ... SOMETHING FANTASTIC AND TERRIBLE **VERY TERRIBLE !!**

**MONTH LATER ... A CROWDED STREET IN LOWER MANHATTAN**

**SUDDENLY A WOMAN STOPS AND SCREAMS IN FRIGHT!**

AA-AA-AH! **LOOK!**

HELP!

WHAT IS IT? IT ISN'T HUMAN!

**POWERING UP A FULL FIFTEEN FEET, A GIGANTIC HULK LOOMS ABOVE THEM, HUGE AND TERRIBLE!**

HELP!

**A MONSTER!**

WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

**THE HORRIBLE CREATURE BEGINS ITS WAVE OF DESTRUCTION ...**

HELP!

WHAT IS IT?

YAA-AA

**BULLETS THUD INTO THE BEAST BUT THIS ONLY MADDENS HIM!**

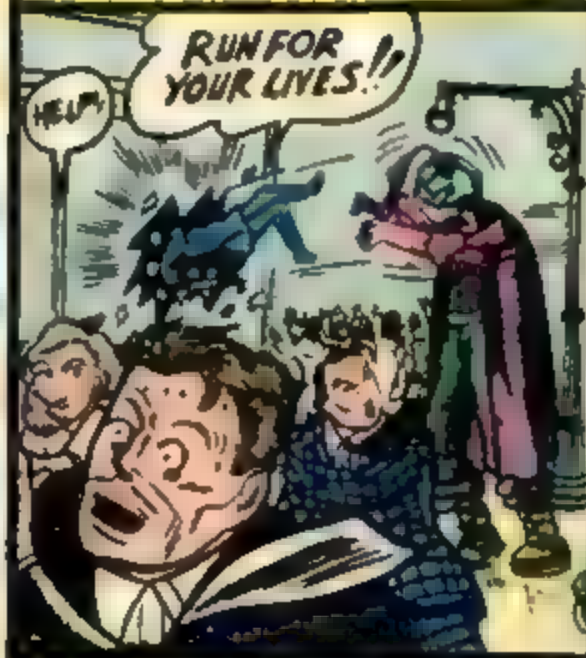
**LOOK! BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM ... HE'S STILL LIVING!**



THE ENRAGED BEAST SEEMS TO GO MAD!



THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!



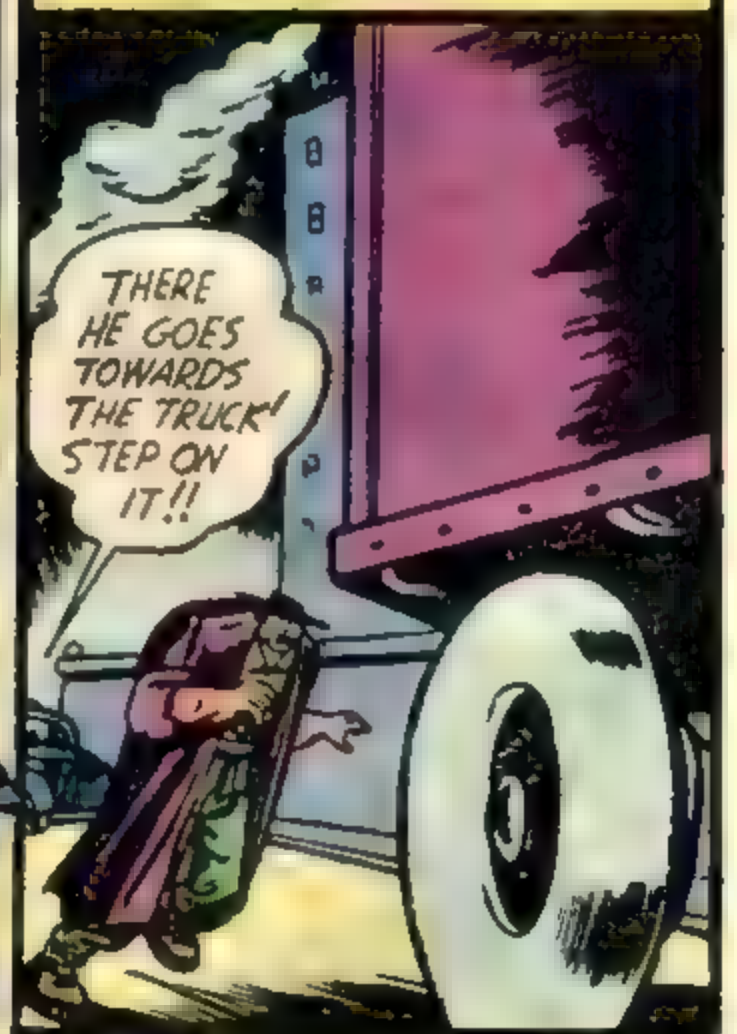
AS MORE POLICE RUN UP THE MONSTER RIPS UP A LAMP POST...



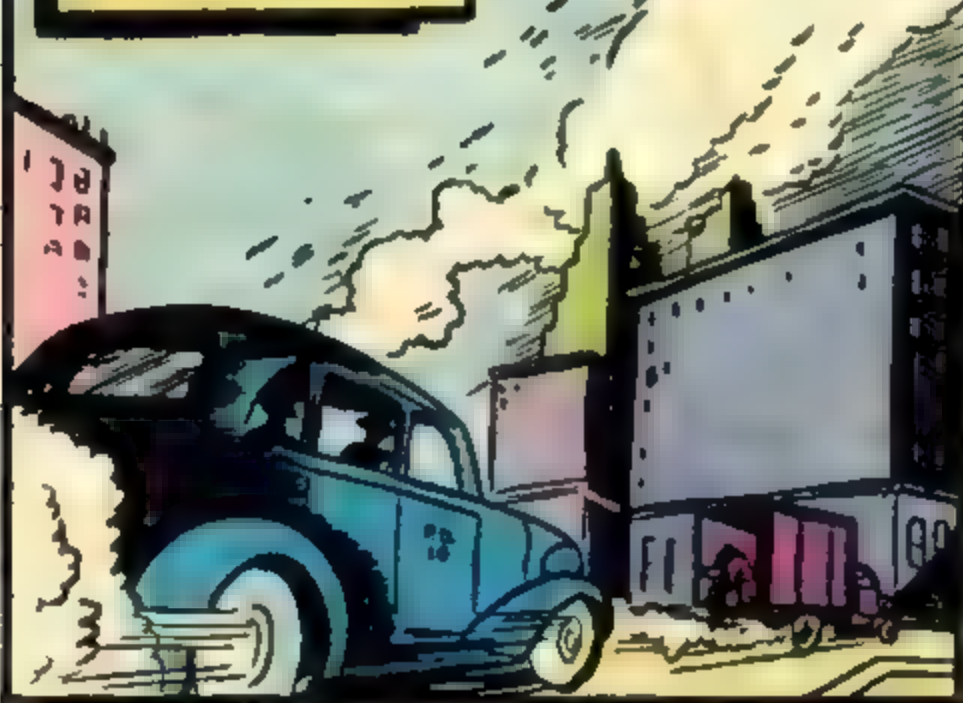
THE MONSTER WIELDS THE WEAPON WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT!



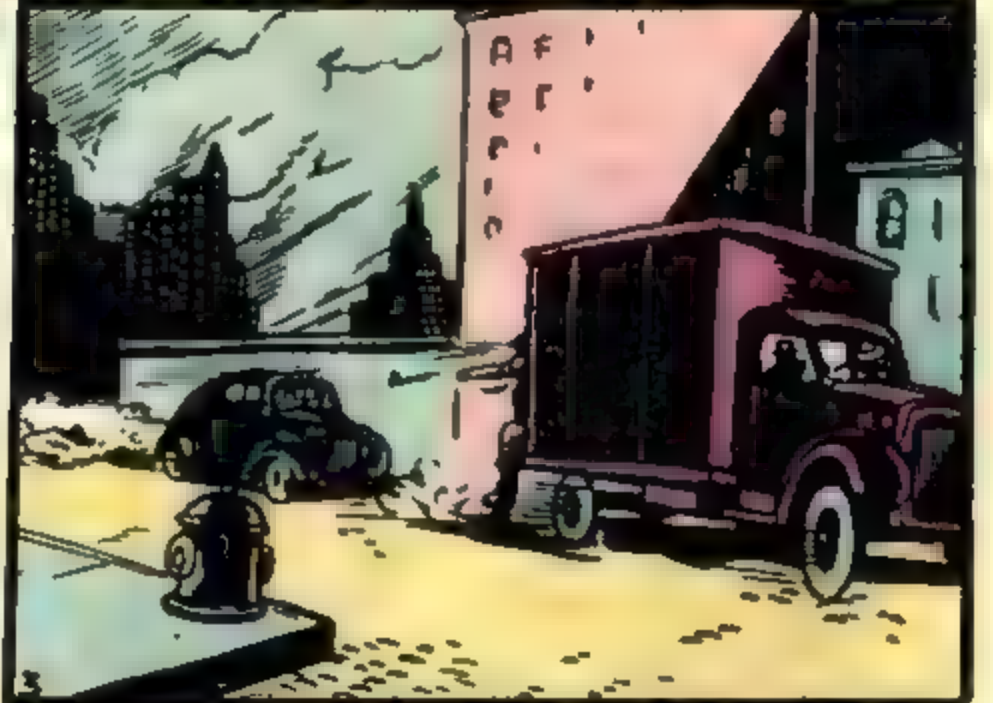
SUDDENLY AS POLICE CARS APPEAR, THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD A TRUCK IDLING NEARBY



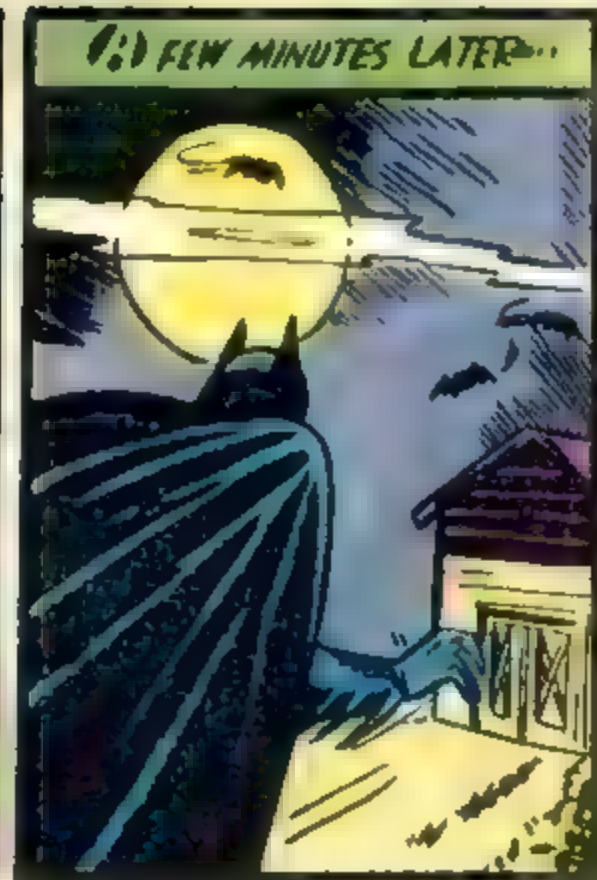
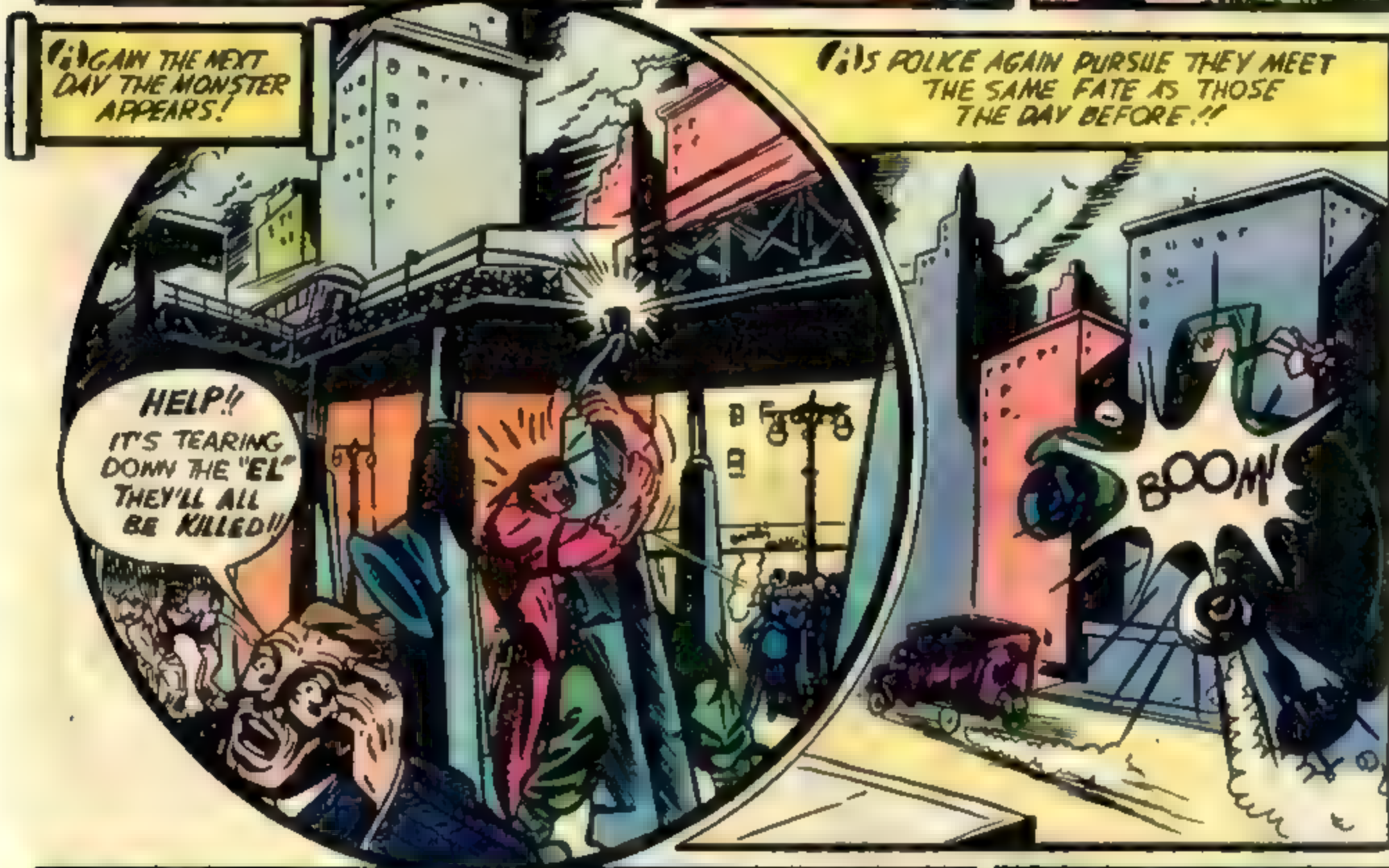
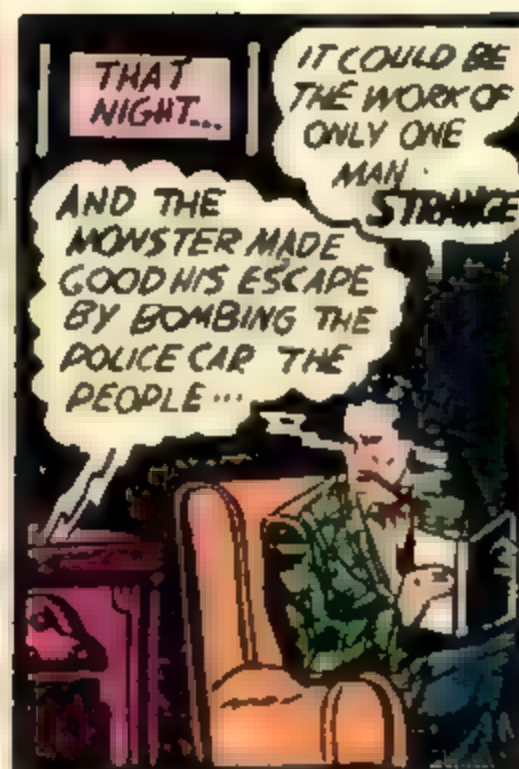
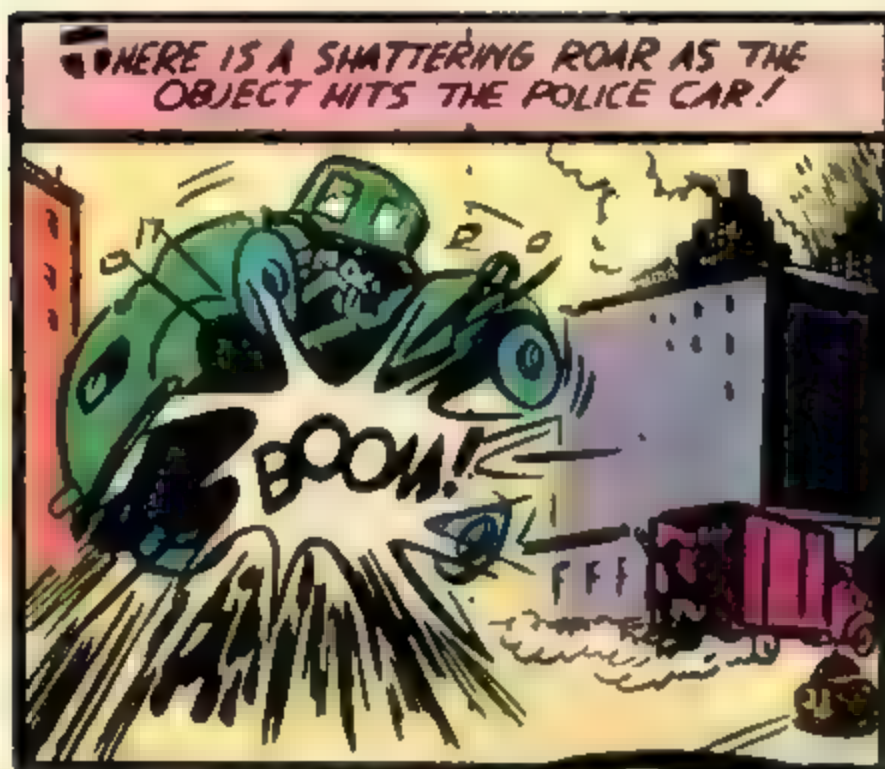
THE POLICE CAR STARTS IN PURSUIT!



AS THE POLICE DRAW NEAR, THE MONSTER HURLS SOMETHING AT THE CAR...







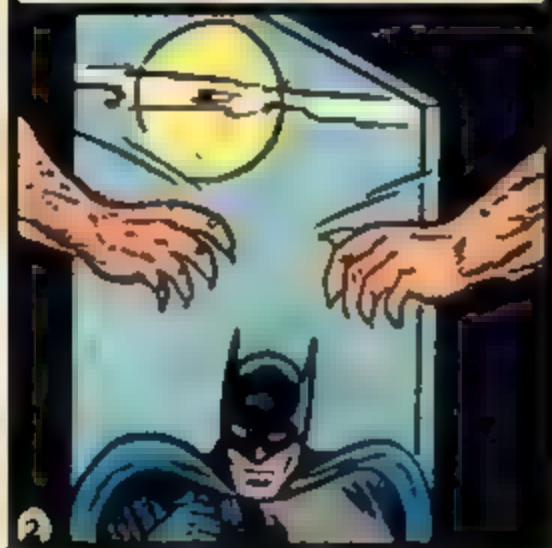


THE DOOR SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN REVEALING THE DARK INTERIOR!

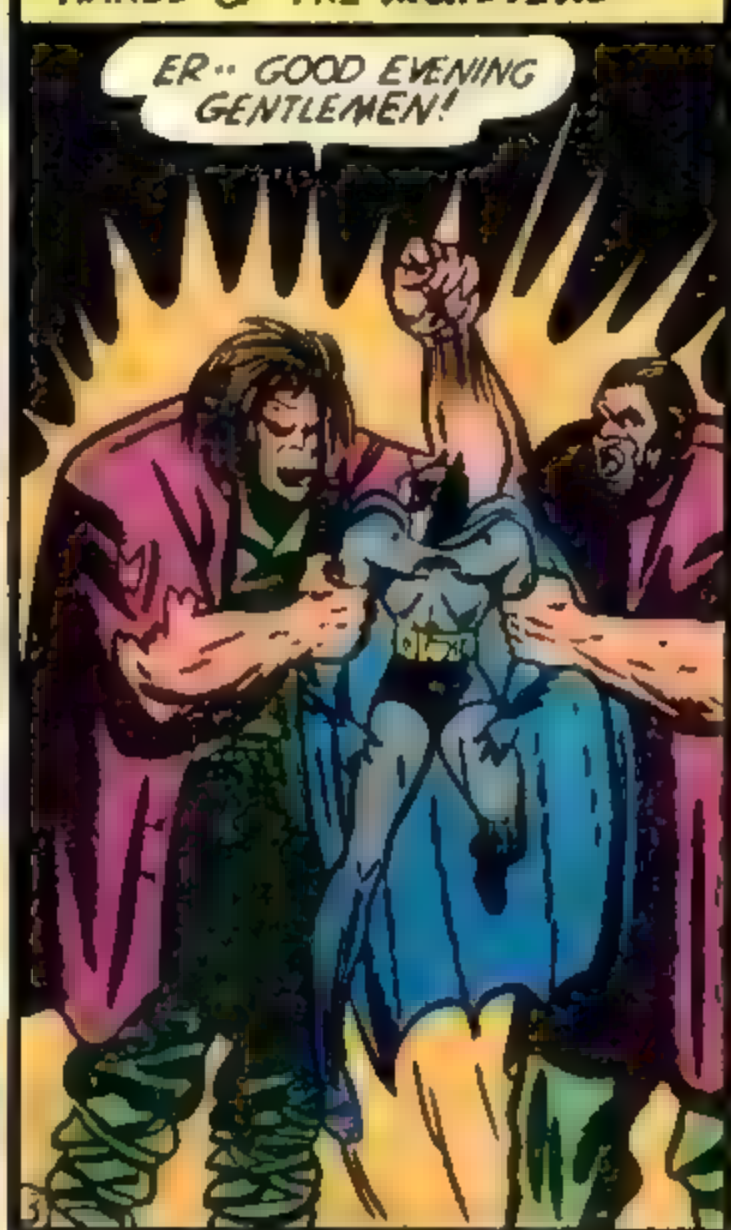


WHAT TH! IT LOOKS LIKE A TRAP BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

THE BATMAN CAUTIOUSLY STEPS INSIDE. FAILING TO NOTICE HUGE HANDS....



SUDDENLY THE LIGHT FLASHES ON! THE BATMAN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE MONSTERS!!

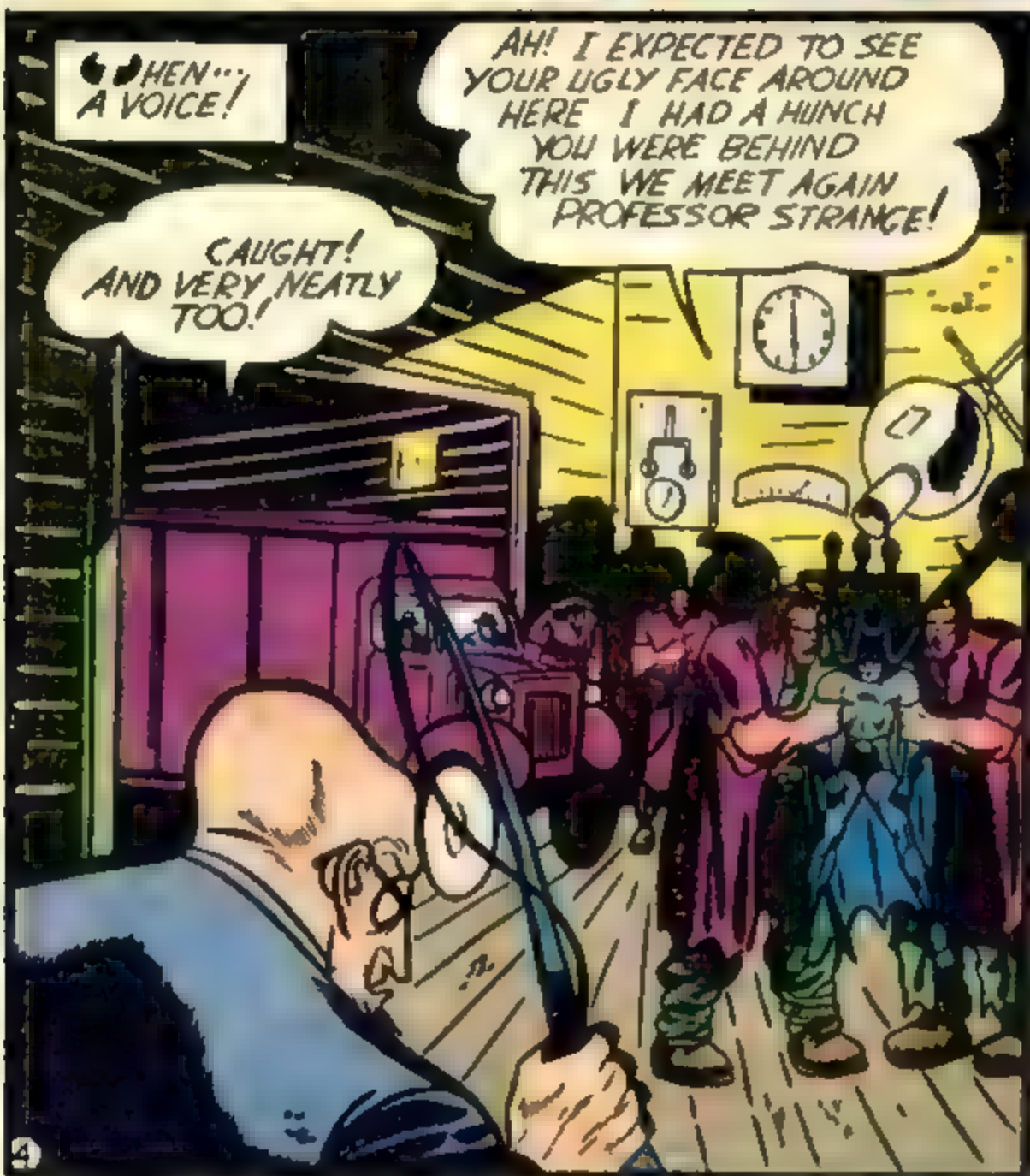


ER.. GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

WHEN... A VOICE!

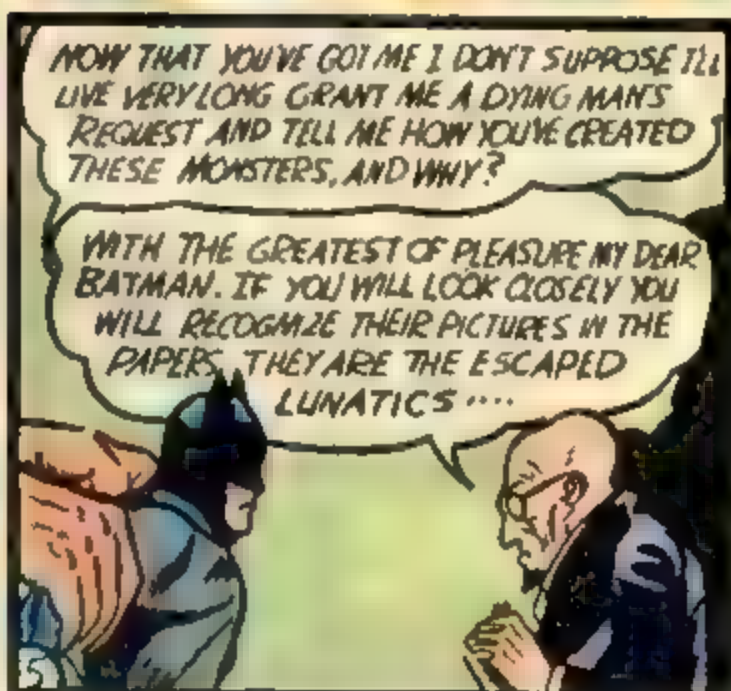
AH! I EXPECTED TO SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AROUND HERE I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WE MEET AGAIN PROFESSOR STRANGE!

CAUGHT! AND VERY NEATLY TOO!

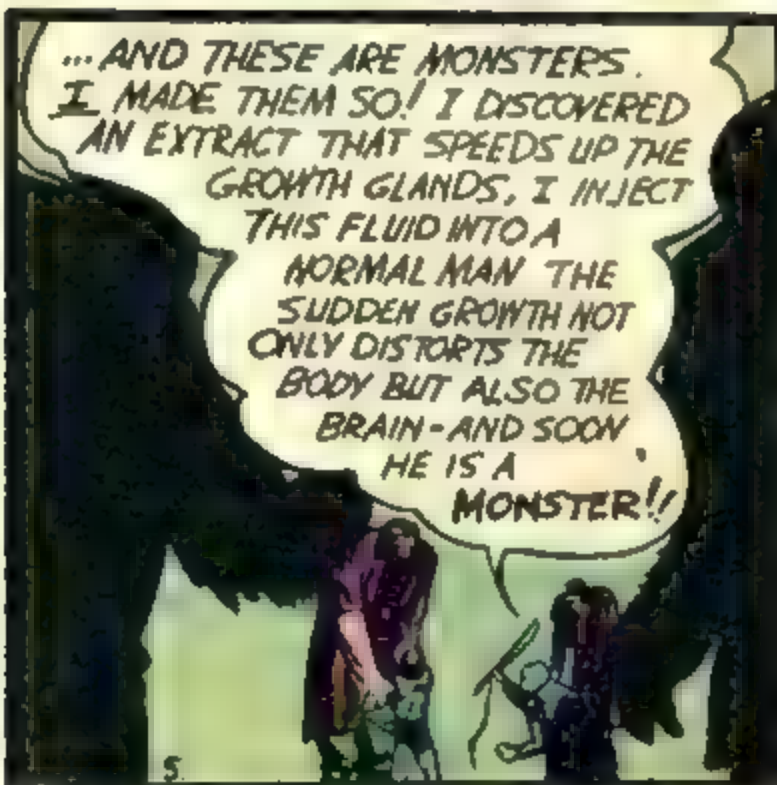


NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL LIVE VERY LONG GRANT ME A DYING MAN'S REQUEST AND TELL ME HOW YOU'VE CREATED THESE MONSTERS, AND WHY?

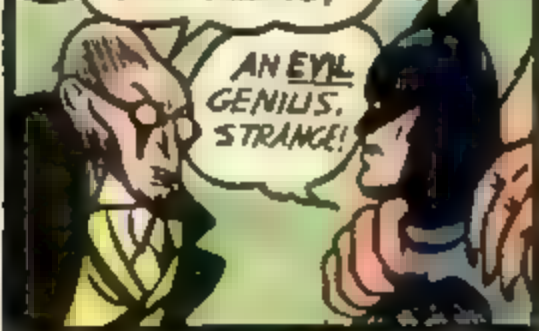
WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE MY DEAR BATMAN. IF YOU WILL LOOK CLOSELY YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR PICTURES IN THE PAPERS. THEY ARE THE ESCAPED LUNATICS...



...AND THESE ARE MONSTERS. I MADE THEM SO! I DISCOVERED AN EXTRACT THAT SPEEDS UP THE GROWTH GLANDS, I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO A NORMAL MAN THE SUDDEN GROWTH NOT ONLY DISTORTS THE BODY BUT ALSO THE BRAIN - AND SOON HE IS A MONSTER!!



I HAVE SENT OUT A MONSTER IN CLOTHES OF BULLET PROOF MATERIAL SO THAT THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE MAY BE-ER-ACQUAINTED WITH HIM TOMORROW I SHALL SEND OUT TWO MONSTERS AND WHILE THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED WITH THEM MY MEN WILL LOOT THE BANK'S CLEVER ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW, AT TIMES I AM AMAZED AT MY OWN GENIUS!

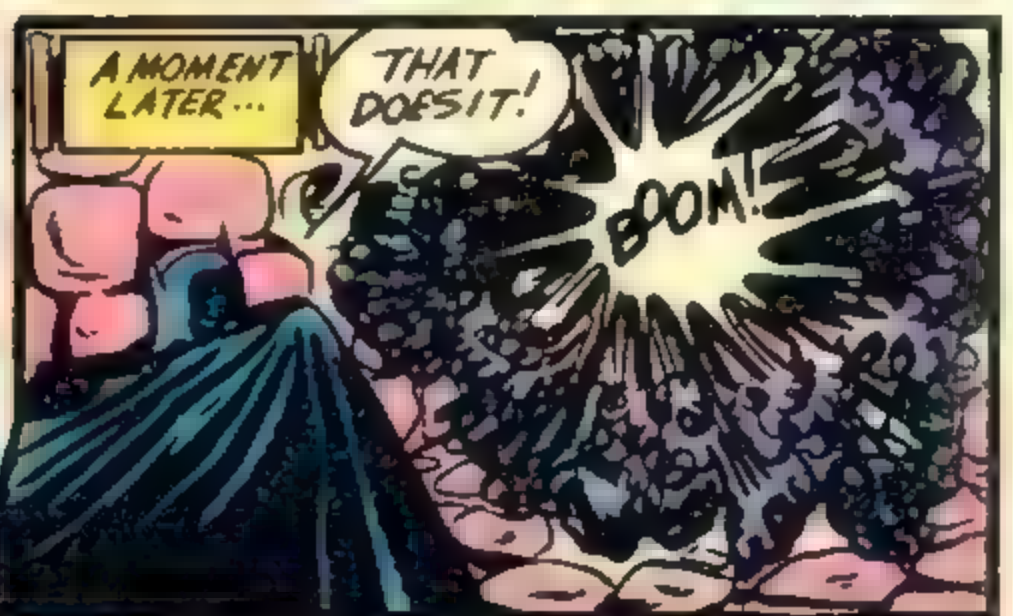
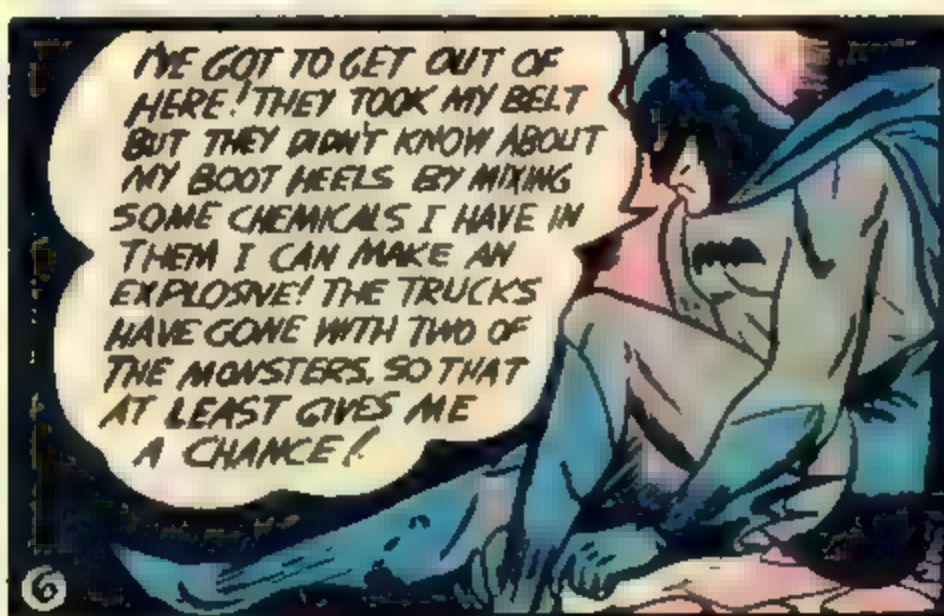
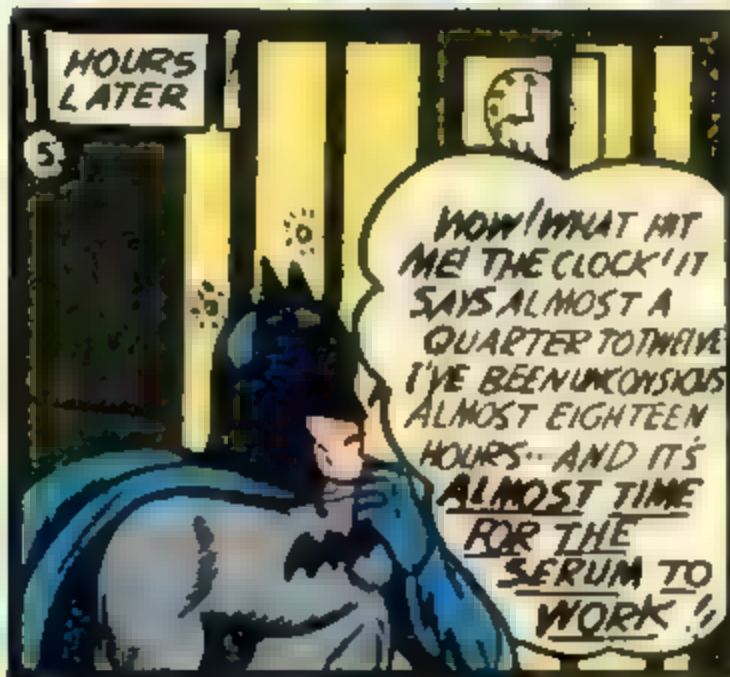
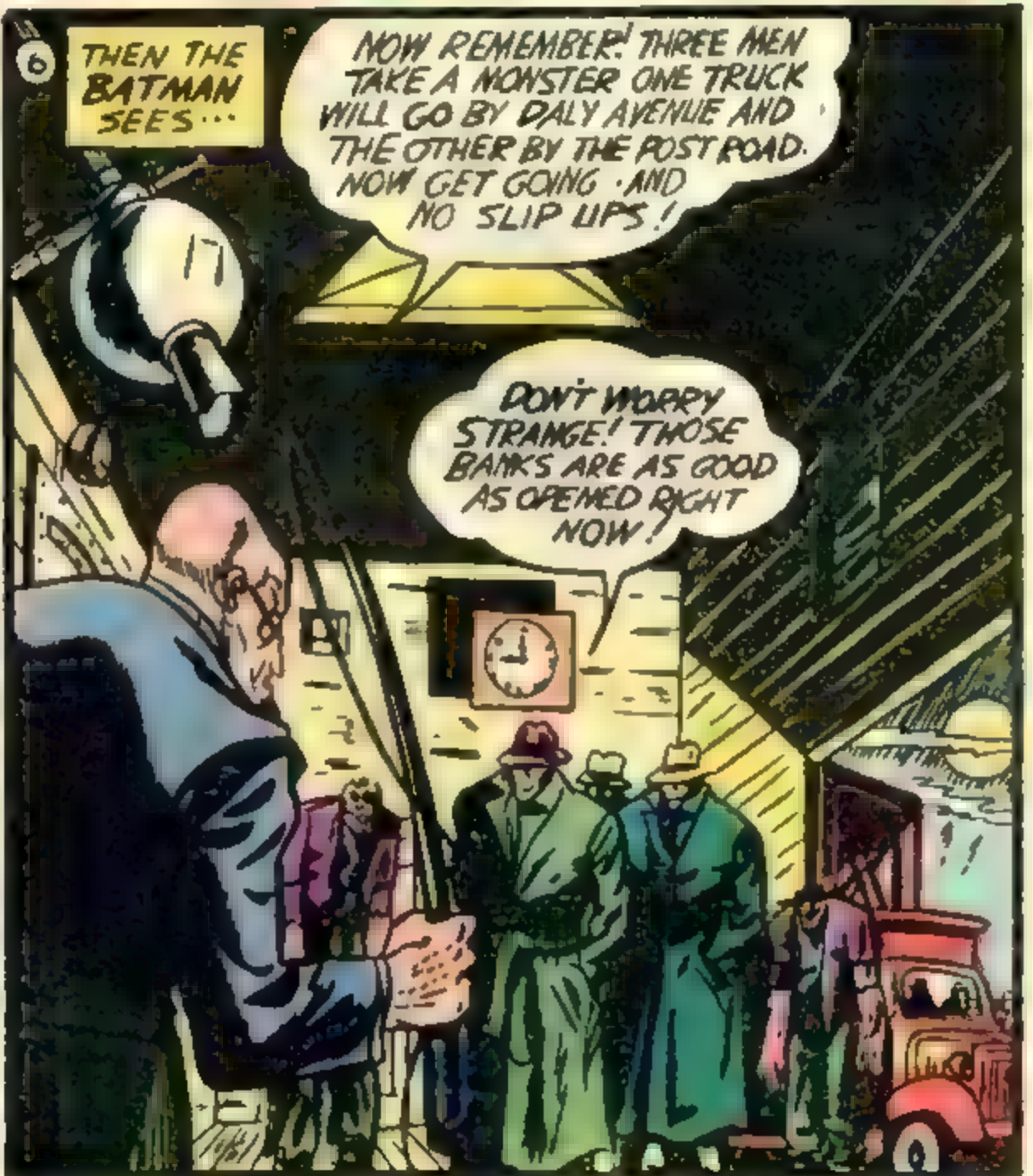
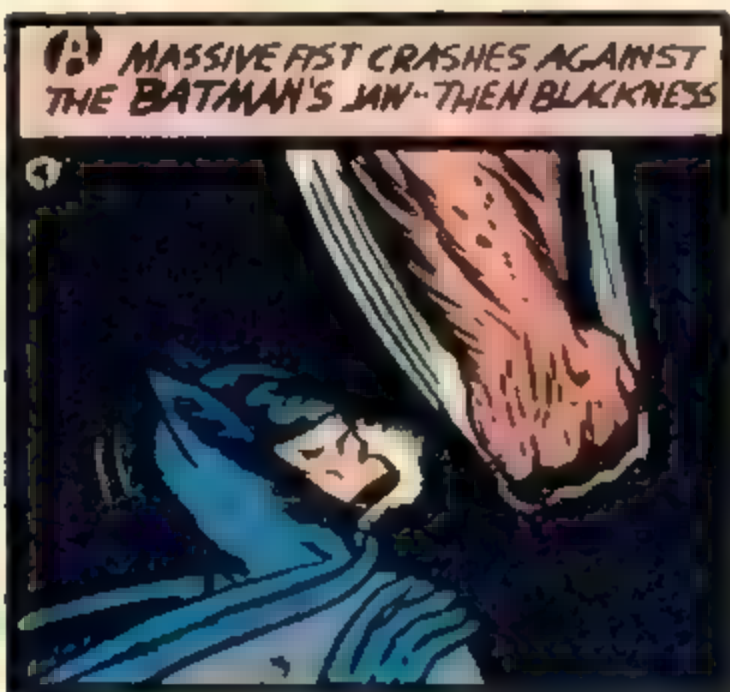
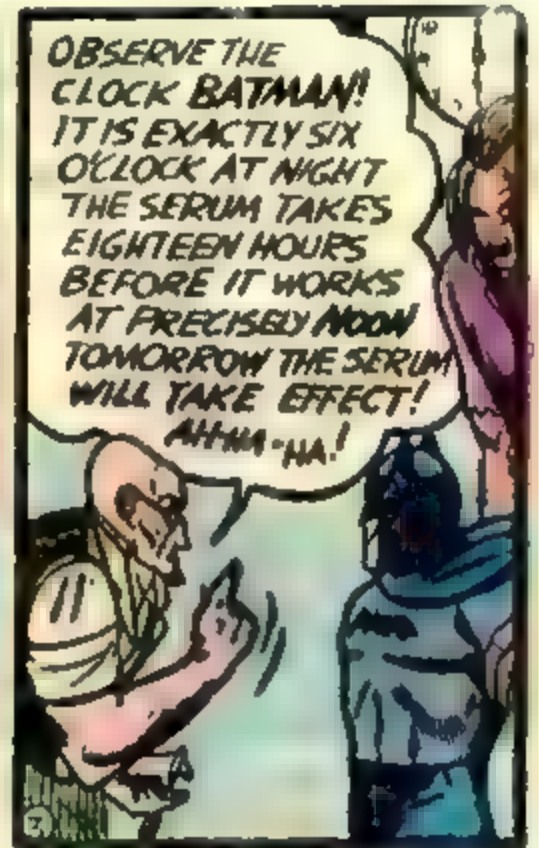
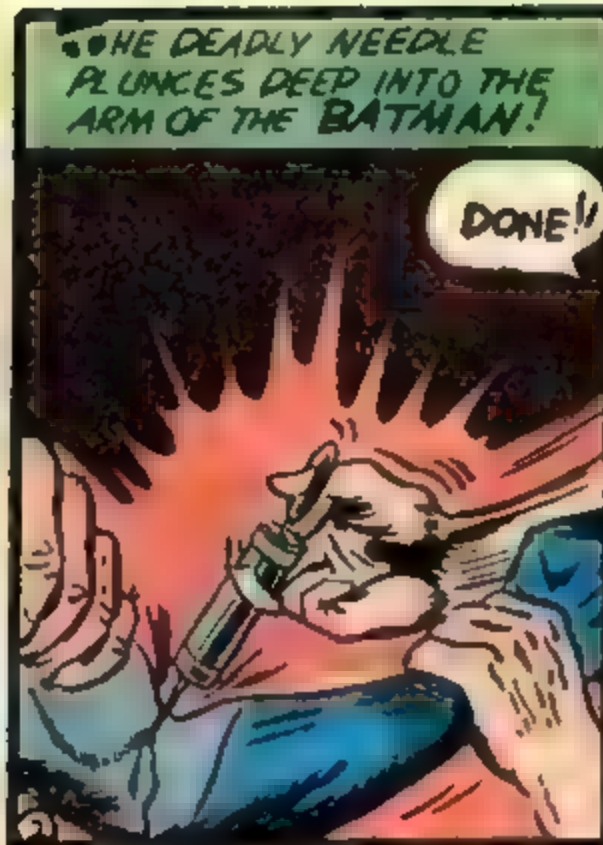
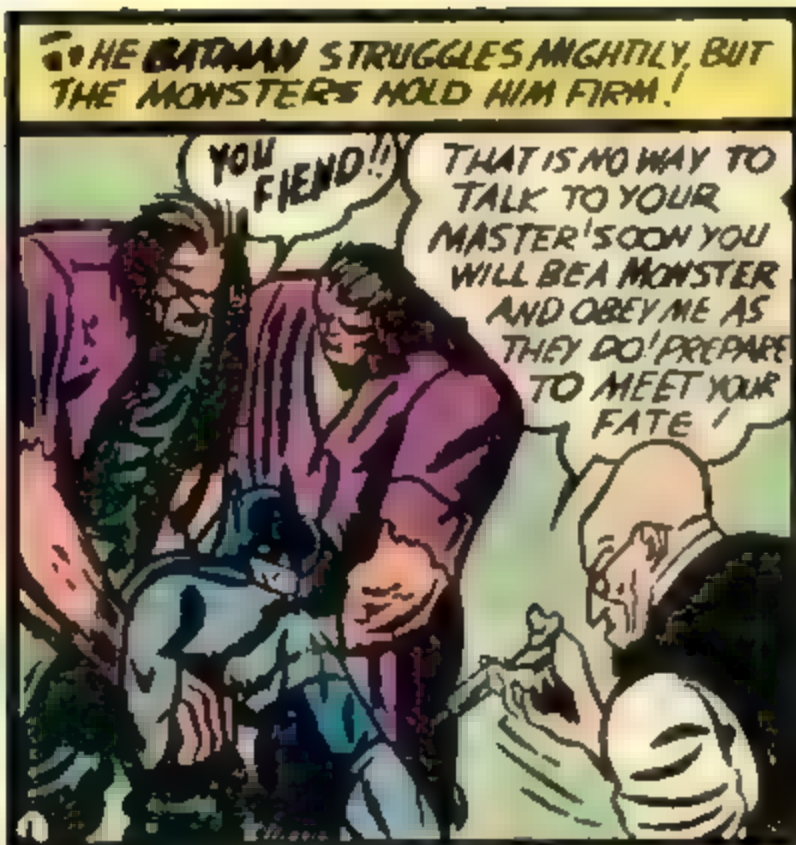


AN EVIL GENIUS, STRANGE!

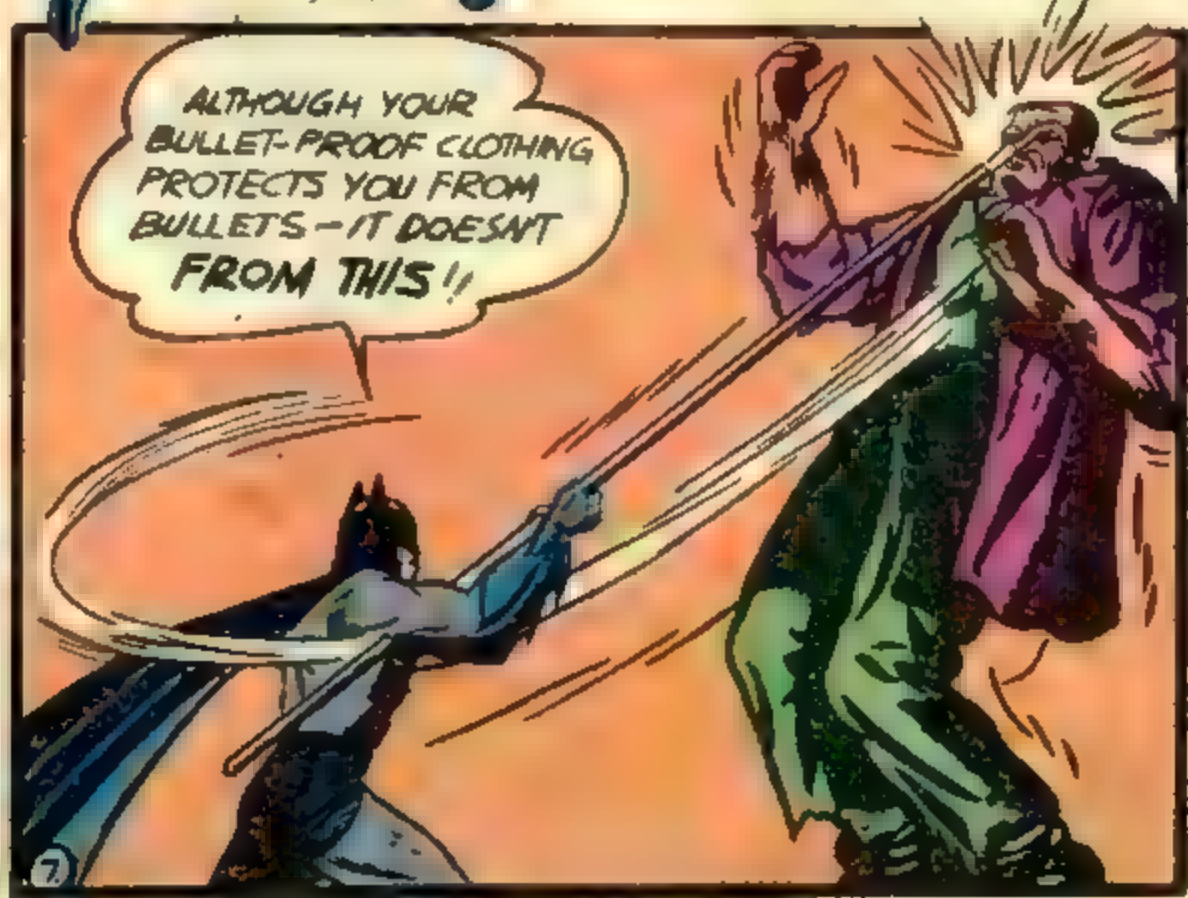
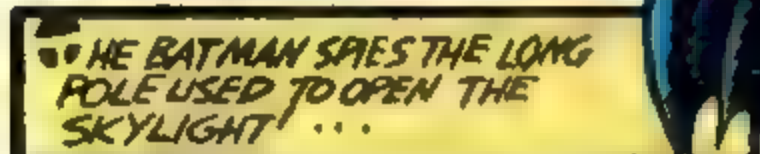
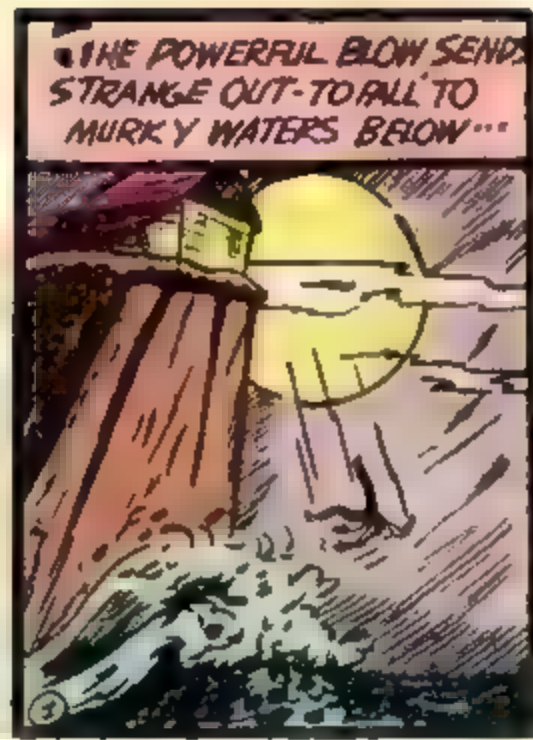
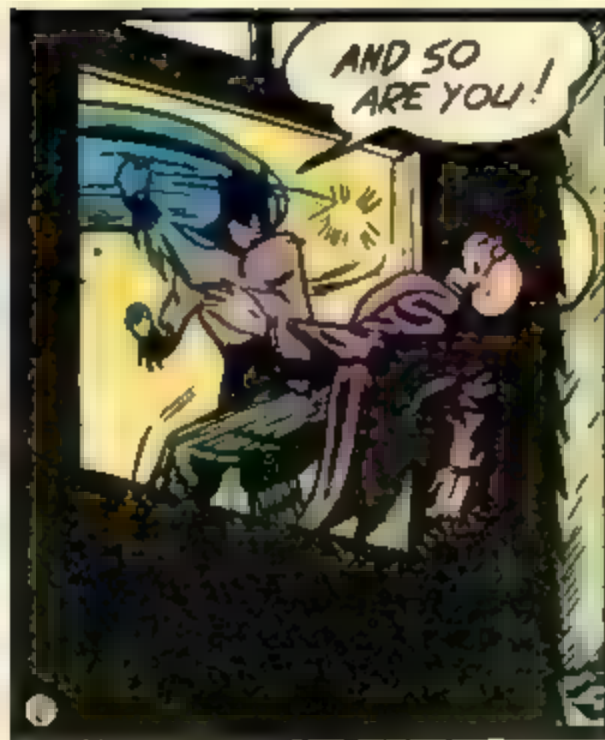
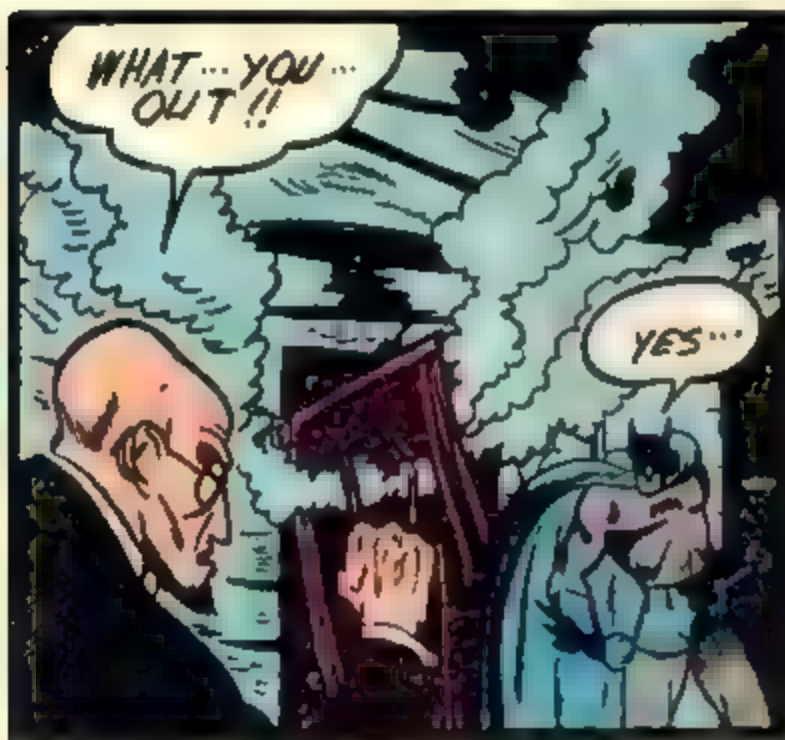
REMOVE HIS BELT OF GAS CAPSULES...I WANT NO ESCAPE...I AM GOING TO INJECT THIS FLUID INTO YOU! YOU, DEAR BATMAN, ARE TO BE A MONSTER! A MONSTER! HA-HA-HA



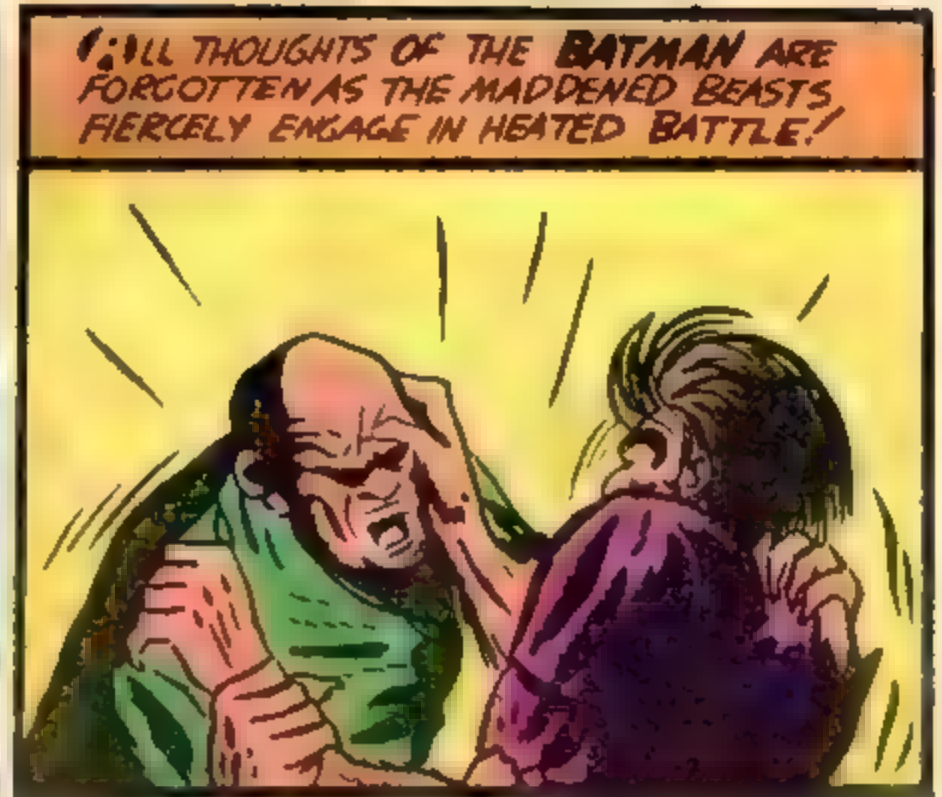
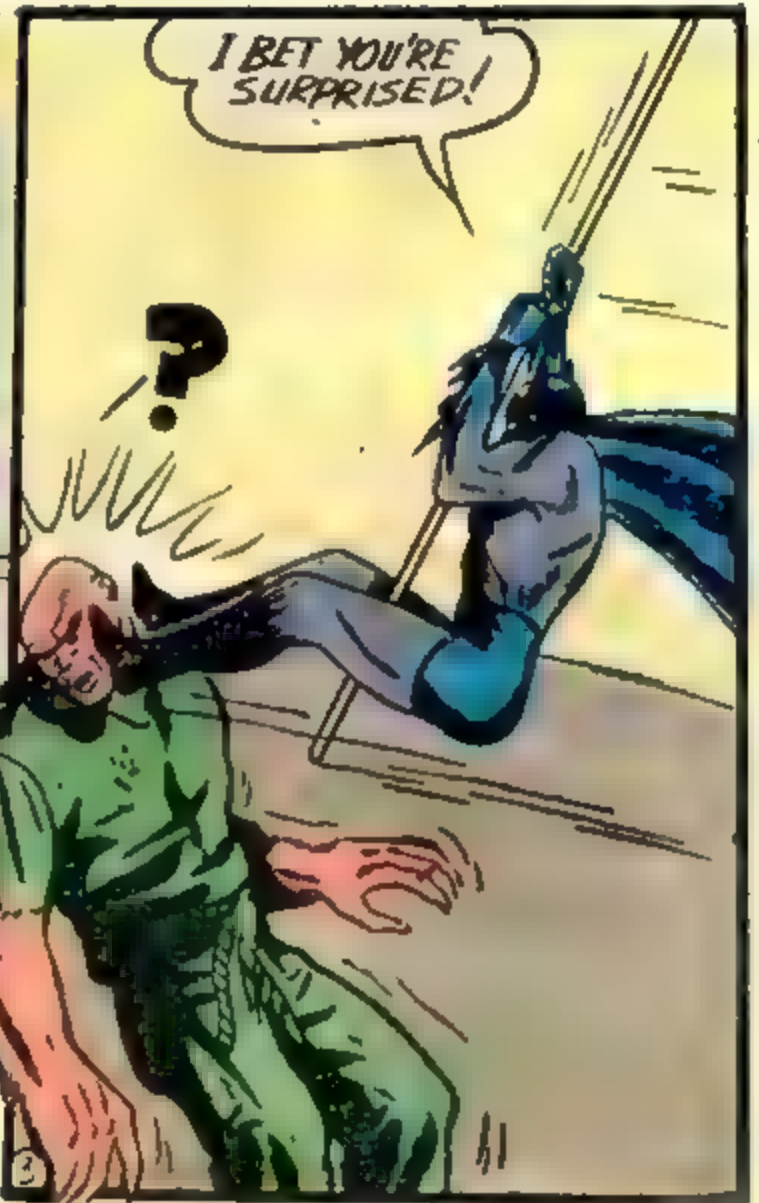
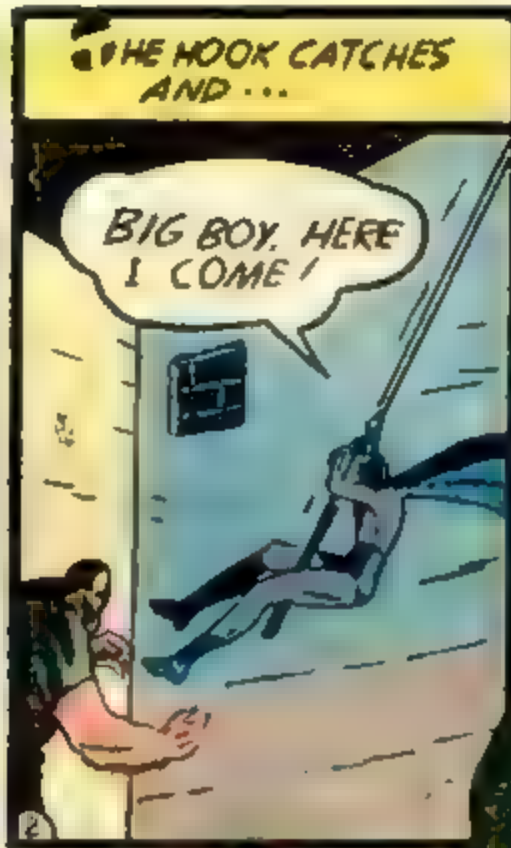




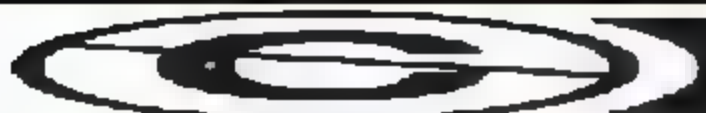
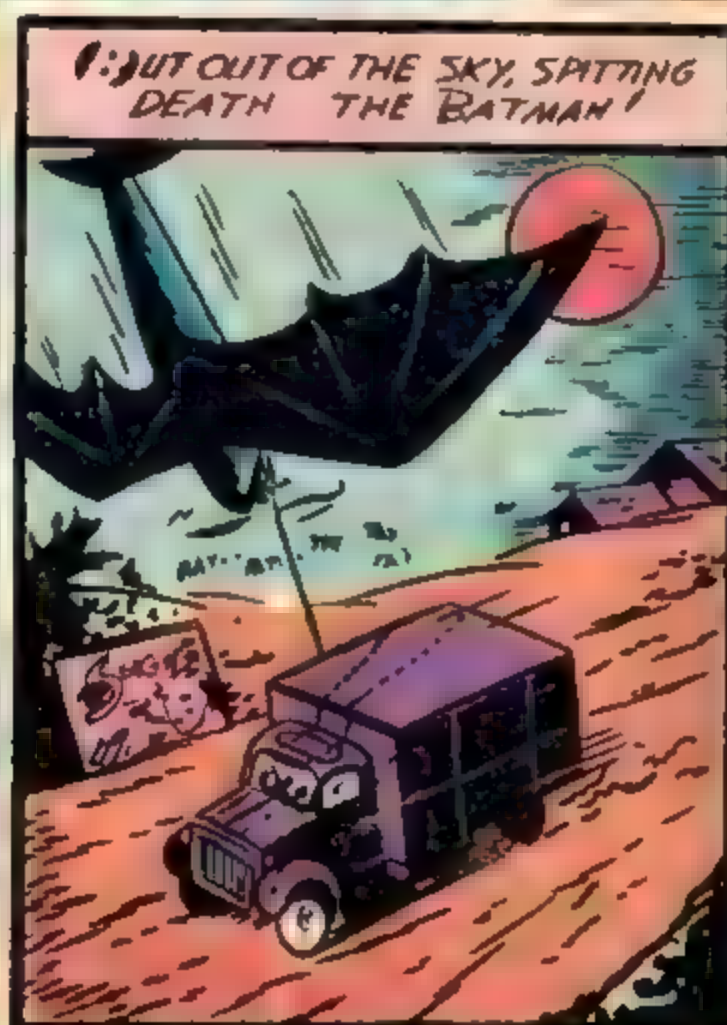
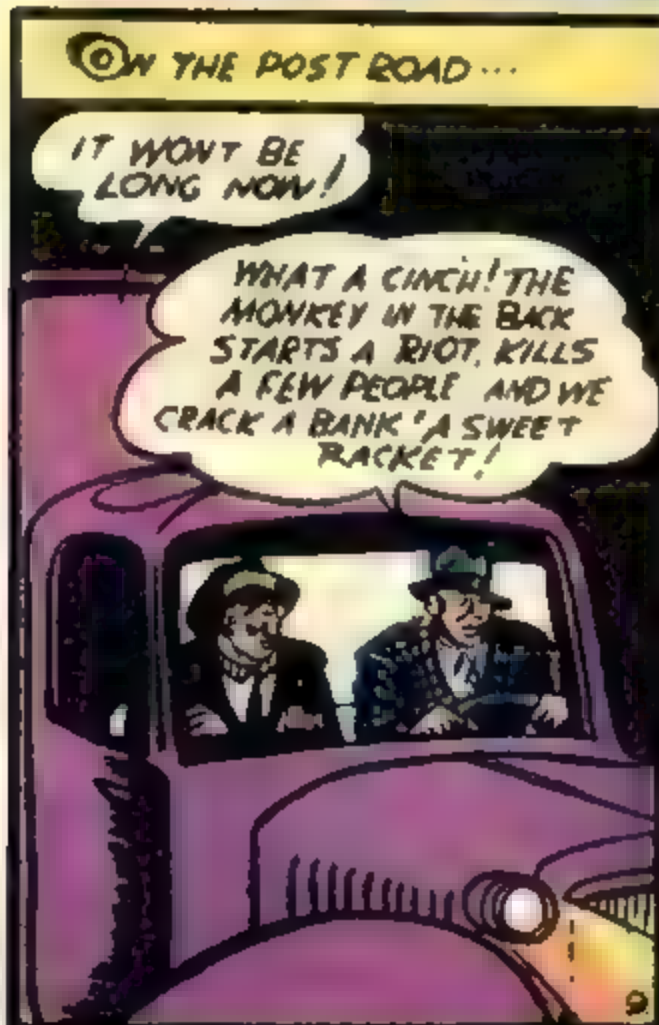
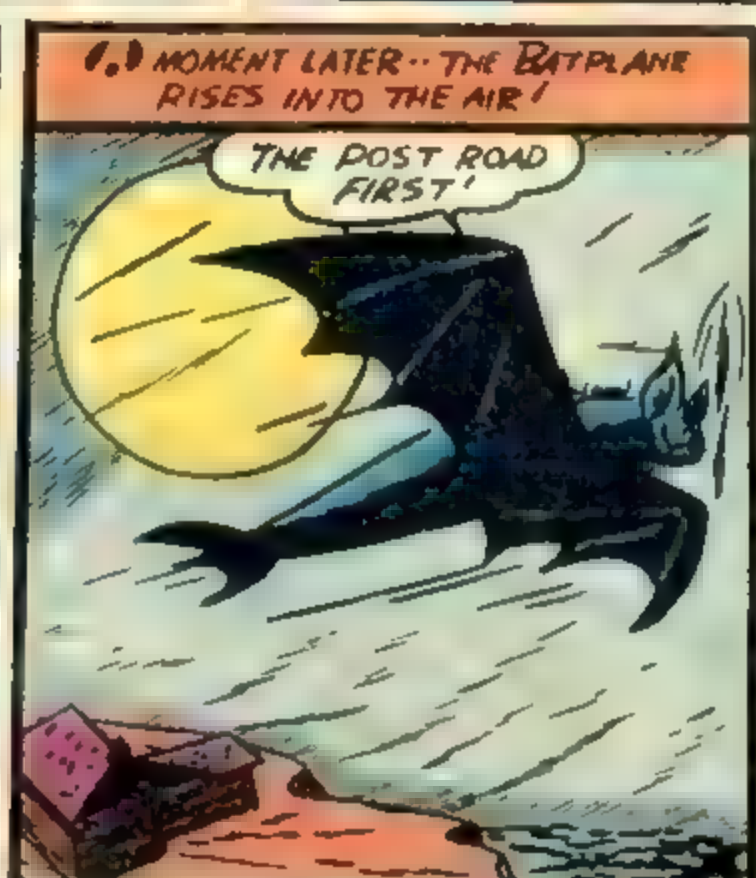
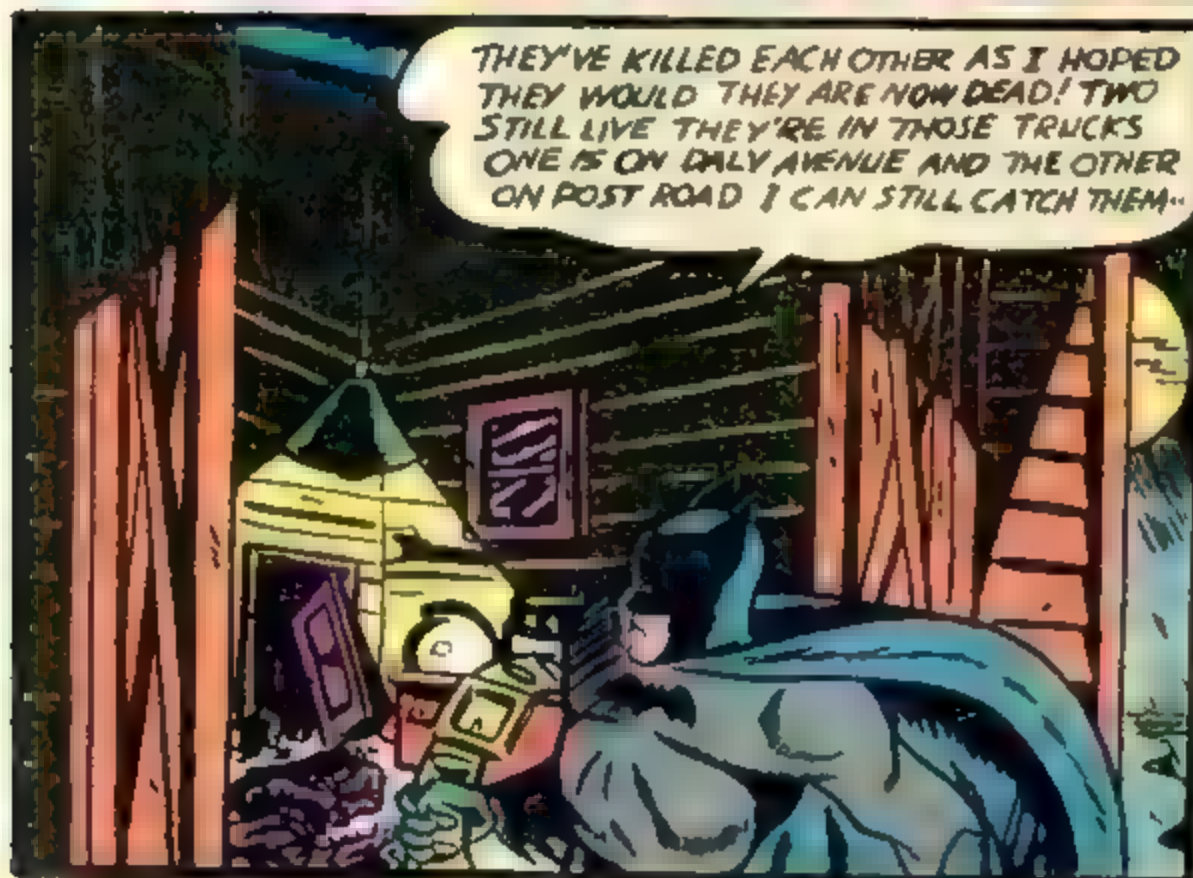
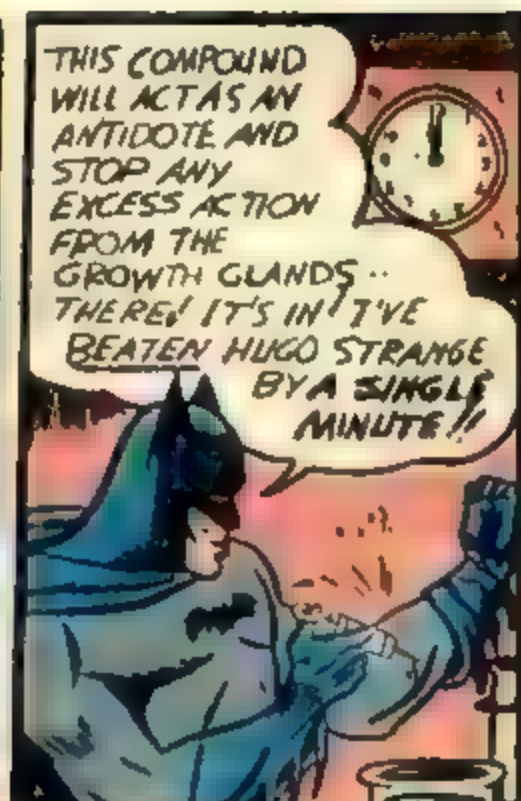
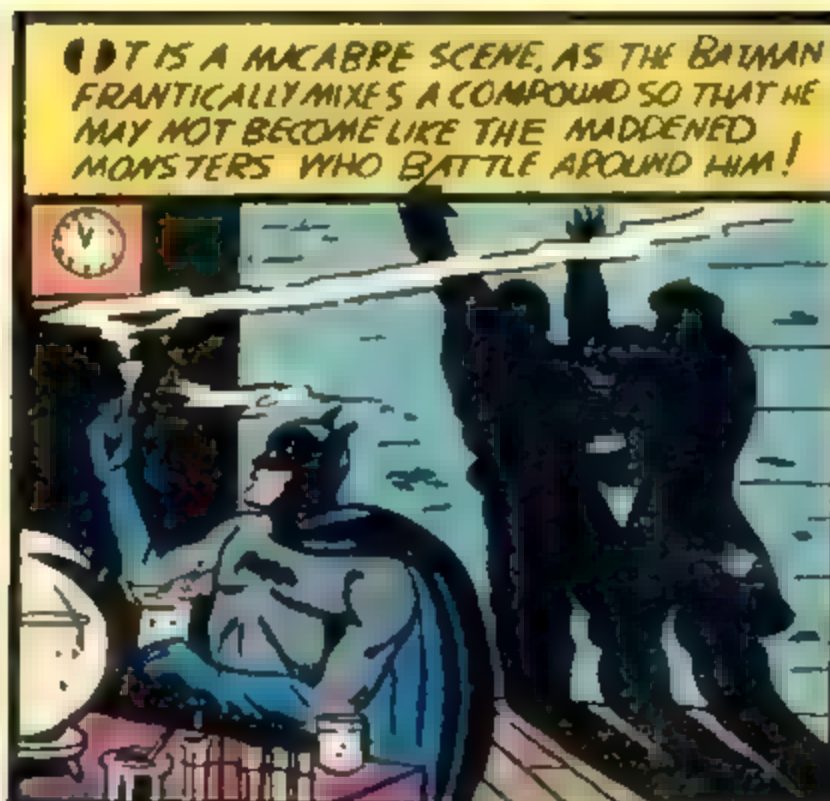
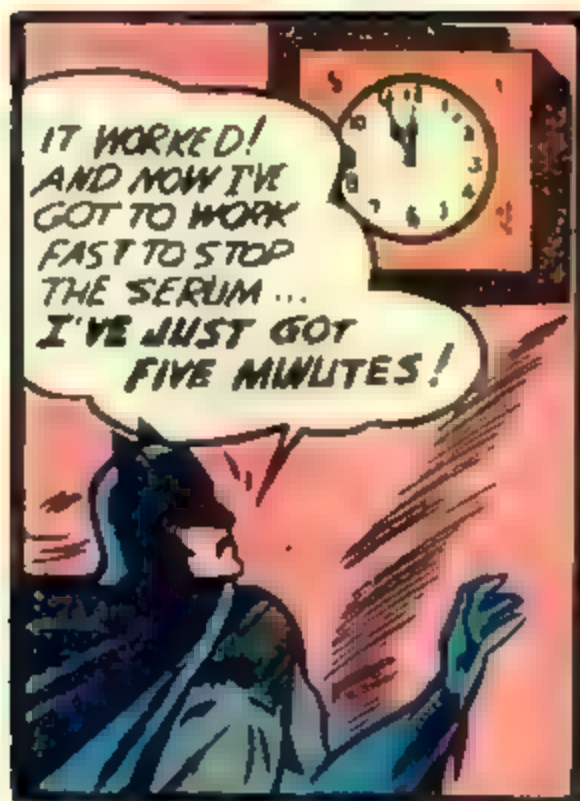








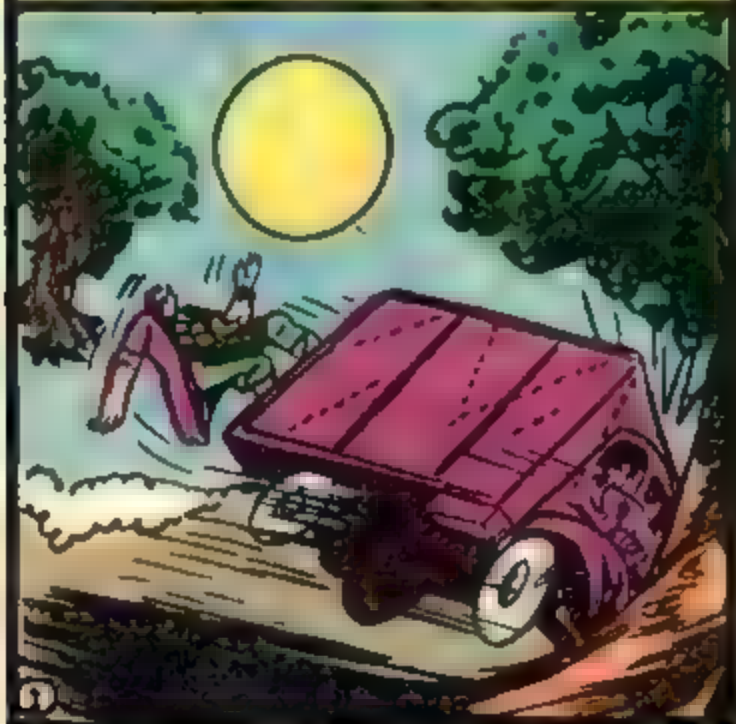




PUBLIC  
DOMAIN



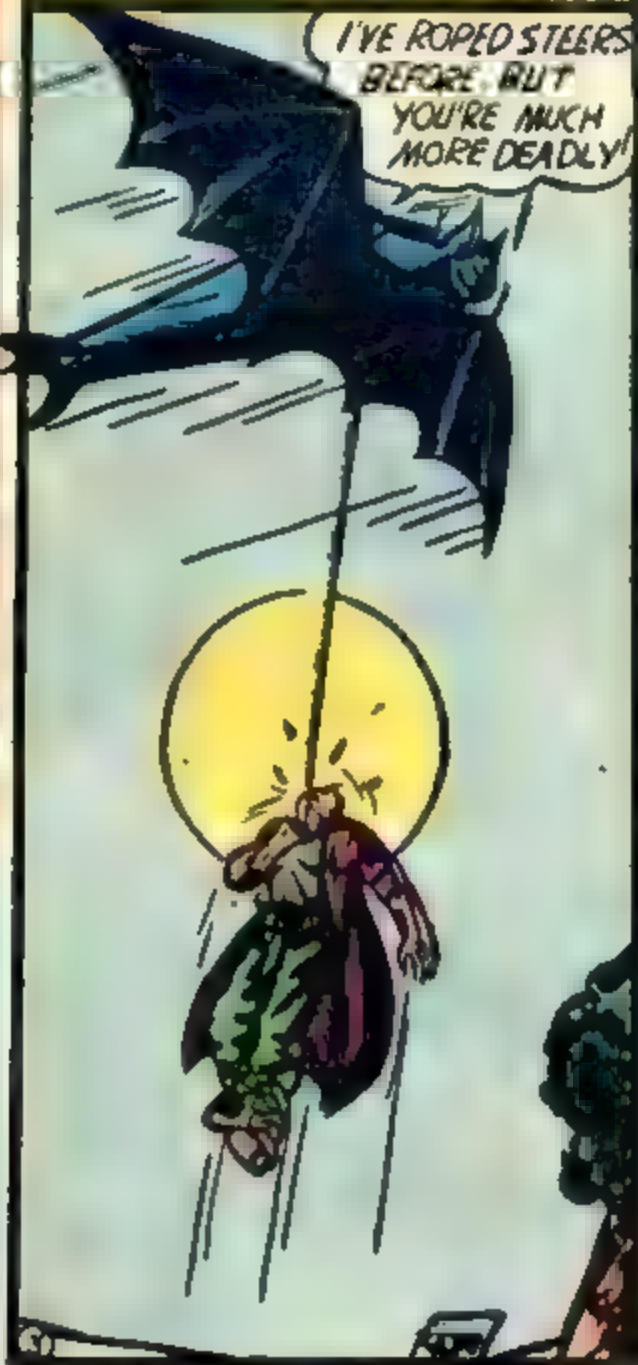
THE BULLETS TAKE THEIR TOLL... THE TRUCK CRASHES INTO A TREE!



AS THE MONSTER RISES, THE STEEL-LIKE ROPE OF THE BATMAN LOOPS AROUND HIS NECK!



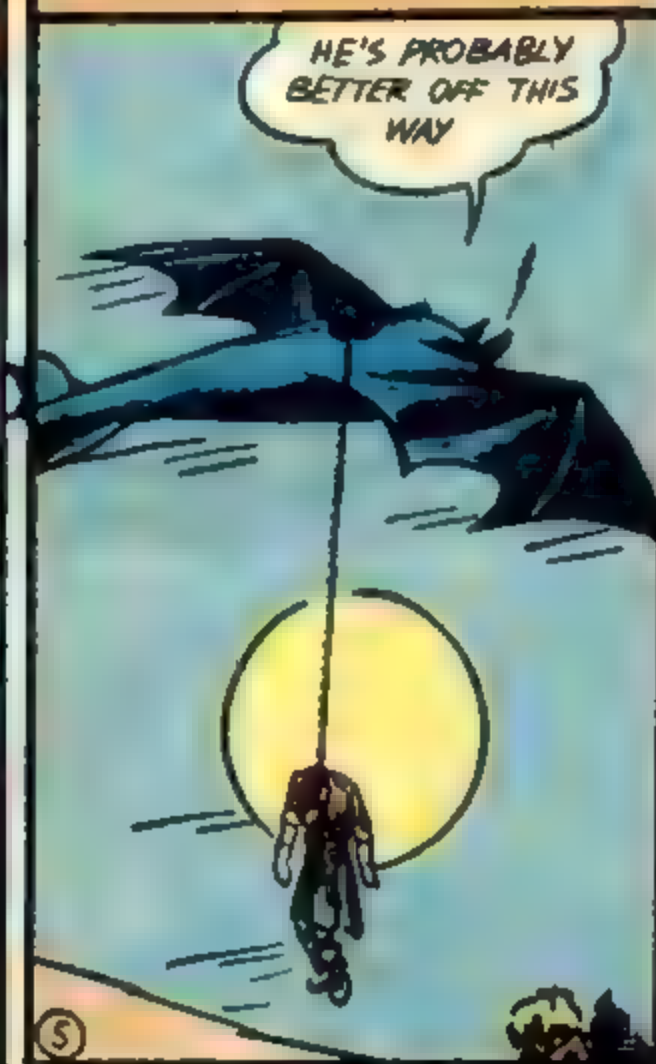
THE RISING BATPLANE JERKS THE MONSTER FROM THE GROUND!



THE GIANT TRIES TO BREAK THE EVER-TIGHTENING ROPE!



FEW MOMENTS LATER...

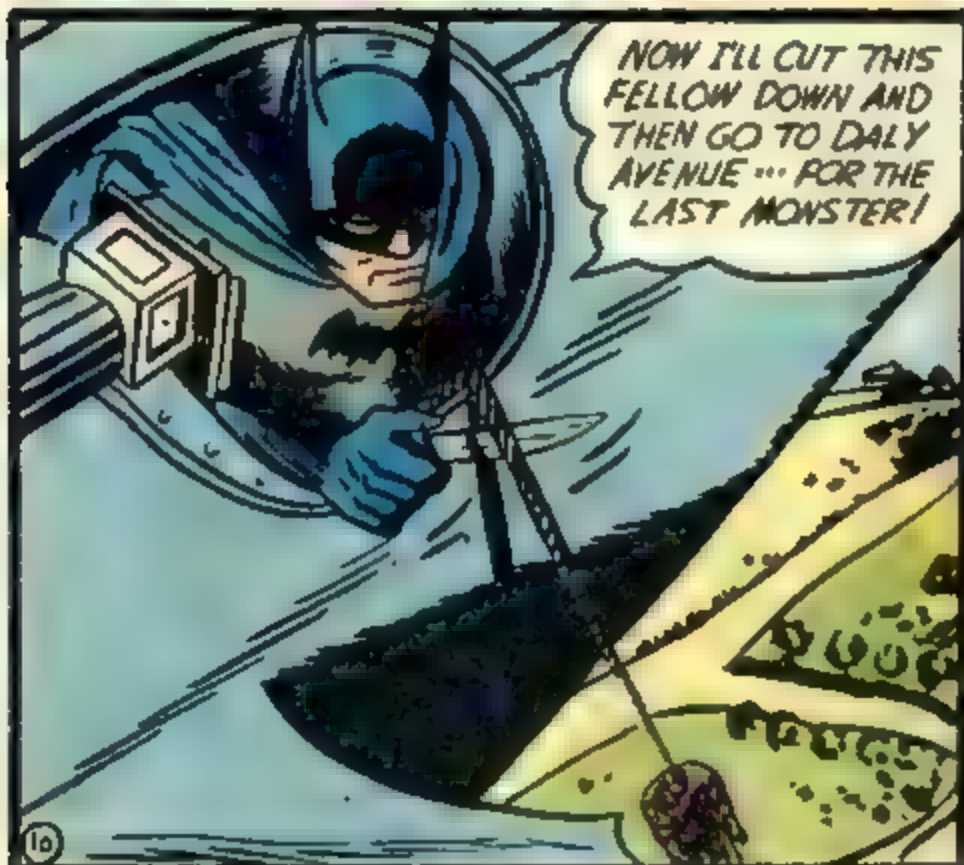


HE'S PROBABLY BETTER OFF THIS WAY



I'M IN TIME!! THERE'S THE TRUCK NOW!!

NOW I'LL CUT THIS FELLOW DOWN AND THEN GO TO DALY AVENUE... FOR THE LAST MONSTER!



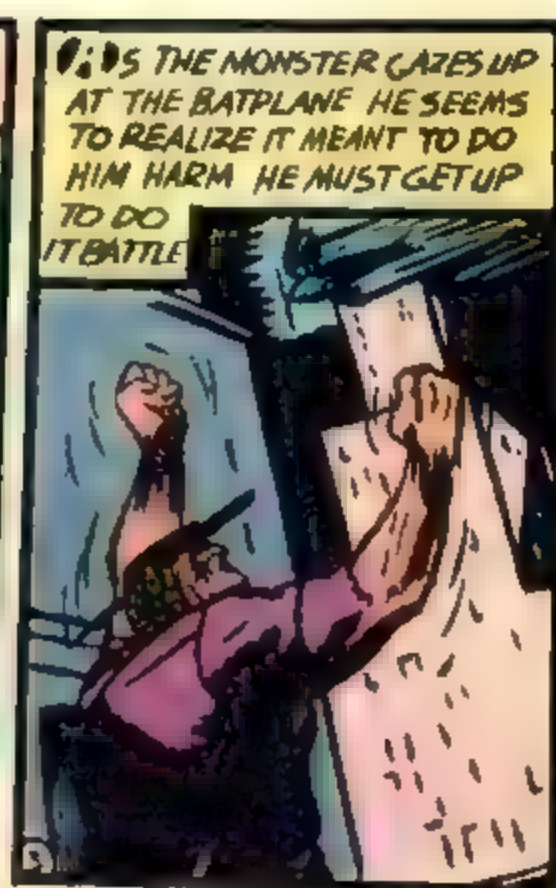




FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK!



AS THE MONSTER GAZES UP AT THE BATPLANE HE SEEMS TO REALIZE IT MEANT TO DO HIM HARM HE MUST GET UP TO DO IT BATTLE



THE CRAZED BEAST, SEEING THE BUILDING REAR HIGH IN THE AIR, THINKS HE CAN REACH THE BATPLANE THAT WAY



THE WYANE MONSTER STARTS TO CLIMB THE TOWER



UP... UP... HE CLIMBS...



...AND FINALLY THE TOP!

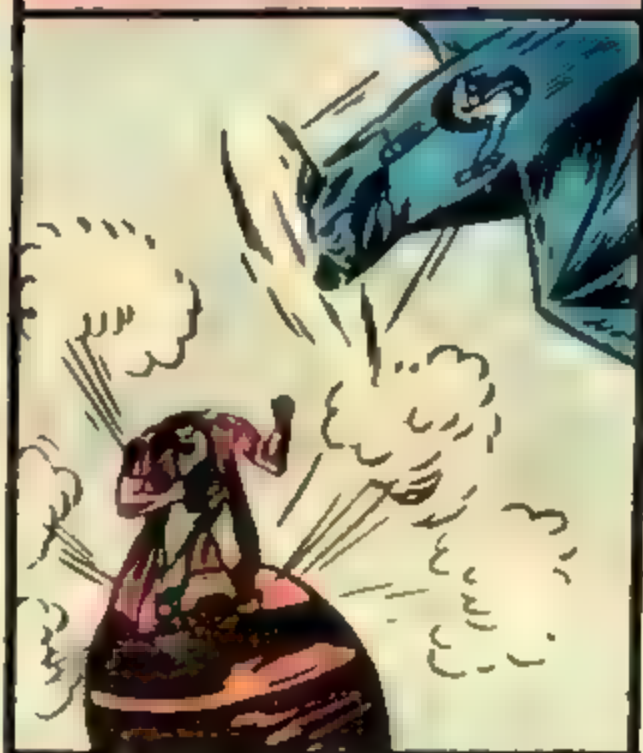


THE BULLET PROOF CLOTHES PROTECT THE MONSTER...



IF BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM - I KNOW WHAT WILL!

HIS TIME FROM THE BATPLANE GAS PELLETS!!



AS THE GAS TAKES EFFECT THE MONSTER ONCE MORE SEES THE BATPLANE... SHAKES HIS HANDS DEFIANTLY...



...AND THEN TOPPLES OFF TO HIS DOOM!!

THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE MONSTERS... YET I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE BIGGEST MONSTER OF THEM ALL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE, STILL LIVES! PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN... PERHAPS!!



BOB KANE

THE **BATMAN**

APPEARING EVERY MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS



PUBLIC DOMAIN



# STRICTLY PUBLICITY

By

GUY MONROE

**"IT JUST isn't possible!"** The Chief was saying. "A guy can't be killed when he's all alone in a room, with the door and windows barred from the inside and covered with steel shutters!"

"There's always the suicide angle," young Terry Gallant put in.

The chief snorted. "Look, Terry; you're one of the smartest young detectives on the force, but when you say 'suicide,' you're crazy! A guy can't shoot himself without a gun, can he?"

"Definitely not," Terry admitted. "But look, Chief, tell me how the whole thing worked out, will you? I just happened not to be listening to Barlow's radio program at the time of his death."

"Well, he was getting off his usual line of homespun drivel for his twenty million radio listeners, and giving them that old, old routine of his about being afraid for his life because he'd made a lot of enemies in the course of his helping so many people out of scrapes with unscrupulous characters——"

"And then?" Terry prompted.

"And then the radio audience heard a noise sort of like a sharp clap of the hands, then a terrific roar, then silence."

Terry got up. "Chief you can hand out the story that Barton Barlow committed suicide. I'll have all the details later."

With that, Terry Gallant left Headquarters and headed for the residence of the late Barton Barlow. And the Chief had confidence enough in Terry's detective ability to feel pretty certain that Terry would be able to substantiate his theory that Barlow had not been murdered

——that he had, indeed, taken his own life. Accordingly the Chief gave that story to the reporters, promising them all the details for their next edition. Neither the Chief nor the reporters were dissatisfied, for Terry was gone for less than an hour.

When he returned to Headquarters, the Chief's office was filled with newspapermen. And with rare concern for press deadlines, Terry didn't waste any time in telling the rest of the story.

"Barlow killed himself, all right," Terry said.

"Then what did he do with the gun—swallow it?" asked a reporter.

Terry ignored the question, considering it too facetious to warrant notice. "Let's start at the beginning," he said. "We all know that Barton Barlow was probably the greatest publicity hound the country ever produced. He'd do anything to get his name in the papers—and he's been mighty successful at it. He's a nationally known figure, and he has twenty million radio listeners. He's had a big income for years. And the biggest angle he had for publicity was that business of yelling that he expected to be bumped off at any moment. Most of that, as we all realize, was phoney."

"But he's dead," a newspaperman put in.

"Sure—by his own hand. In spite of the fact that he had a huge income, he was living beyond his means. He was deeply in debt, and on top of that the Federal government was on the verge of indicting him for income tax evasion. That would have been pretty hard for a

'righteous' guy like Barlow to take. All in all, he was badly jammed up, so he decided to kill himself, like the cowardly phoney he was."

"I still want to know," the first reporter said sarcastically, "did he eat the gun?"

Terry shook his head. "No, the gun's there. All you have to do is look for it. Concealed in a recess behind a light fixture. There's also a small electro-magnet which operates from a flashlight battery, and a very sensitive diaphragm such as you'd find in a telephone. And, you see, there was one thing that happened before the shot that gave me the clue—there was a sharp noise like the clapping of hands. It was indeed just that, and that sharp noise was just enough to disturb the diaphragm, break the electro-magnetic contact, and allow a lever to hit the trigger of the gun which killed Barlow! He wanted to kill himself in a very mysterious manner—a manner which would cause much speculation in the newspapers."

The newspapermen were running from the room, heading for telephones, anxious to get the solution of the story into the next editions of their papers.

Terry grinned at the Chief. "See? Barlow was a publicity hound in life, and he's still one in death! He'll be on the front pages of every paper in the country! A pretty good man, at that!"

The Chief lighted a fresh cigar. "You're not a bad man yourself, Terry my boy!"

Terry grinned back at him. "Remember that, will you, Chief, next time I come up for promotion?" THE END



# MEET THE ARTIST!

**R**EADERS, meet Bob Kane, creator of THE BATMAN! Realizing that people like to know something about the men who draw their favorite cartoon-strips, we induced Bob to sit down at a typewriter and dash off a few pertinent facts about his life. He complained that a drawing-board—and not a typewriter—was his natural means of artistic expression, but he did manage to hammer out a sort of synopsis about himself.

On top of that, we felt that we should have a picture of Bob to grace this page. We asked him to bring us one. "Sure," he said, "I'll take care of that." But as the days went by, and publication date came nearer and nearer, we still had no picture. Finally we had to sit Bob down at a drawing board, hold him there until a photographer could be called in from another floor of the building—and we finally got our picture!

Bob Kane was born twenty-four years ago in New York City, and has spent most of his life in the big town. As you might expect, his primary interest has always been in drawing. His work has appeared in a long list of national magazines. For some time Bob was a straight "comic" artist, specializing in drawings of a humorous nature. When the trend swung toward the adventure type of drawing, Bob was quick to see that therein lay his future, and though the abrupt change in drawing technique necessitated plenty of hard labor on his part, the phenomenal success of THE BATMAN is proof enough that Bob was capable of making the transition. It hasn't been easy, and it isn't easy even now. Anyone who thinks a comic artist has an easy life should take a look at Bob Kane's working-schedule. It's an unusual week which doesn't find Bob at the drawing board on seven consecutive days. The saving grace about it all is the fact that he enjoys his work, though he does admit that he might like to have a



little vacation come summer—three days in a row, or something like that.

Bob has spent a good deal of time in the North woods, hunting and fishing (before THE BATMAN took up all his time, of course). He loves outdoor life in all its phases. For a time he worked as seaman on a boat plying South American waters, and he says that he feels that this contact with all sorts of people, plus the satisfaction of seeing parts of the world absolutely foreign to the environment of New York, has been of great help to him in humanizing the characters which he draws.

Bob is certainly not a copyist, his work shows a definite originality and freshness which has attracted many fervent fans. He studies

constantly, striving always to improve his work. If he has a free hour or two, he is very likely to spend it at one of the local medical colleges studying anatomy, for he well realizes that only by a thorough knowledge of bone and muscle structure is an artist able to inject into his drawings the true expression of action and motion which is so necessary to this type of art.

Bob Kane has worked hard, is still working hard, and will continue to work hard to give you just the sort of thing which you have come to expect in THE BATMAN. We predict ever-increasing success for both the artist and the creation of his facile pen. And they both deserve that success!

—THE EDITOR



# BAT MAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE MORE THAT EERIE FIGURE OF THE NIGHT, THE BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE THAT LAUGHING DARE-DEVIL THAT YOUNG ROBIN HOOD OF TODAY ROBIN THE BOY WONDER FIND THEMSELVES SWIMMING IN TROUBLED WATERS! A YACHT SAILS A SEA OF INTRIGUE WHILE ABOARD HER DECK LURKS AN UNSEEN MENACE A FIGURE SHROUDED BY AN AURA OF MYSTERY!

by  
BOB  
KANE

AMONG THE GUESTS WALKS A YOUNG STEWARD-DICK GRAYSON WHO IS IN REALITY... ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!



HOW DOES HE COME HERE?

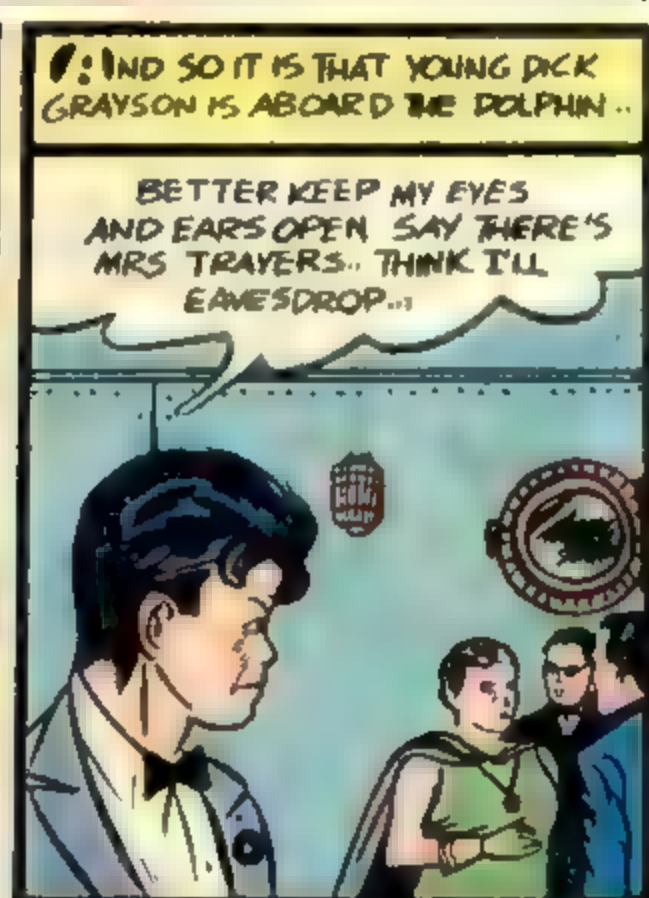
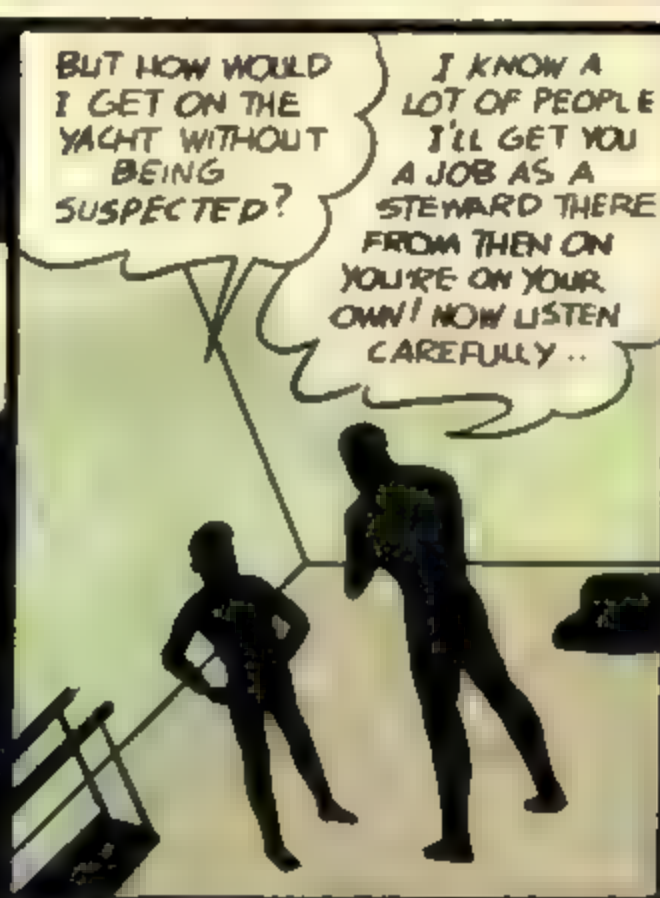
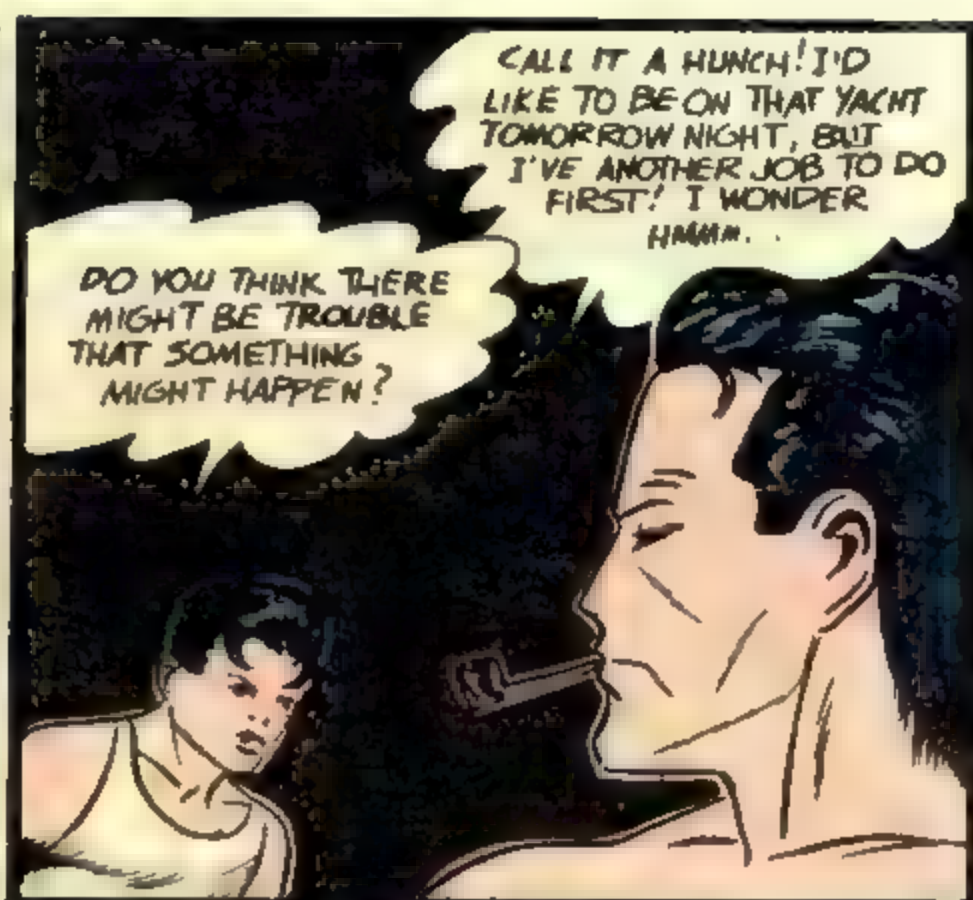
WHY? IT HAD COME ABOUT WHEN...

BRUCE WAYNE...THE BATMAN HAD READ ALOUD THIS ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER...

## SOCIETY

MRS. JOHN TRAVERS IS TAKING A GROUP OF SELECTED GUESTS ON A TRIP ABOARD HER YACHT. THE DOLPHIN MRS. TRAVERS WILL WEAR HER FAMOUS EMERALD NECKLACE THAT IS WORTH HALF A MILLION AT A MASQUERADE PARTY WHICH IS THE





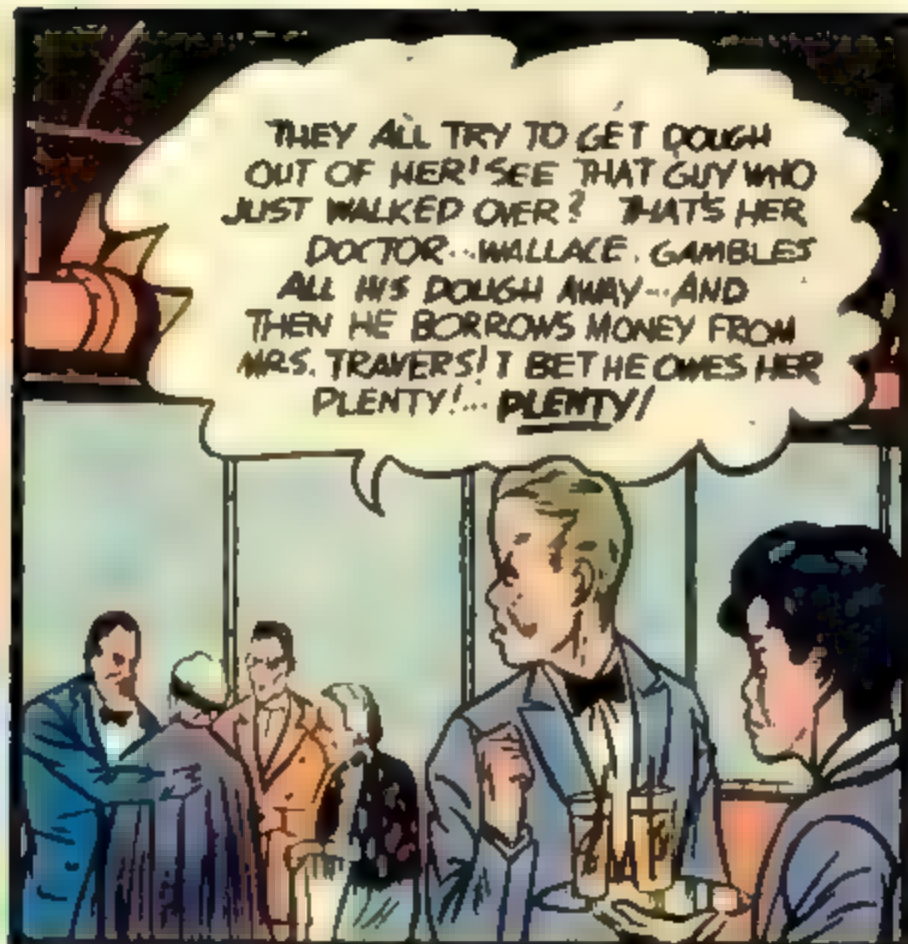
PUBLIC  
DOMAIN



(1) DICK "PUMPS" ONE OF THE REGULAR STEWARDS!

MUST BE A NICE  
FELLOW, HER NEPHEW  
TO ESCORT AN OLD  
WOMAN AROUND LIKE  
THAT!

HUH, HIM? HE'S A RAT --  
PROBABLY HANGING  
AROUND TO GET SOME  
MONEY OUT OF HER! HE'S  
ALWAYS BORROWING DOUGH  
FROM HIS AUNT, MRS. TRAVERS!



THEY ALL TRY TO GET DOUGH  
OUT OF HER! SEE THAT GUY WHO  
JUST WALKED OVER? THAT'S HER  
DOCTOR... WALLACE. GAMBLES  
ALL HIS DOUGH AWAY--AND  
THEN HE BORROWS MONEY FROM  
MRS. TRAVERS! I BET HE OWES HER  
PLENTY!... PLENTY!

SOMETIME LATER AS DICK  
PASSES A CABIN...

VOICES! SOUNDS  
LIKE A  
QUARREL!

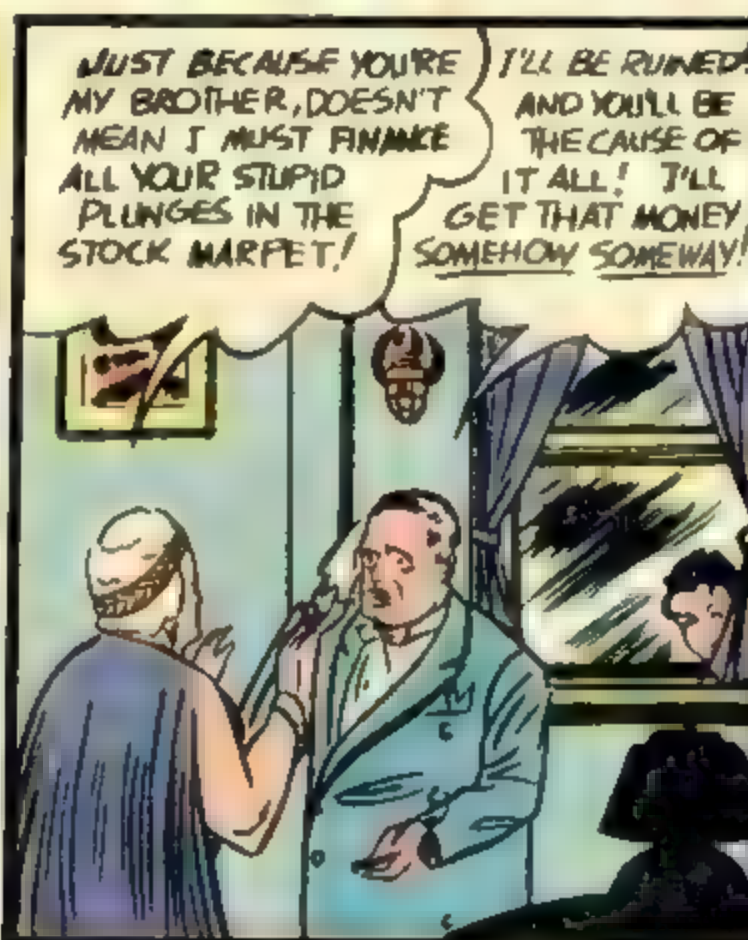
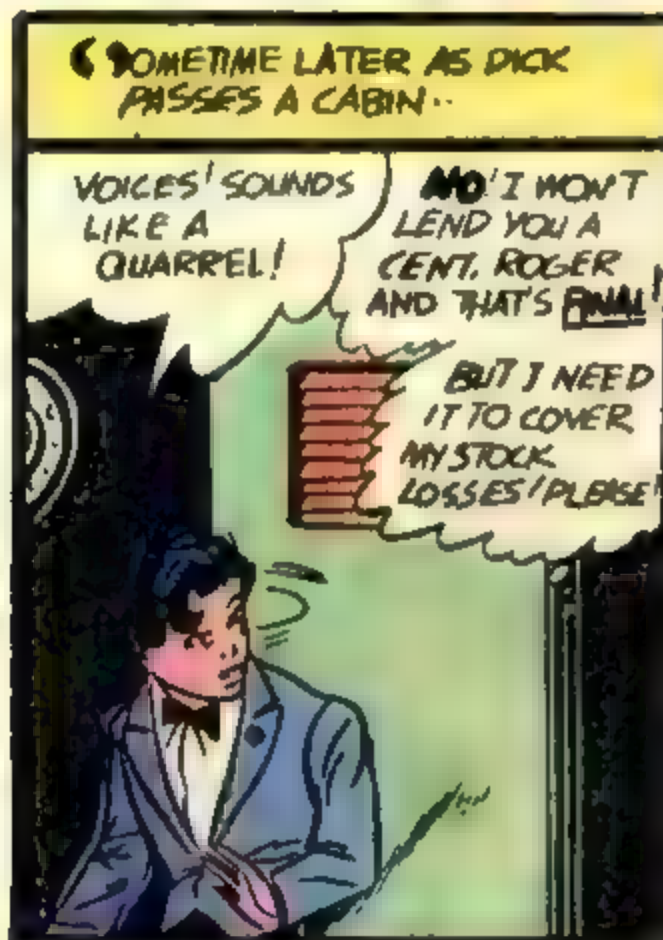
NO! I WON'T  
LEND YOU A  
CENT, ROGER  
AND THAT'S FINAL!

BUT I NEED  
IT TO COVER  
MY STOCK  
LOSSES! PLEASE!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE  
MY BROTHER, DOESN'T  
MEAN I MUST FINANCE  
ALL YOUR STUPID  
PLUNGES IN THE  
STOCK MARKET!

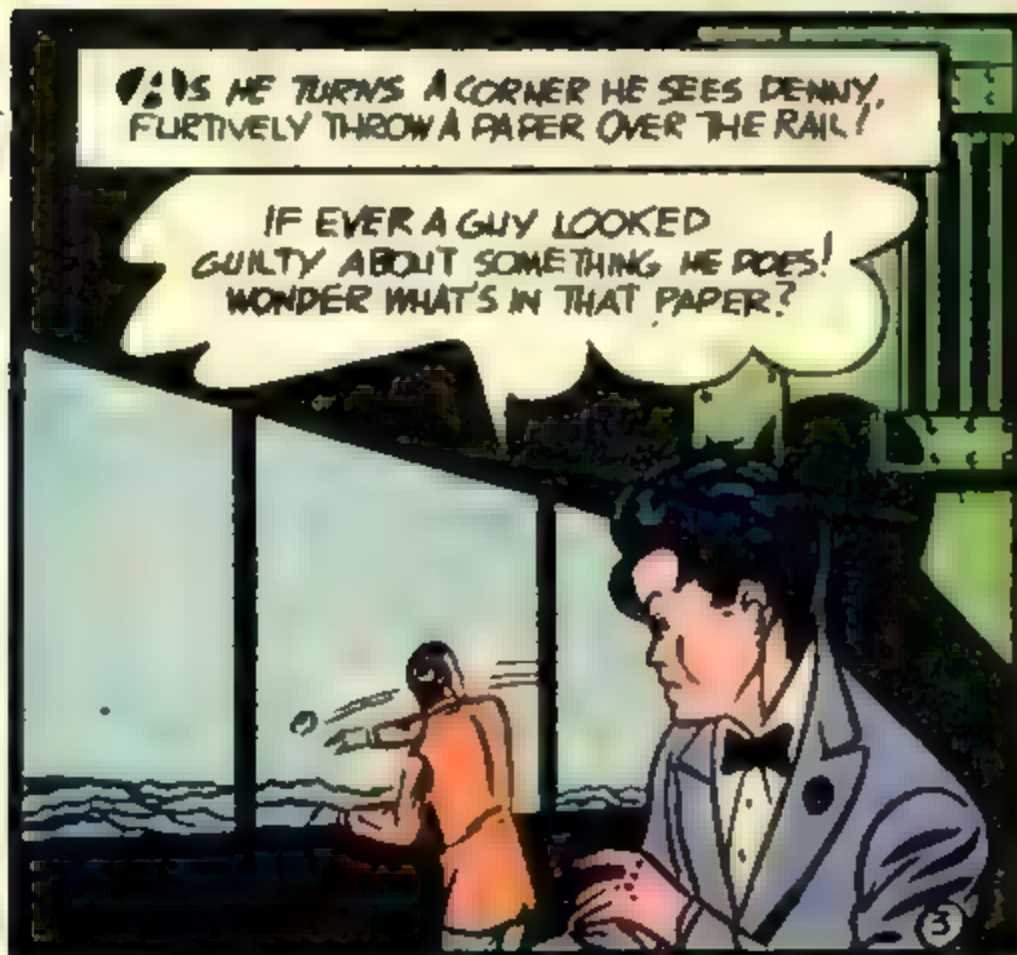
I'LL BE RUINED!  
AND YOU'LL BE  
THE CAUSE OF  
IT ALL! I'LL  
GET THAT MONEY  
SOMEHOW SOMEWAY!

WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THIS  
YACHT ISN'T THE SAFEST  
PLACE IN THE WORLD  
FOR A NECKLACE WORTH  
A HALF A MILLION  
DOLLARS!



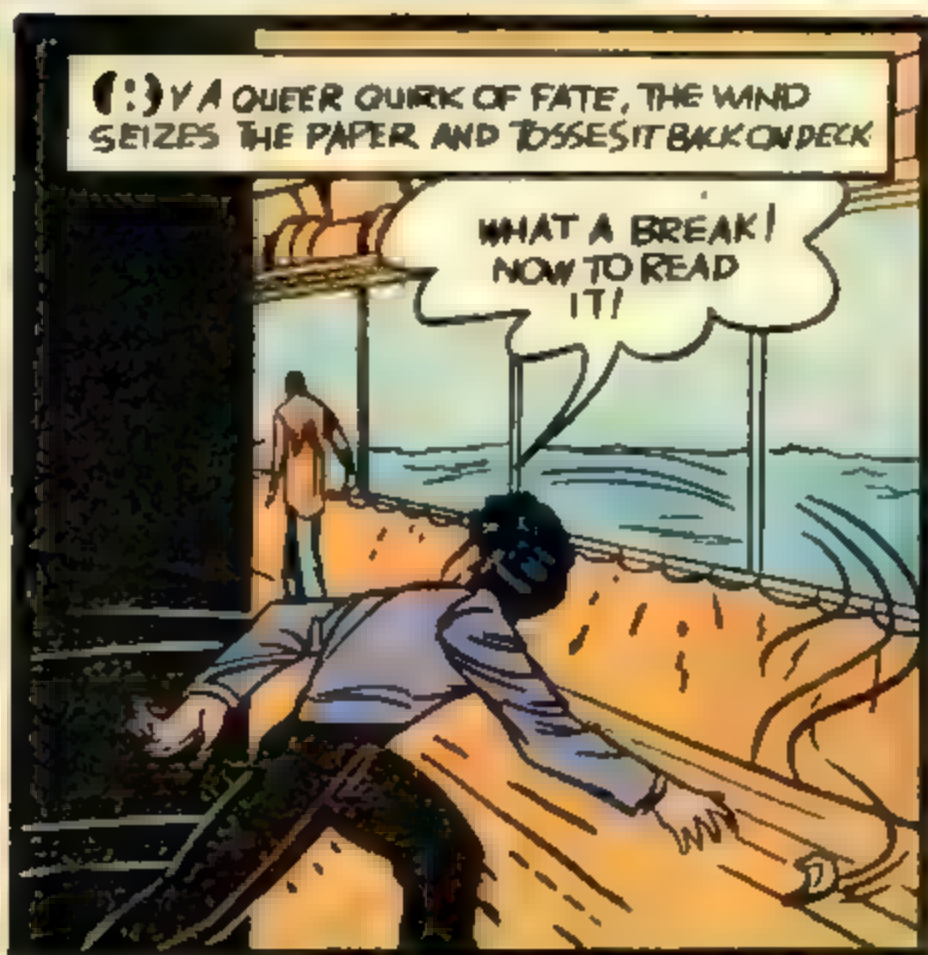
AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE SEES DENNY,  
FURTIVELY THROW A PAPER OVER THE RAIL!

IF EVER A GUY LOOKED  
GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING HE DOES!  
WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PAPER?

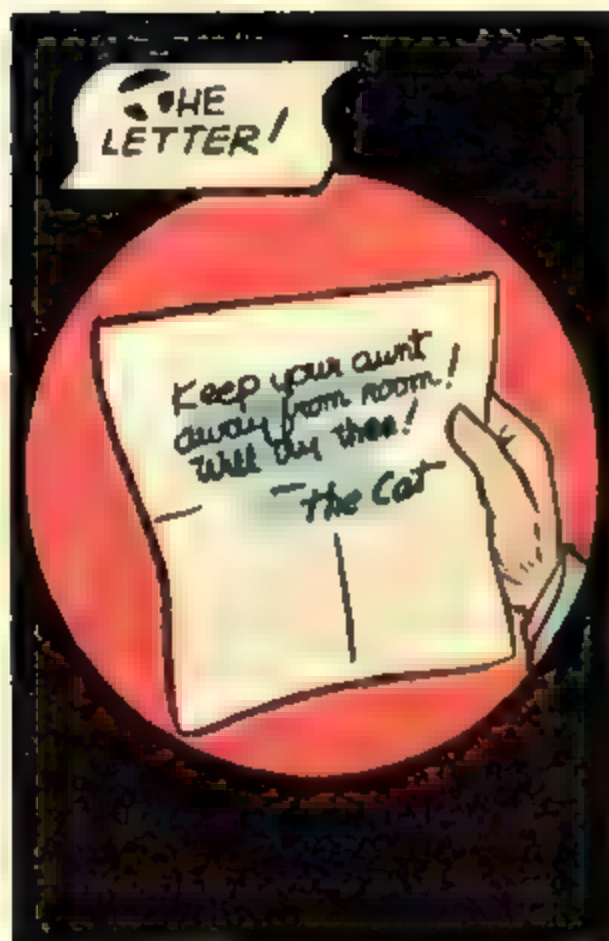


BY A QUEER QUIRK OF FATE, THE WIND  
SEIZES THE PAPER AND TOSSES IT BACK ON DECK

WHAT A BREAK!  
NOW TO READ  
IT!





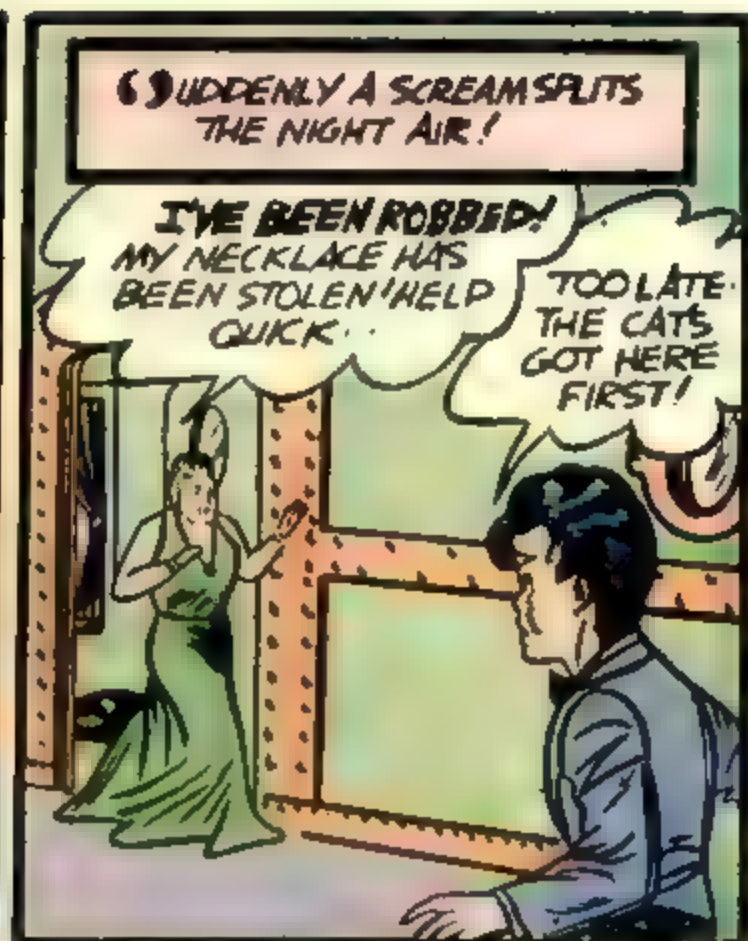


THE LETTER!

Keep your aunt  
away from room!  
Will say then!  
-The Cat



THE CAT! MRS TRAVERS  
IS KEEPING HER NECKLACE IN  
HER ROOM TILL THE BIG PARTY  
LATER! I'D BETTER GET TO  
THE ROOM RIGHT AWAY!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM SPLITS  
THE NIGHT AIR!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED!  
MY NECKLACE HAS  
BEEN STOLEN! HELP  
QUICK!

TOO LATE!  
THE CATS  
GOT HERE  
FIRST!



I HAD THIS PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE GUARDING MY SAFE--  
AND WHEN I CAME HERE I FOUND  
HIM LIKE THIS! OH! MY NECKLACE  
GONE! OH DENNY, WHAT  
WILL I DO?

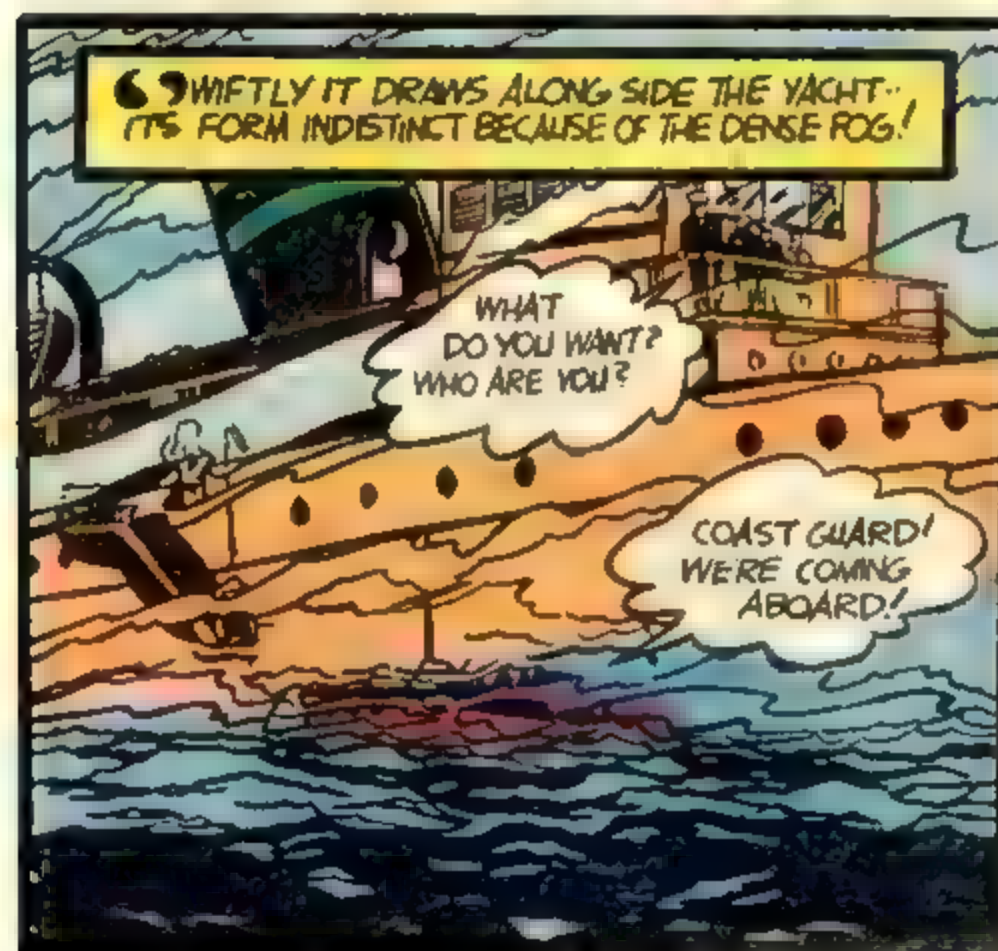
NECKLACE  
GONE??

DON'T WORRY.  
MARTHA WE'LL FIND  
IT FOR YOU!



HELLOOOO THERE!  
STAND BY!

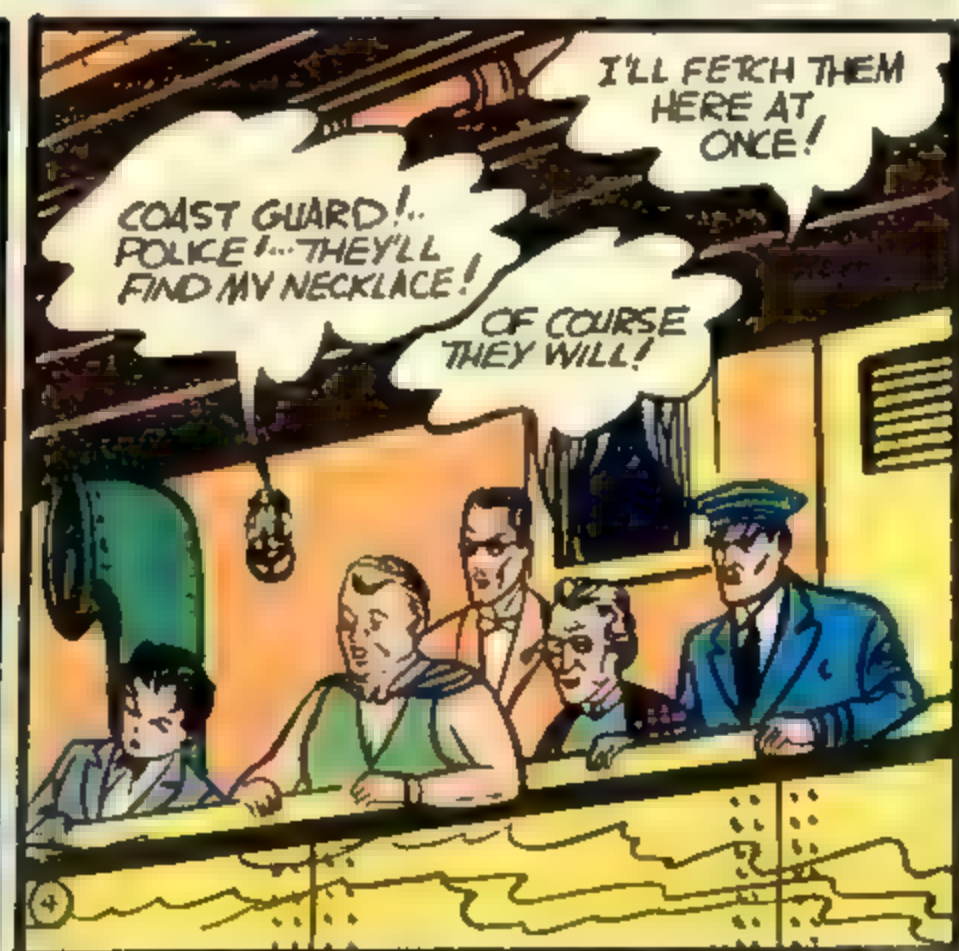
AT THAT MOMENT  
A BOAT APPROACHES...  
CLEANING THE MURKY  
WATERS!



SWIFTLY IT DRAWS ALONG SIDE THE YACHT--  
ITS FORM INDISTINCT BECAUSE OF THE DENSE FOG!

WHAT  
DO YOU WANT?  
WHO ARE YOU?

COAST GUARD!  
WE'RE COMING  
ABOARD!



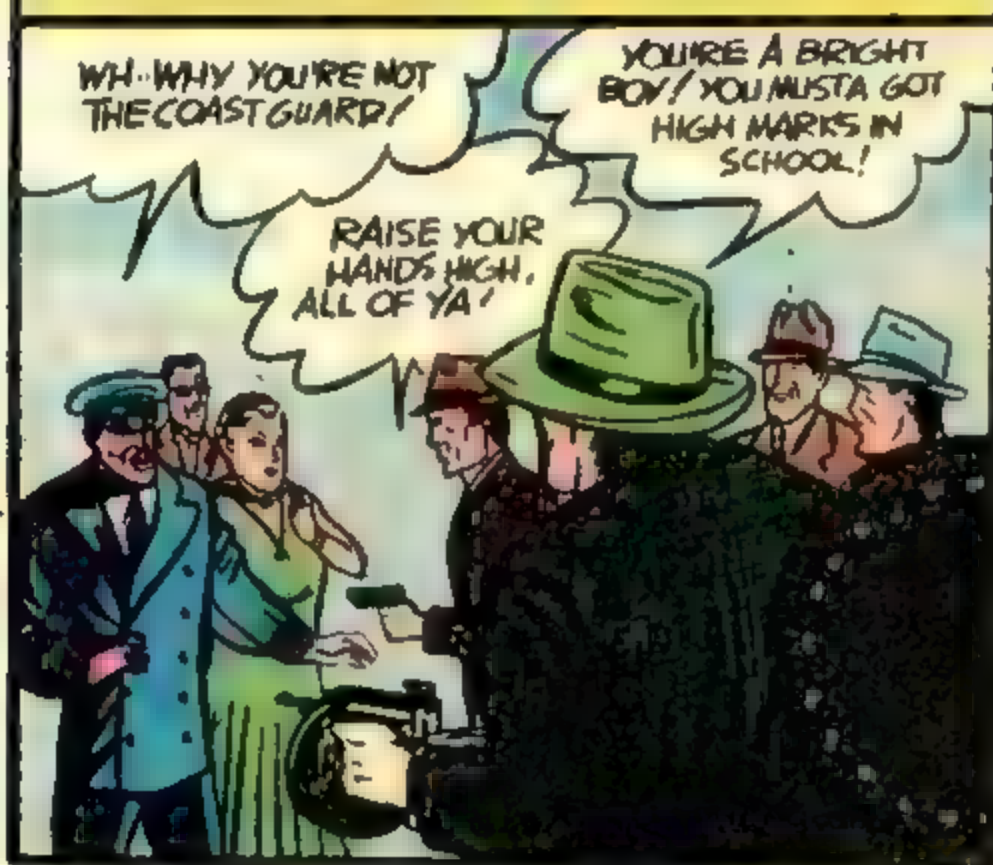
COAST GUARD!...  
POLICE!...THEY'LL  
FIND MY NECKLACE!

I'LL FERCH THEM  
HERE AT  
ONCE!

OF COURSE  
THEY WILL!



...BUT INSTEAD OF THE COAST GUARD... QUITE THE REVERSE!



WHY... WHY YOU'RE NOT THE COAST GUARD!

YOU'RE A BRIGHT BOY! YOU MUSTA GOT HIGH MARKS IN SCHOOL!

RAISE YOUR HANDS HIGH, ALL OF YA!

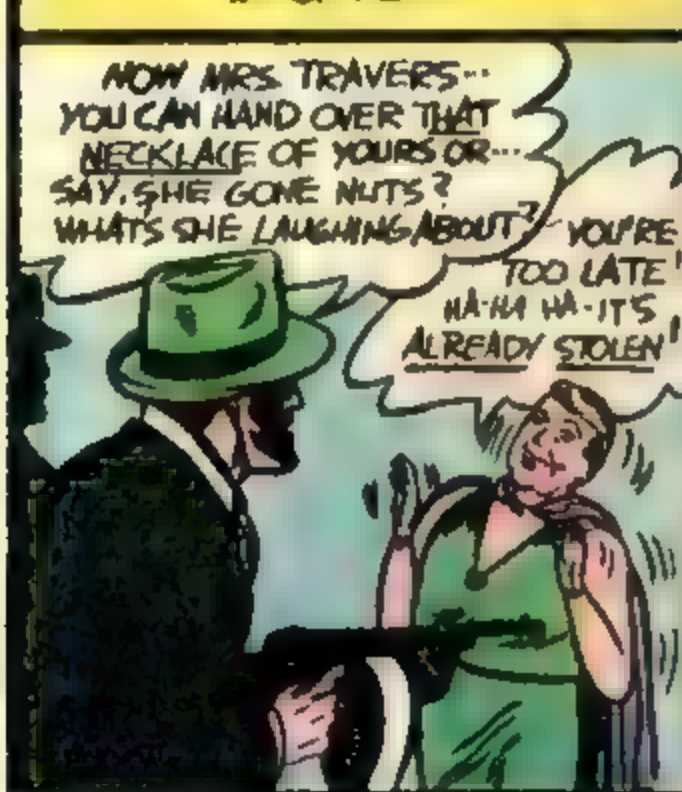


GET THIS, CAPTAIN. IF ANY OF YOUR MEN JUST SO MUCH AS MOVES A FINGER I'LL SPRAY THESE PEOPLE WITH LEAD! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THE BOAT!

CAPTAIN. TELL THE SAILORS TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS! WE DON'T WANT ANYONE HURT!

YES MAM!

IN A FEW MOMENTS ALL THE CREW IS LOCKED BELOW AND THE GUESTS LINED UP ON DECK...



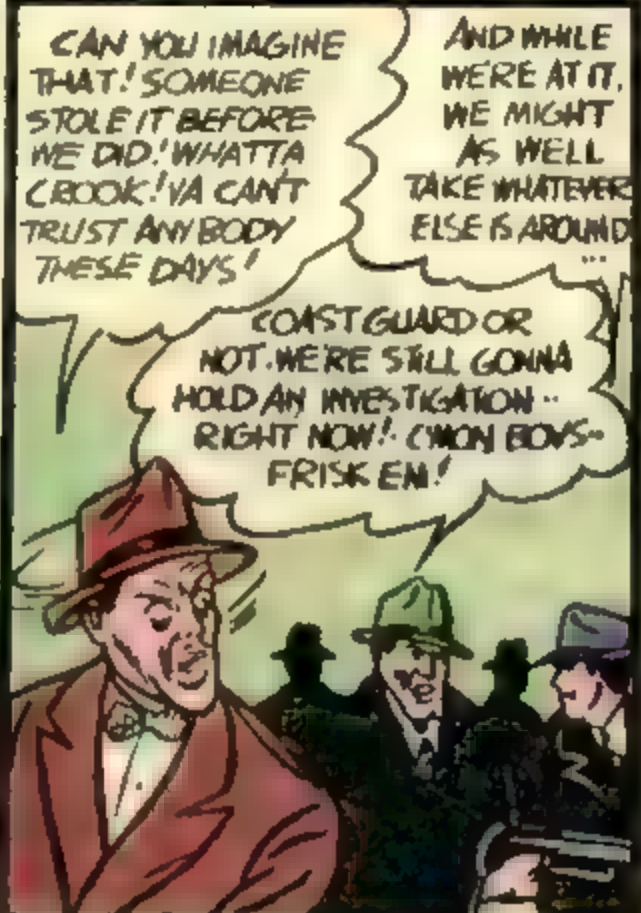
NOW MRS. TRAVERS... YOU CAN HAND OVER THAT NECKLACE OF YOURS OR... SAY, SHE GONE NUTS? WHAT'S SHE LAUGHING ABOUT?

YOU'RE TOO LATE! HA HA HA... IT'S ALREADY STOLEN!



WHAT'S THIS?... HAND OVER THE NECKLACE!

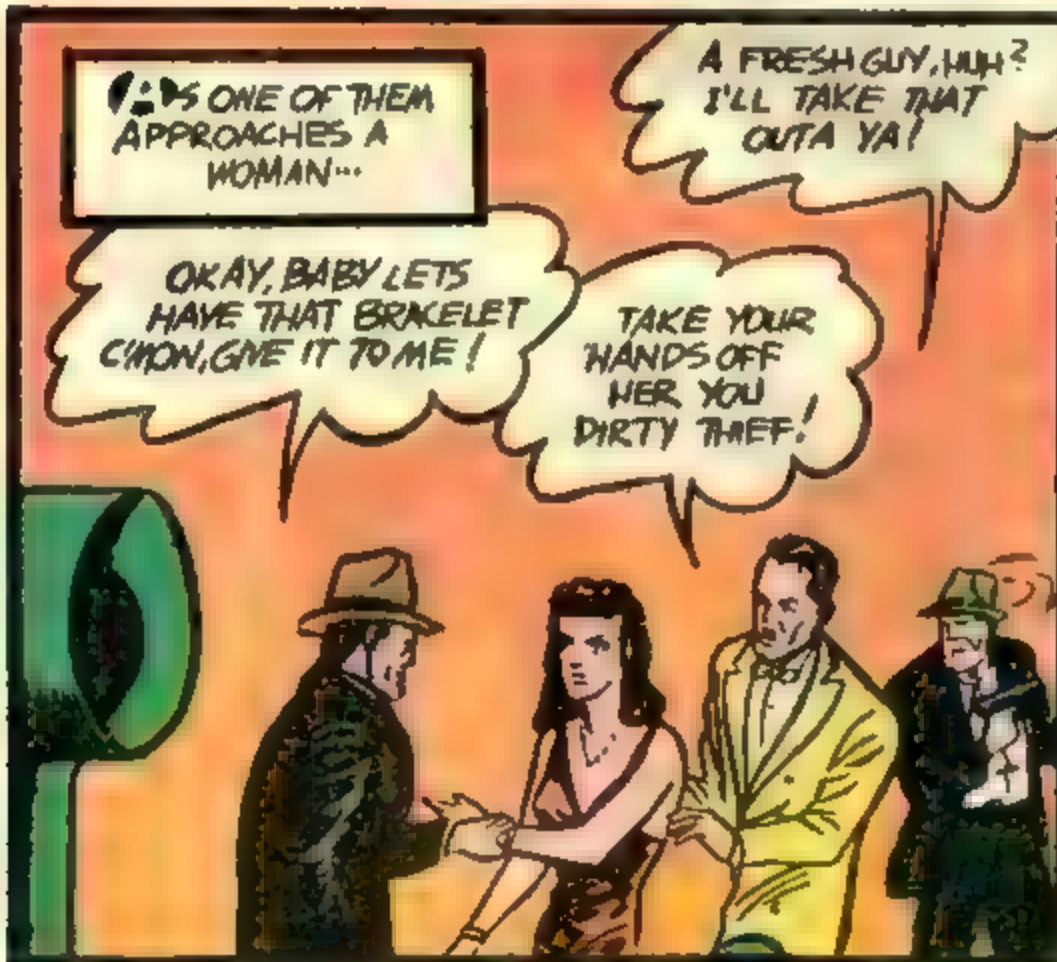
IT'S TRUE IT WAS JUST TAKEN WHEN YOU CAME! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE COAST GUARD AND MIGHT HOLD AN INVESTIGATION, BUT NOW...



CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT! SOMEONE STOLE IT BEFORE WE DID! WHATTA CROOK! YA CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY THESE DAYS!

AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE WHATEVER ELSE IS AROUND...

COAST GUARD OR NOT, WE'RE STILL GONNA HOLD AN INVESTIGATION... RIGHT NOW! C'MON BOYS... FRISK 'EM!



...ONE OF THEM APPROACHES A WOMAN...

A FRESH GUY, HUH? I'LL TAKE THAT OUTA YA!

OKAY, BABY LETS HAVE THAT BRACELET C'MON, GIVE IT TO ME!

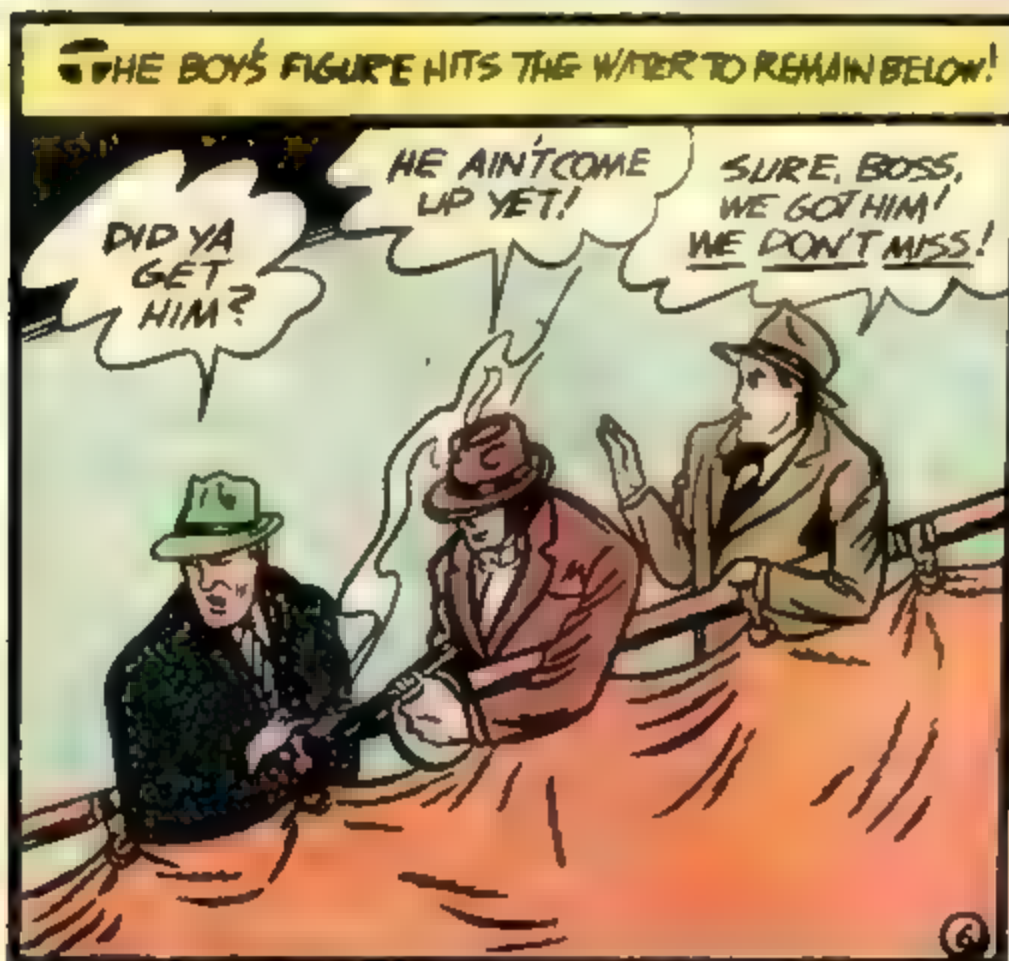
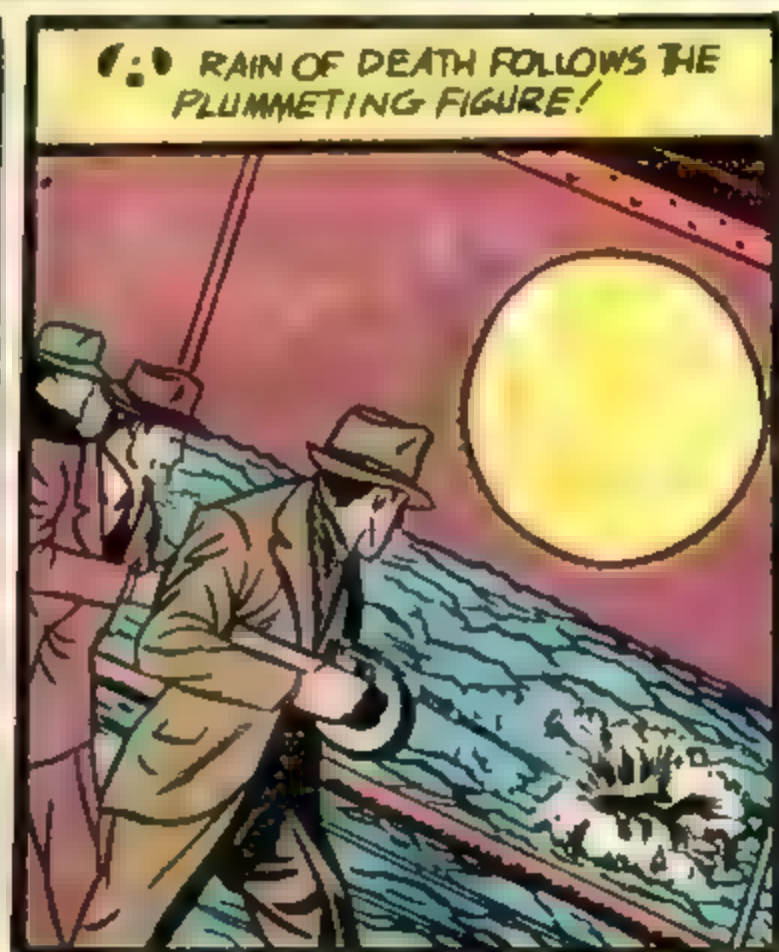
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER YOU DIRTY THIEF!



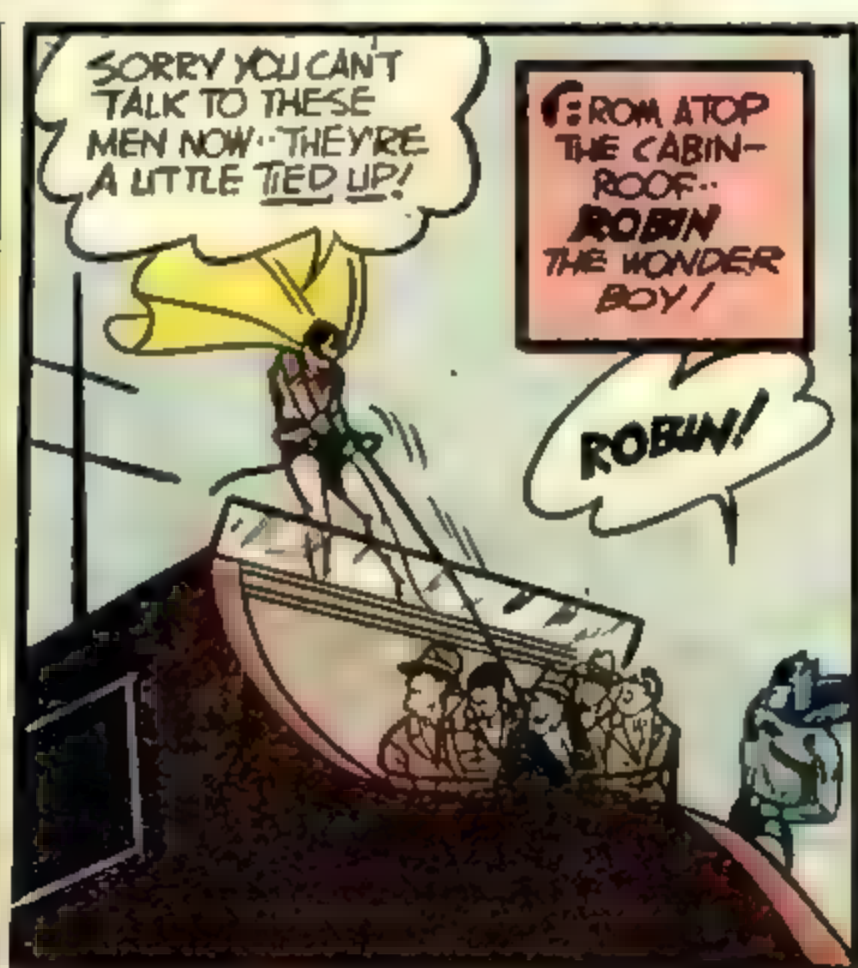
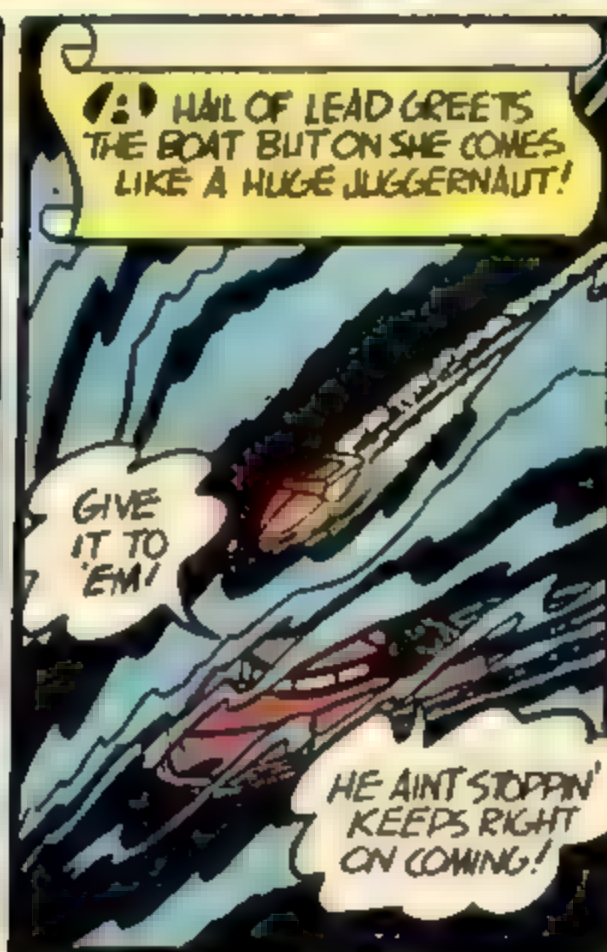
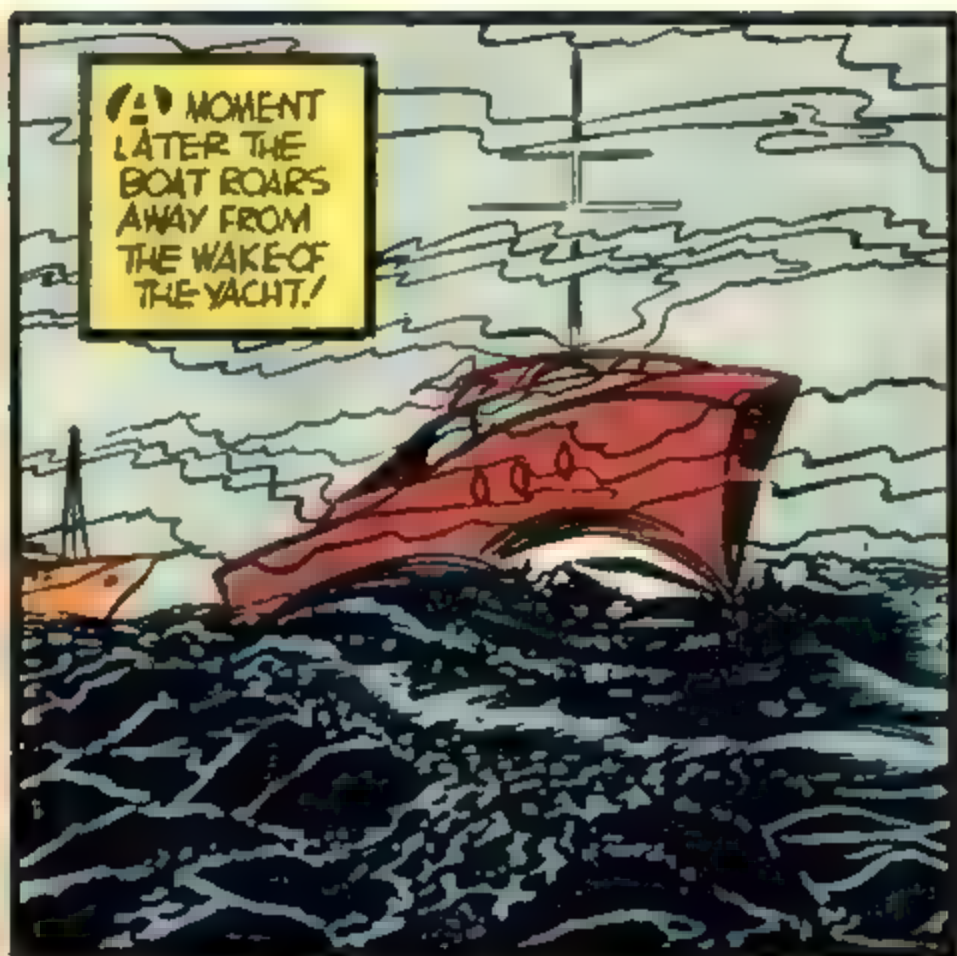
...BUT HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR DICK GRAYSON!

MUSTN'T PLAY WITH GUNS... MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY!

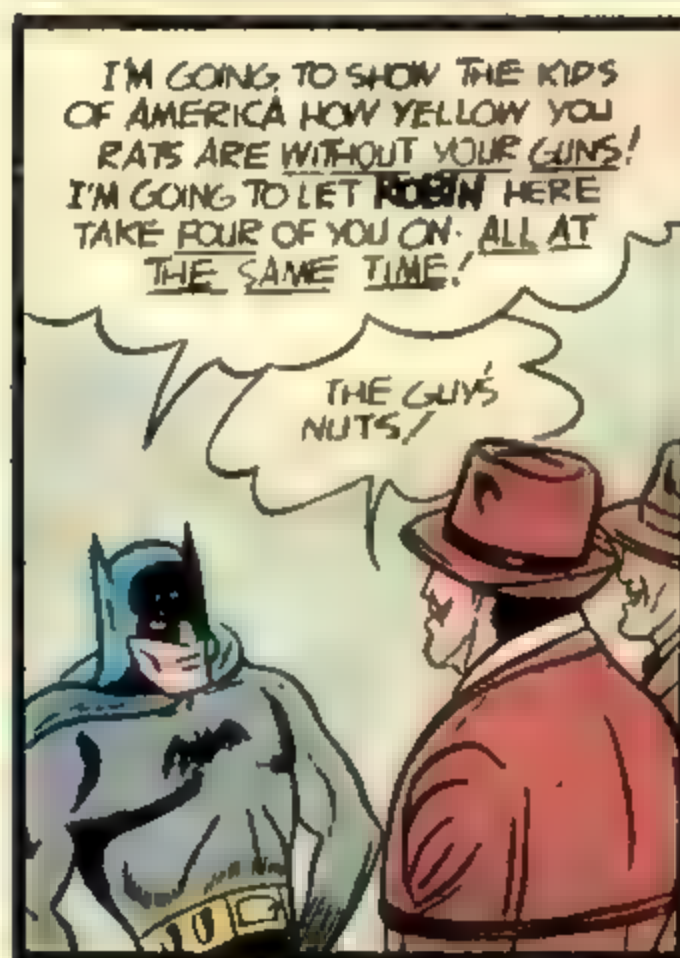
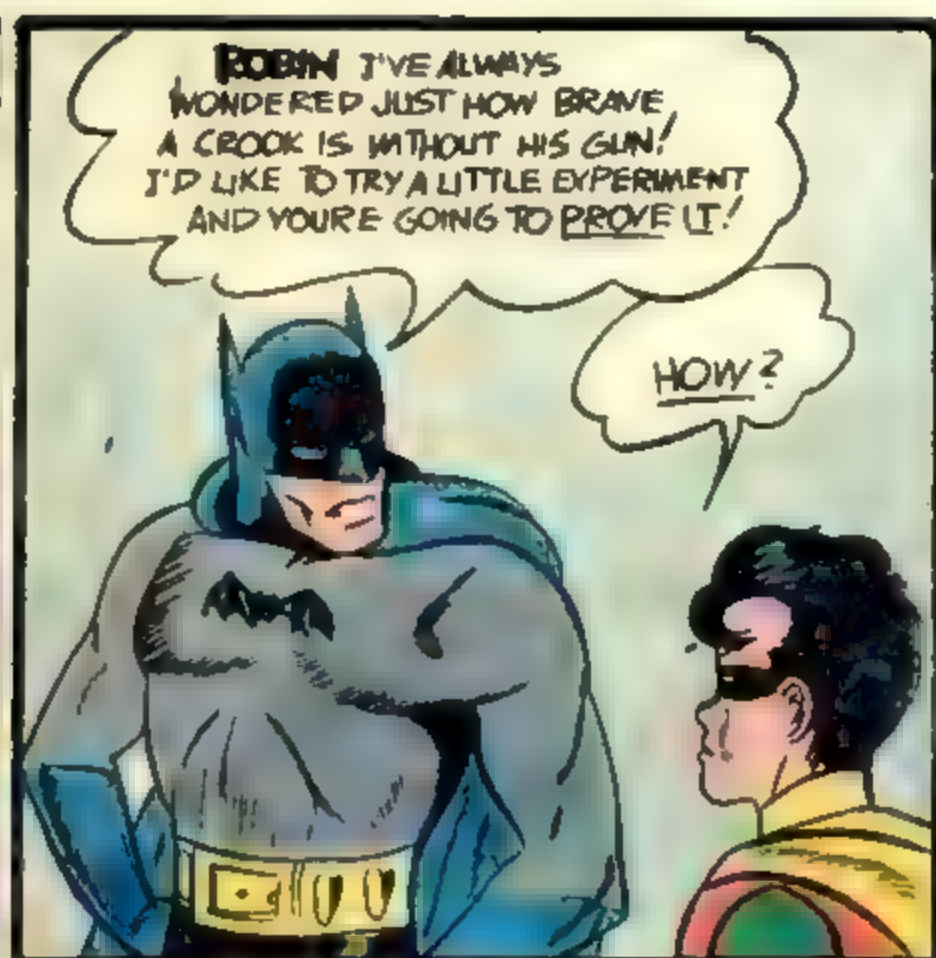




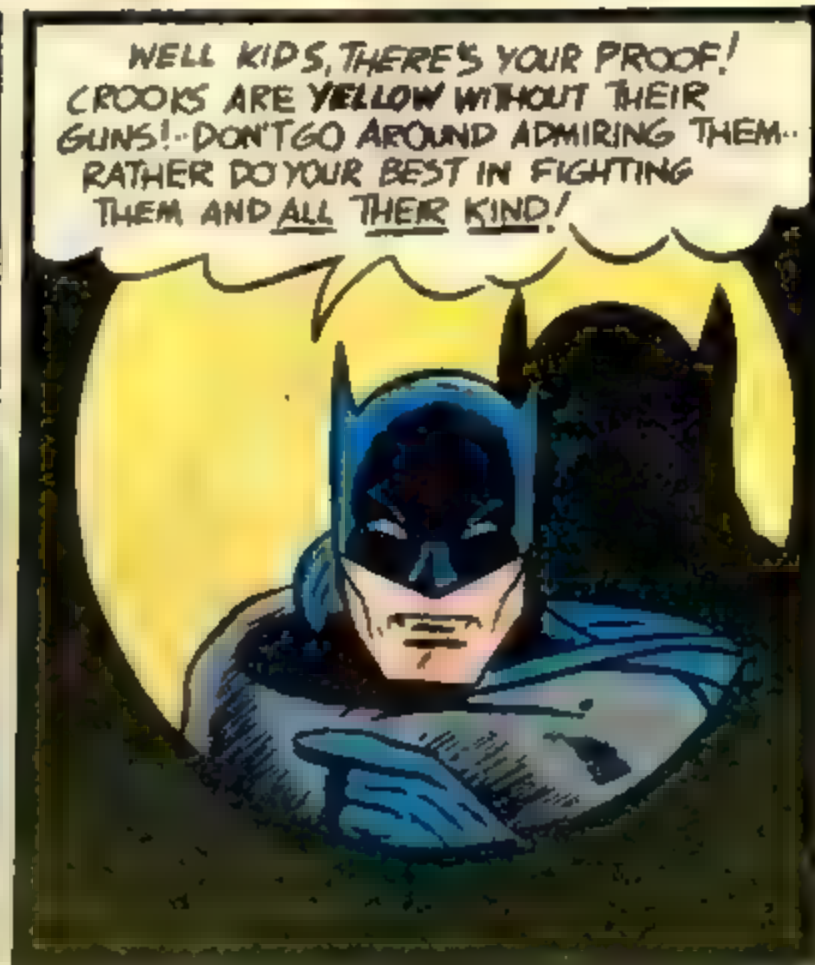
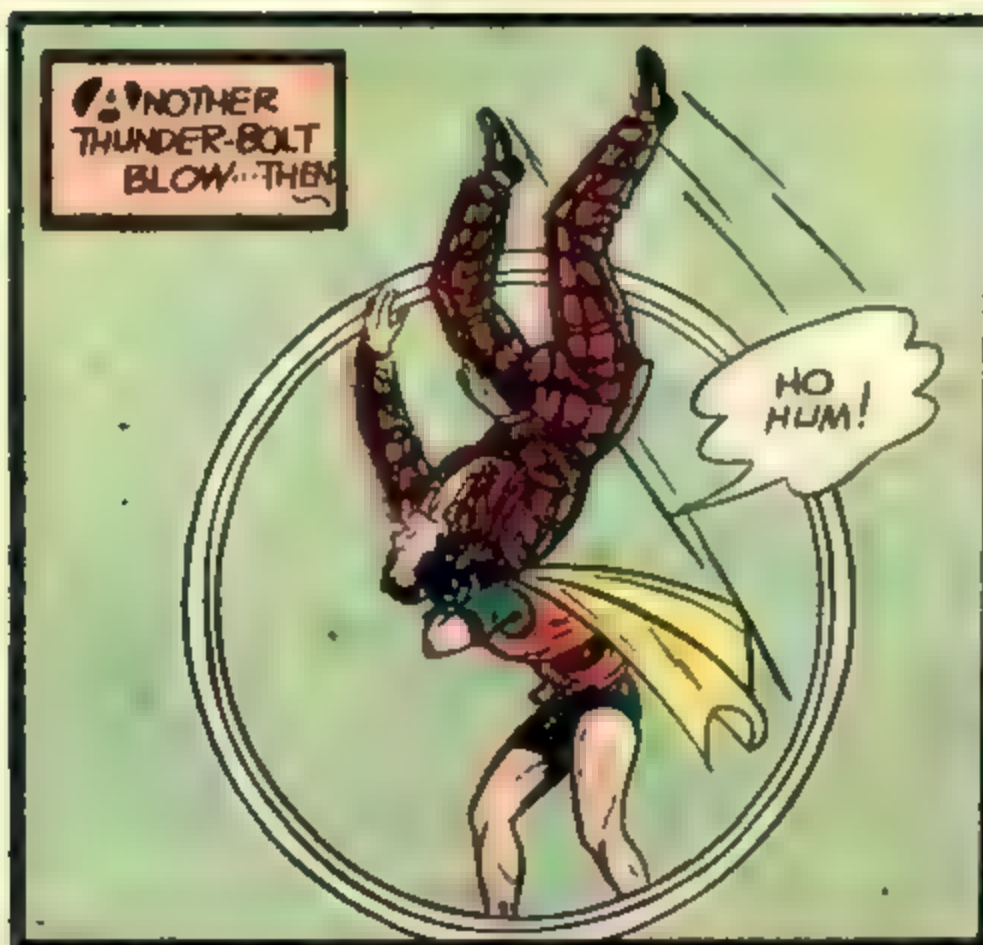




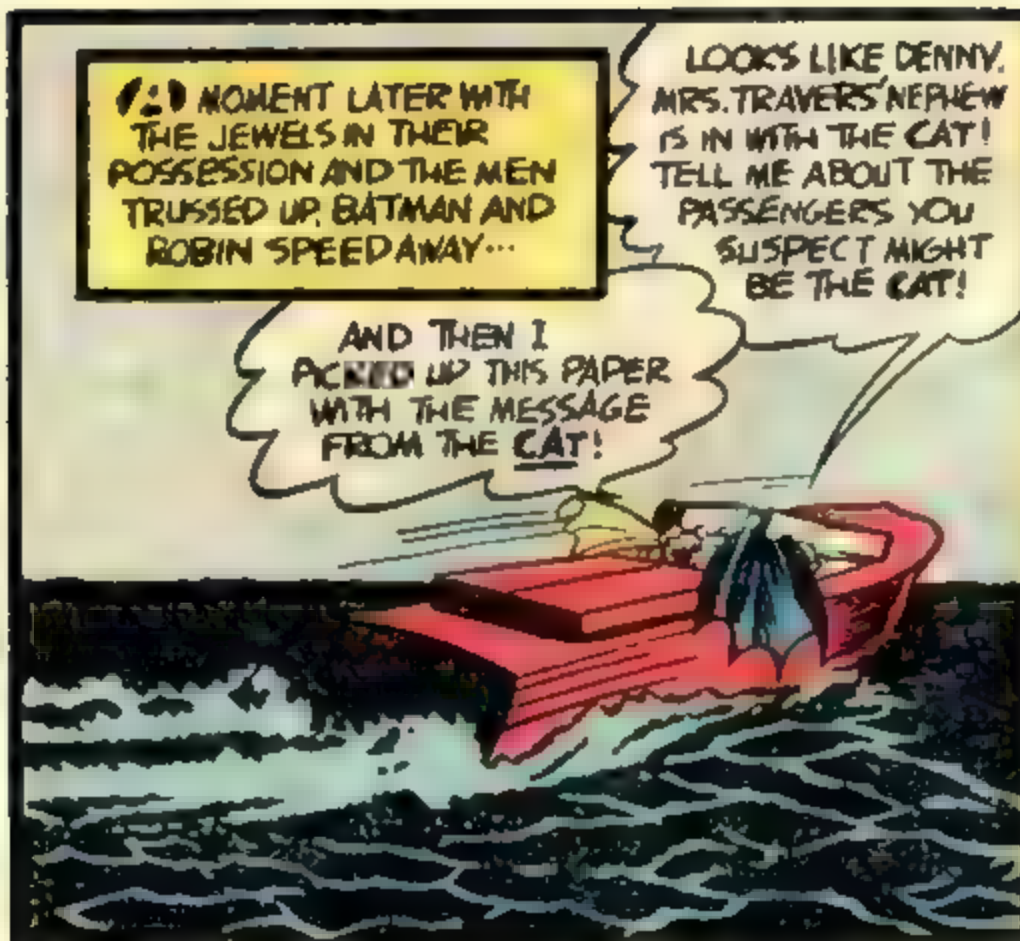








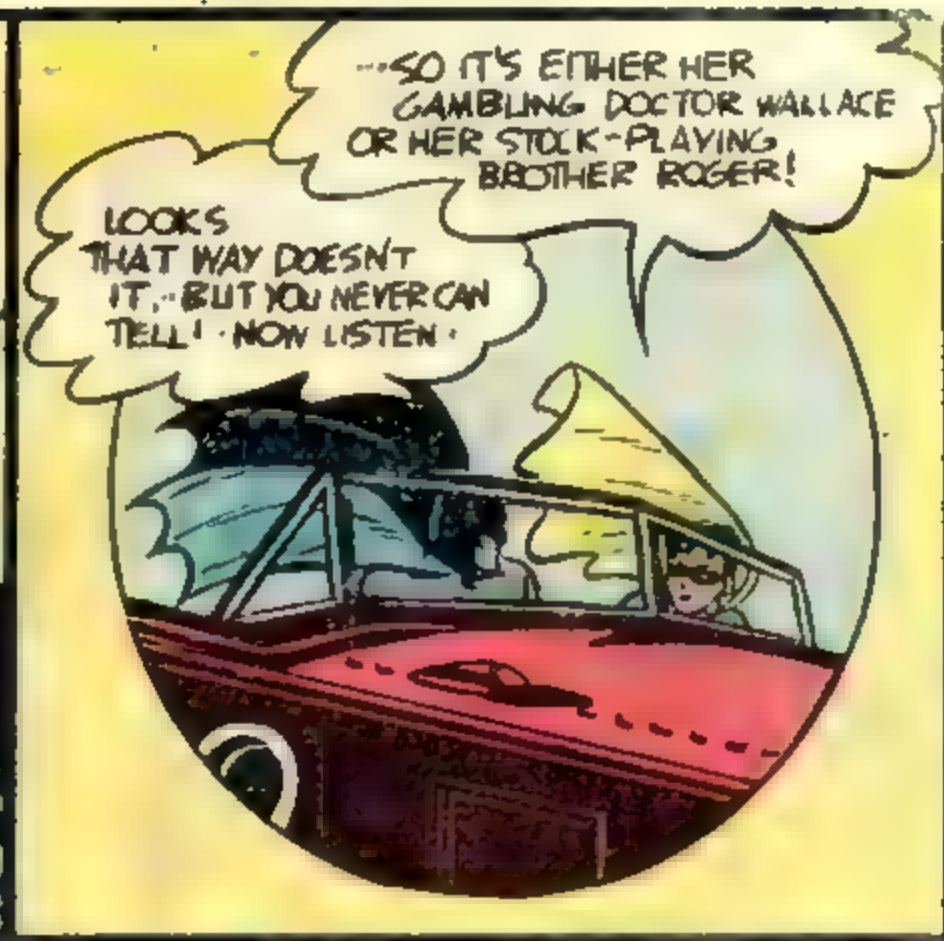




!! MOMENT LATER WITH THE JEWELS IN THEIR POSSESSION AND THE MEN TRUSSED UP, BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEED AWAY...

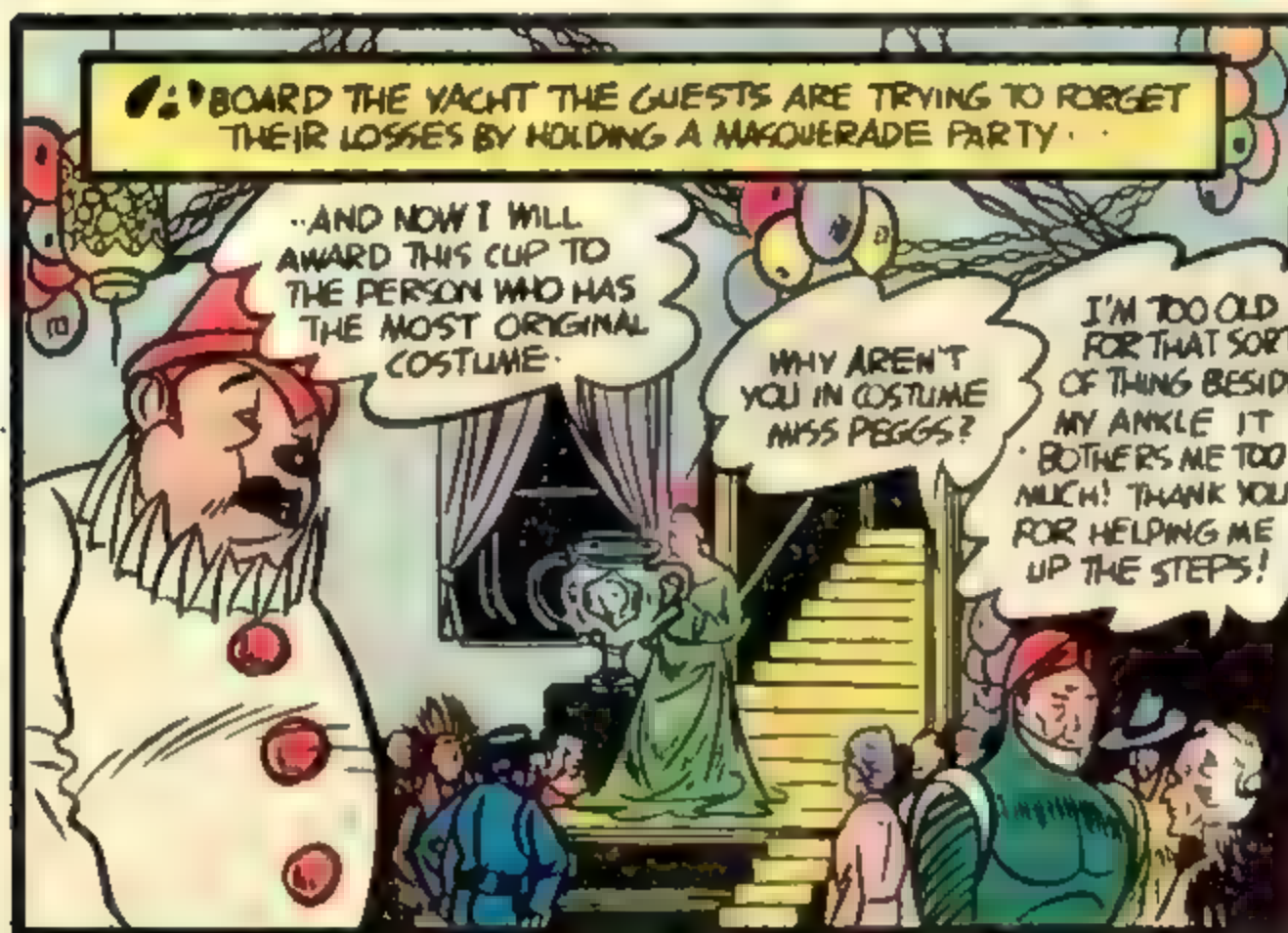
AND THEN I PICKED UP THIS PAPER WITH THE MESSAGE FROM THE CAT!

LOOKS LIKE DENNY, MRS. TRAVERS' NEPHEW IS IN WITH THE CAT! TELL ME ABOUT THE PASSENGERS YOU SUSPECT MIGHT BE THE CAT!



...SO IT'S EITHER HER GAMBLING DOCTOR WALLACE OR HER STOCK-PLAYING BROTHER ROGER!

LOOKS THAT WAY DOESN'T IT, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! NOW LISTEN!

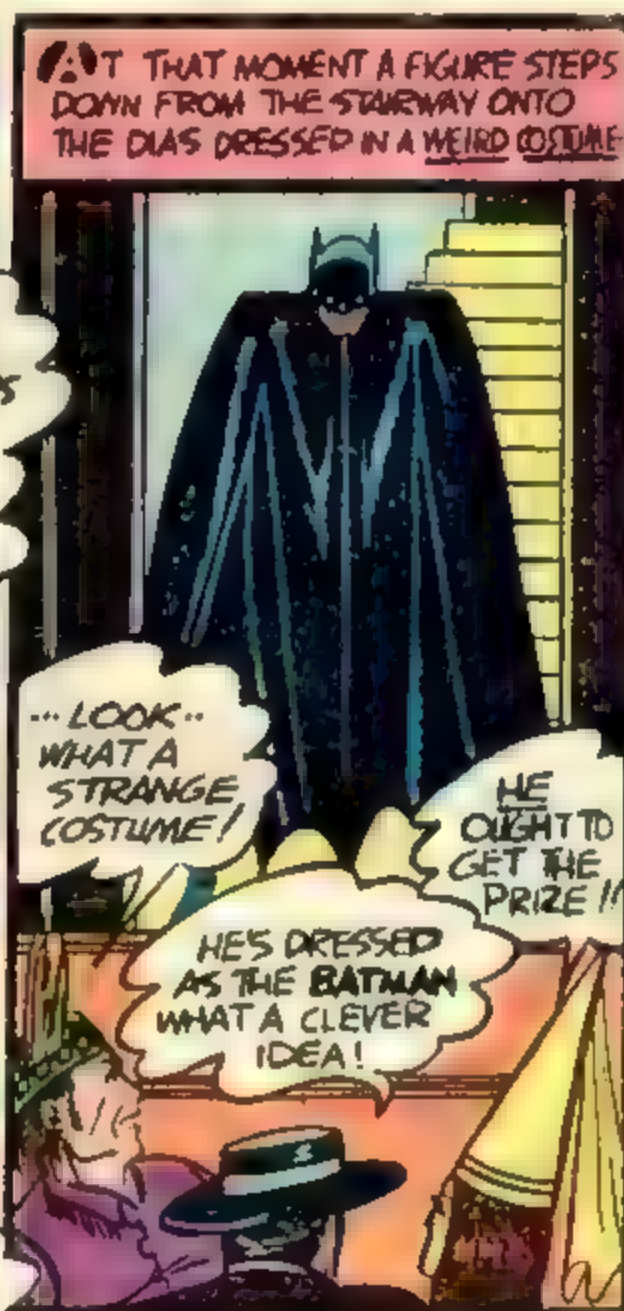


!! BOARD THE YACHT THE GUESTS ARE TRYING TO FORGET THEIR LOSSES BY HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY.

..AND NOW I WILL AWARD THIS CUP TO THE PERSON WHO HAS THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME.

WHY AREN'T YOU IN COSTUME MISS PEGGS?

I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING BESIDES MY ANKLE IT BOTHERS ME TOO MUCH! THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP THE STEPS!



!! AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE STEPS DOWN FROM THE STAIRWAY ONTO THE DIAS DRESSED IN A WEIRD COSTUME

...LOOK.. WHAT A STRANGE COSTUME!

HE OUGHT TO GET THE PRIZE!!

HE'S DRESSED AS THE BATMAN WHAT A CLEVER IDEA!

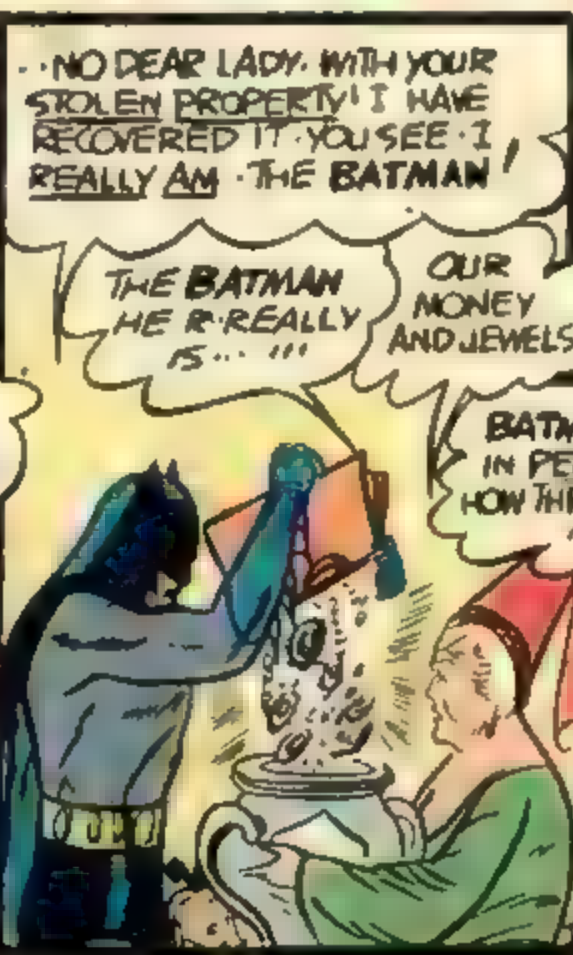


!! AN IRONICAL JOKE TAKES PLACE!!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT YOUR COSTUME OF THE BATMAN IS THE MOST ORIGINAL HERE TONIGHT. THE CUP IS YOURS!!

THANK YOU I ACCEPT THE CUP AND NOW, IF I MAY I WOULD LIKE TO FILL IT WITH...

WITH DRINK SIR?

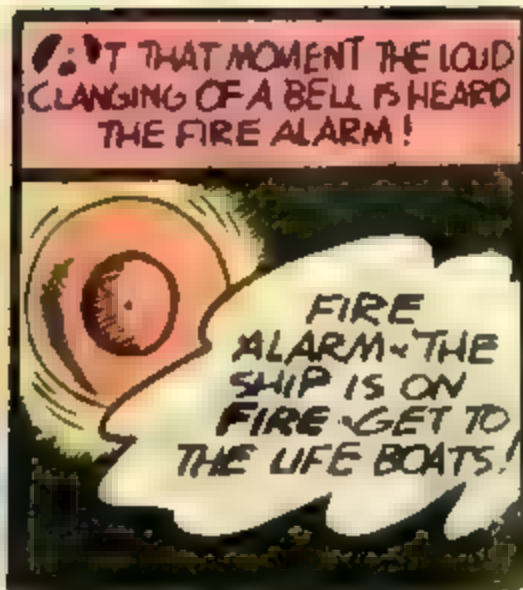


..NO DEAR LADY, WITH YOUR STOLEN PROPERTY I HAVE RECOVERED IT. YOU SEE, I REALLY AM THE BATMAN!

THE BATMAN HE R-REALLY IS...

OUR MONEY AND JEWELS!

BATMAN - IN PERSON HOW THRILLING!!!



!! AT THAT MOMENT THE LOUD CLANGING OF A BELL IS HEARD THE FIRE ALARM!

FIRE ALARM - THE SHIP IS ON FIRE - GET TO THE LIFE BOATS!



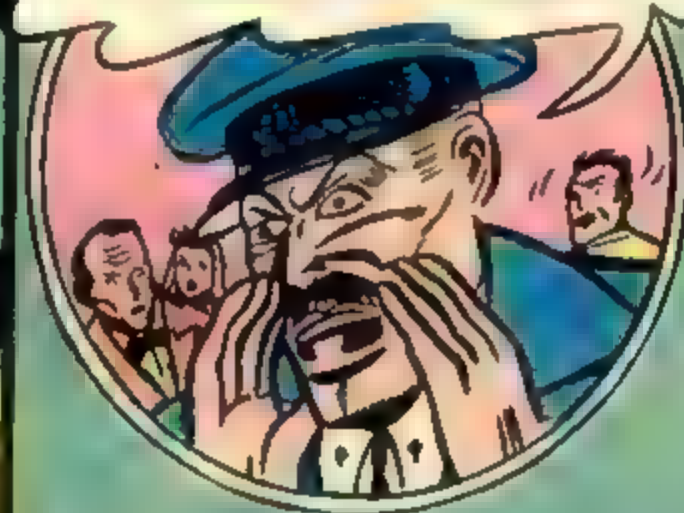
AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE DASH OUT, THE BATMAN NOTICES A STRANGE THING. MISS PEGGS IS RUNNING LIKE A MUCH YOUNGER PERSON AND WITHOUT A LIMP!!

IT WORKED! THERE GOES MISS PEGGS NICE LEGS FOR AN OLD WOMAN!



THE CAPTAIN APPEARS AND SHOUTS OUT WORDS THAT ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE PEOPLE TO ORDER.

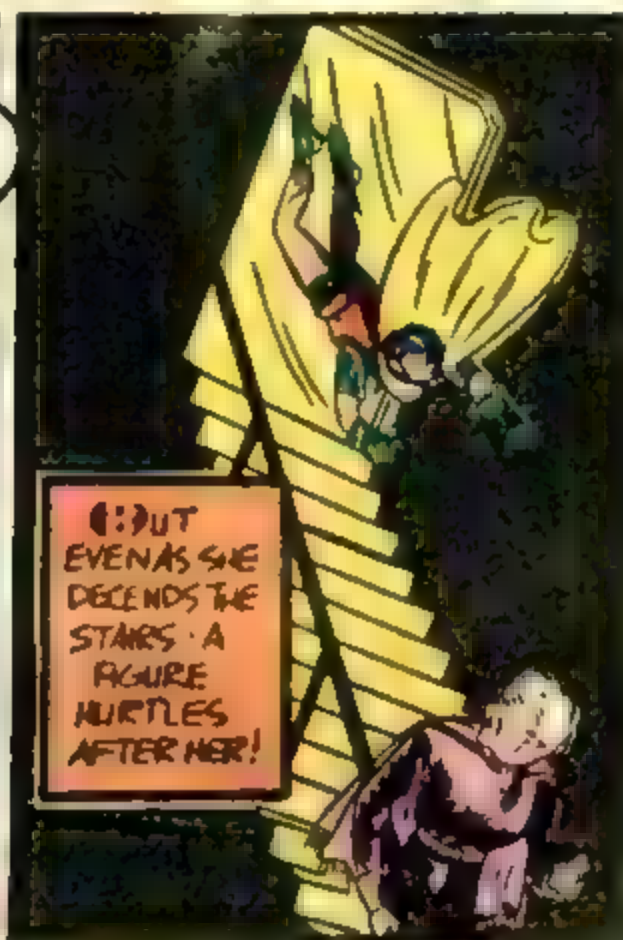
STOP! THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! SOME CRAZY FOOL MUST HAVE SET THE ALARM OFF AS A JOKE!!!



A FALSE ALARM... I WONDER... THE BATMAN... HE'S AFTER ME!! IT'S A TRAP!

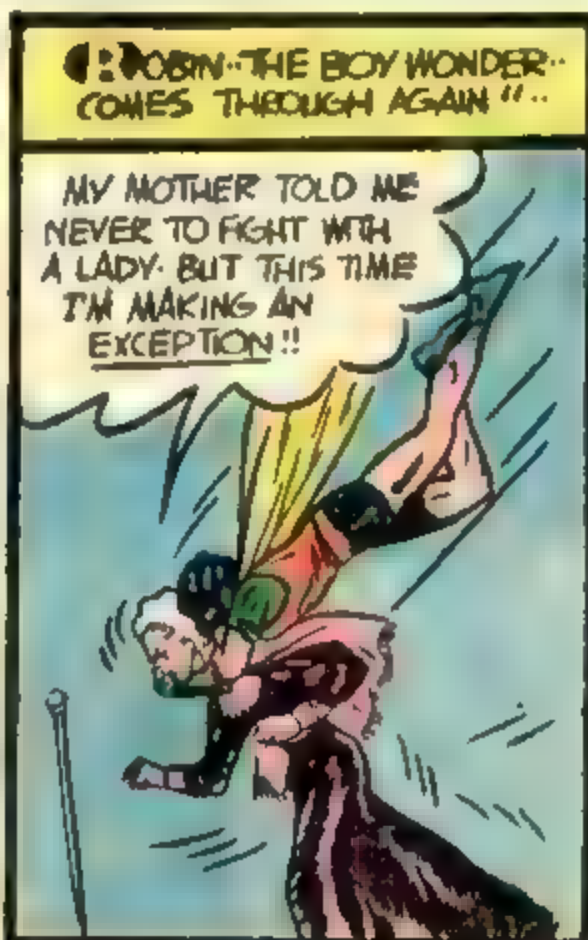


BUT EVEN AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS, A FIGURE HURTLES AFTER HER!



ROBIN... THE BOY WONDER... COMES THROUGH AGAIN!!

MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO FIGHT WITH A LADY. BUT THIS TIME I'M MAKING AN EXCEPTION!!



THE BATMAN TAKES CHARGE!

NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE REAL CAT LOOKS LIKE! I'VE HEARD TALES ABOUT THE CAT BEFORE IN THE UNDERWORLD!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



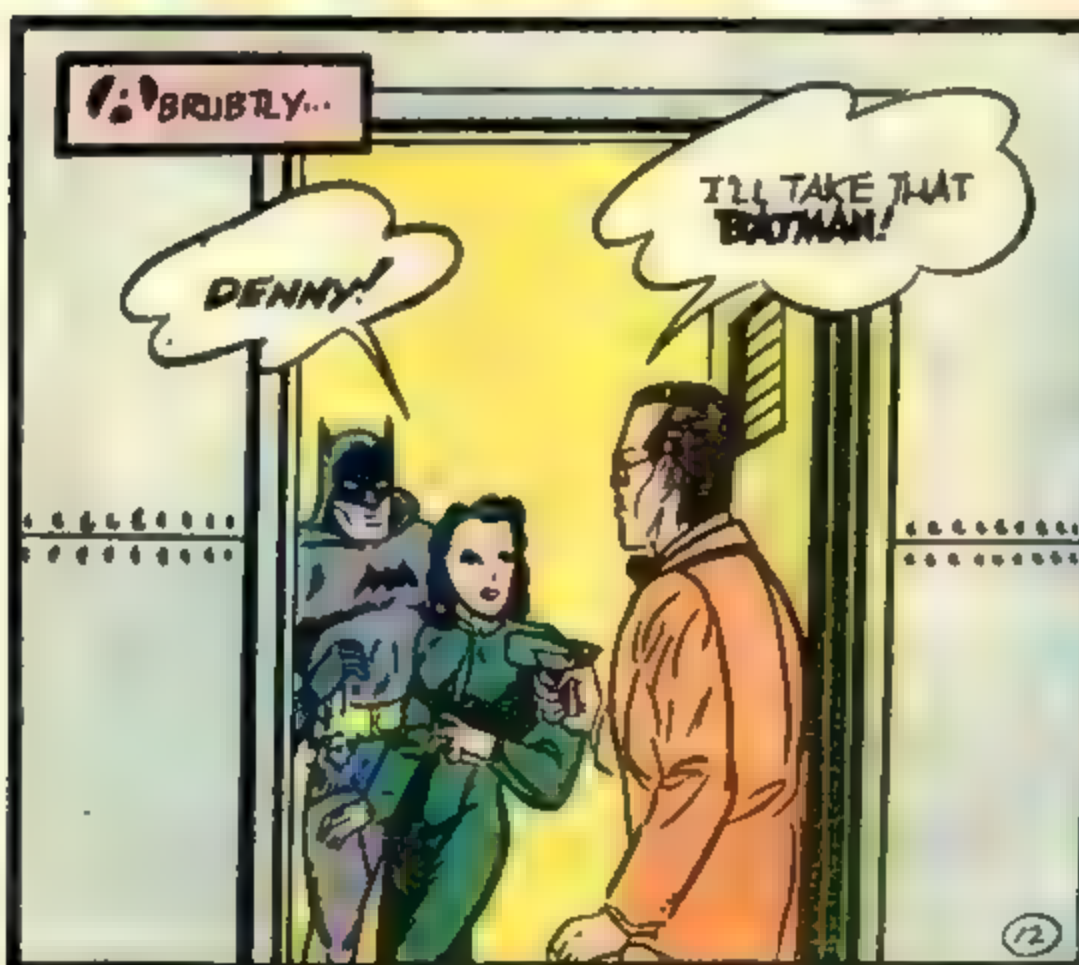
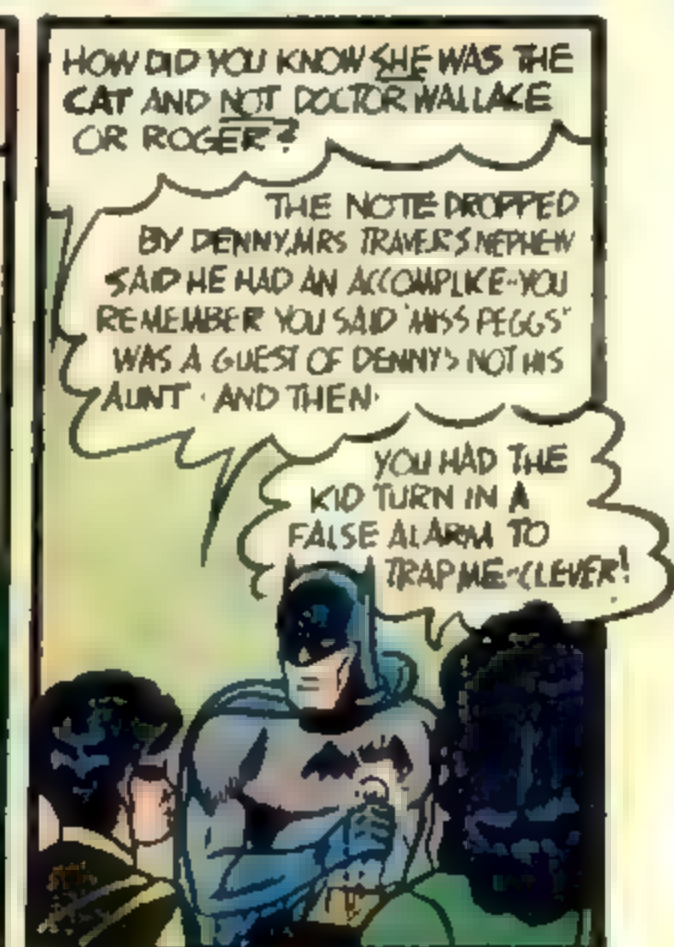
BLACK HAR IS REVEALED UNDER THE GREY WIG!

FIRST OFF WITH THE WIG!

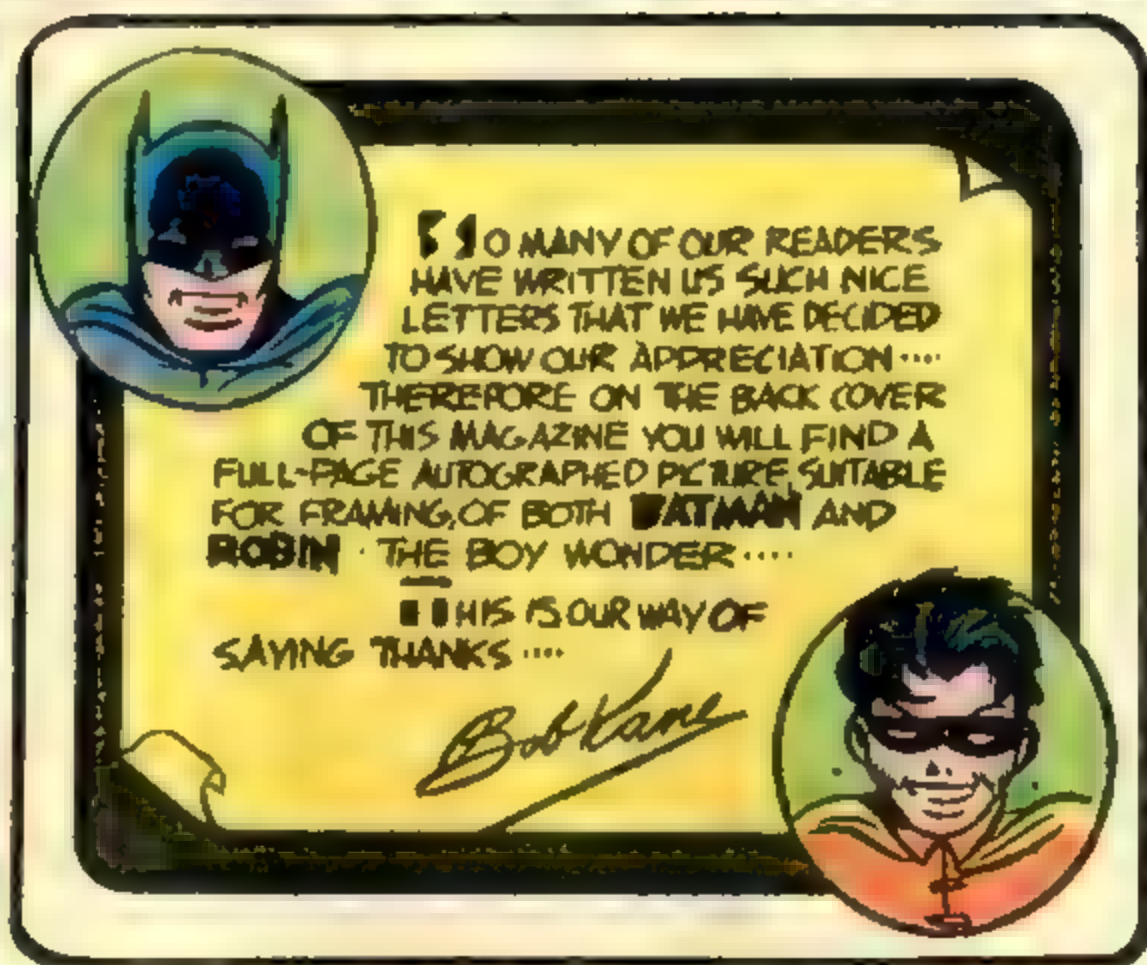
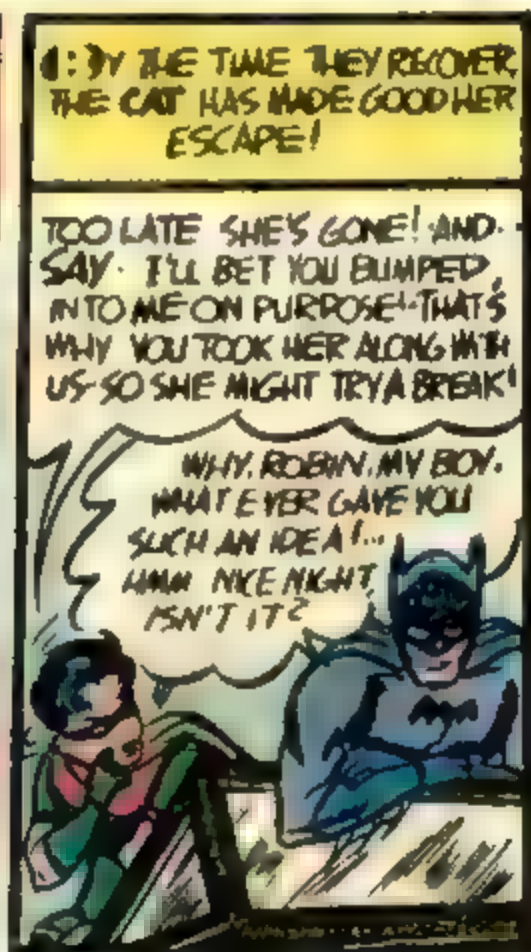
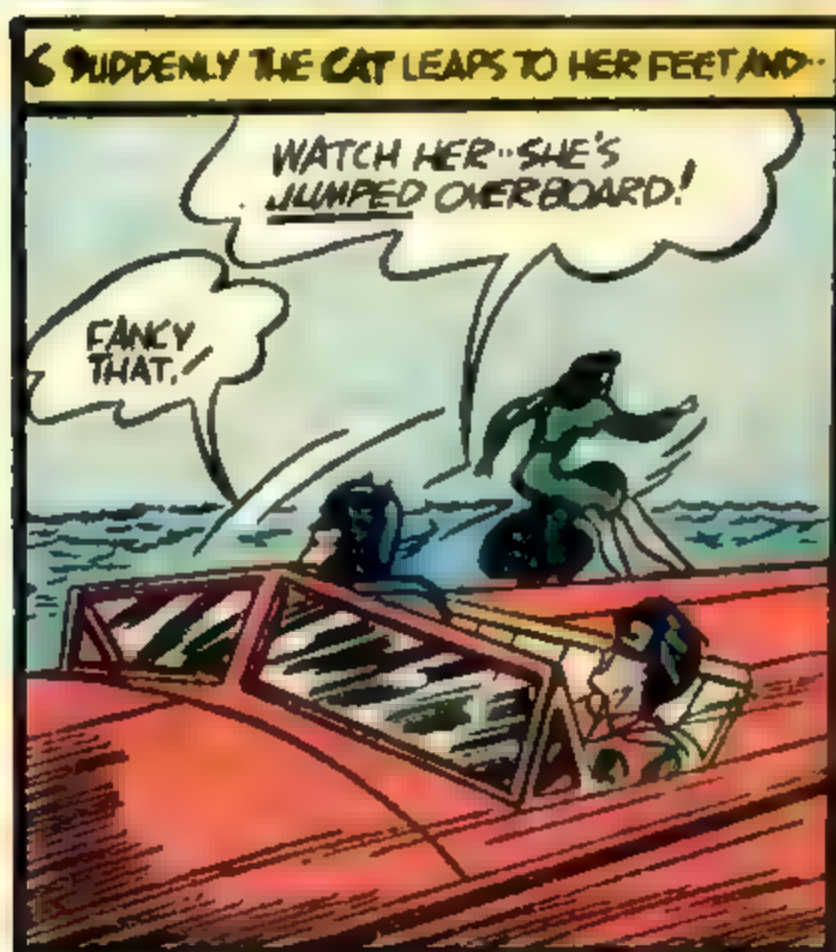
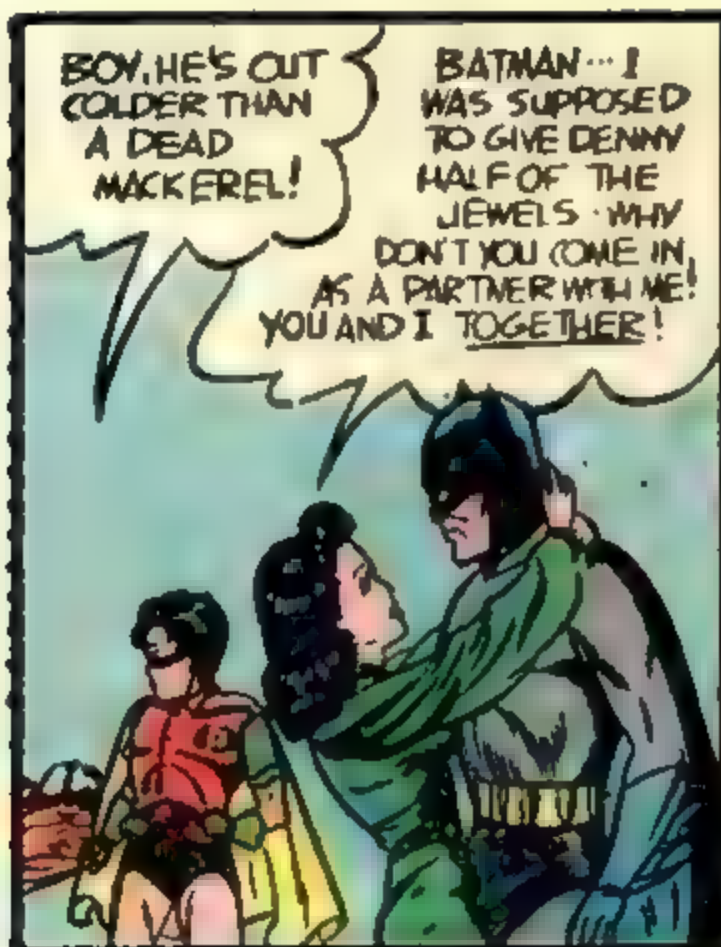
YOU... YOU...!!!













# THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!

Watch for these Headline  
Features Every Month!



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 23RD  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 7TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 5TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 20TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 1ST  
OF EVERY MONTH



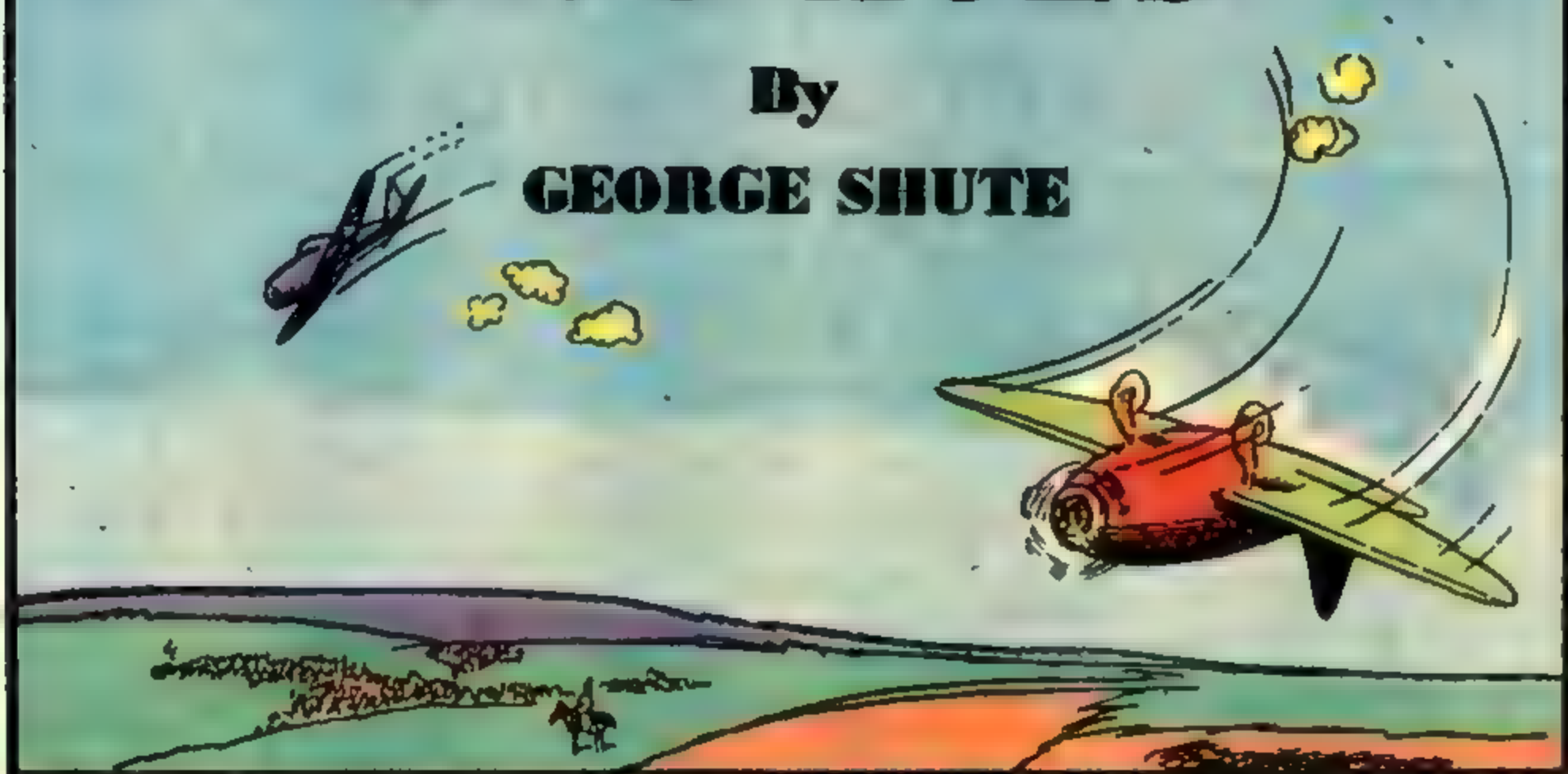
ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 15TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



# TWO ACES

By

GEORGE SHUTE



**V**ISIBILITY excellent; ceiling unlimited. Those were the things Lieutenant Bill Wayne of the United States Navy Air Corps had just concluded reporting. He hadn't said what he thought; that might have meant disciplining.

What he had thought was this: "The nerve of that inventor, Doctor Synce, getting a Navy flier to carry his precious plans from Pensacola to the Coast. After all, that spy talk is silly. A regular transport could have run them just as well."

Wayne's eyes strayed to the instrument board. Everything was in perfect order. His eyes sought the horizon, watched a solitary plane zoom through the skies. Mechanically, into Wayne's mind flashed the thought that the pilot of the strange plane was flying below required altitude level.

"Another amateur," he grumbled. "Those prairie pilots will never learn." Beneath him, the colorless stretch of Texas wasteland rolled on endlessly, dotted now and then with herds resembling giant ants in sluggish mood.

Suddenly, Wayne stiffened. The plane ahead was closing the distance between them with the speed of a meteor. "That's no amateur," Wayne muttered. "That guy's a real pilot." He didn't know why, but there came from the past a picture the years hadn't been able to wipe out. Twenty-two

years ago . . . .

That time, he had been easing his Spad home, back to the disciplining he would get, despite being an ace, for losing his squadron. They had gone into a cloud bank and then disappeared from sight. Unable to find them, he started home.

Then, streaking like a comet, had come the most feared plane in the air: Von Berket's "FIRE-BIRD," with 28 planes to its credit. For almost an hour, Wayne and Von Berket had fought, using every trick of aerial combat. And then, when Wayne's hands were so tired he could hardly grip his machine gun, a miracle had happened. Flame belched from Von Berket's engine. Like a flash, Wayne was behind him, ready to send a hail of death into the enemy's back.

But something had stayed his hand. That something was the love of a sportsman, a gentleman and an officer, for one who had shown fair play.

It was Bill Wayne who had pulled Von Berket to safety from the German plane after it dropped on French soil.

And it was Bill Wayne who visited him in the field hospital and found a boy like himself. Both aces. Admiration had ripened into friendship, a pact almost, because Von Berket gave Bill his Iron Cross. And Wayne, who nev-

er wore his medals, gave the German his fraternity pin.

But that was years ago. Von Berket had been enmeshed in Nazi politics since, seemed to have dropped out of sight, while he, Bill Wayne, had been reduced to flying military plans for scared inventors.

Wayne started to yawn, but that yawn was never quite completed. He shook his head in disbelief. The other plane was above him, executing a tricky aerial maneuver, trying to get onto his tail and force him down!

Wayne waved him away excitedly. "What's the fool trying to do!" he fumed. "Show off?" He yelled over the cockpit, then ducked. A stream of bullets initiated the left side of his fuselage.

Instantly, Wayne's nerves tightened. This was war again, a fight to the finish! The inventor had been right! Somebody was after those plans, and the somebody was above him! Well, let the dirty spies come!

Wayne went into a roll, straightened, pulled back on the stick. This guy was crazy, attacking a Navy plane. Wayne's engine roared as the ship nosed up. Wayne ticked his gun button. Splattity . . . splattity . . . splattity . . . his bullets chattered beneath the other plane's belly, sending it up for altitude.

Warily they fought. And the



longer they fought, the greater was Bill Wayne's admiration for his adversary. This guy, whoever he was, could handle a plane. And he sure had nerve to try forcing a Navy flier down.

War in peacetime! Wayne's heart was singing a symphony of lead as he matched trick for trick with his opponent. It was like two champions in the ring, both skilled in footwork, both adept with their hands, each possessing powerful punches. And below, a herd of cattle grazed contentedly.

Then it happened. The attacker went high, winged over in an Immelmann turn. Wayne almost screamed with joy. This was a fatal mistake on the enemy's part. He would have gotten away with it with almost any other flier in the Navy.

But not with Bill Wayne! Because it was just that trick—a trick Von Berket had perfected and that he had shown to Bill—

that had made Bill a greater ace. Wayne knew the defense and the offense for it.

His motor roared as he side-slipped, then climbed. In an instant, his inside loop carried him behind the other plane. He saw the pilot stiffen in his seat as the bullets hit.

A long plume of black smoke marked the plane's progress to the ground. The explosion wrote the end.

Two cowboys were staring at the burning wreckage as Bill Wayne three-pointed onto the bumpy land and ran over, gun in hand.

"Burned to death, mister, that feller did!" The cowboy's eyes were mournful. "We tried to help him. Too late. His shoes are over in that sagebrush. What happened? Who's he?"

Wayne's eyes caught the glitter of gold beneath a shred of canvas. He picked it up, looked at the Greek letters.

There was no doubt about it. The broken clasp was still there, just as it had been when he had handed it to Von Berket ages ago in a field hospital in France.

In his throat, the lump seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "Him?" He really didn't want to talk. "Just a fellow who found out that politics make strange bedfellows." The cowboys stared curiously at him. "You see," Bill explained. "When a man fights for things he can't touch, he'll always lose!"

Slowly, he walked toward his plane. But he had already decided that when he made out his report, he wouldn't mention anything about Von Berket. Because to Bill, Von Berket had died somewhere in Germany! Died a hero; not a spy!

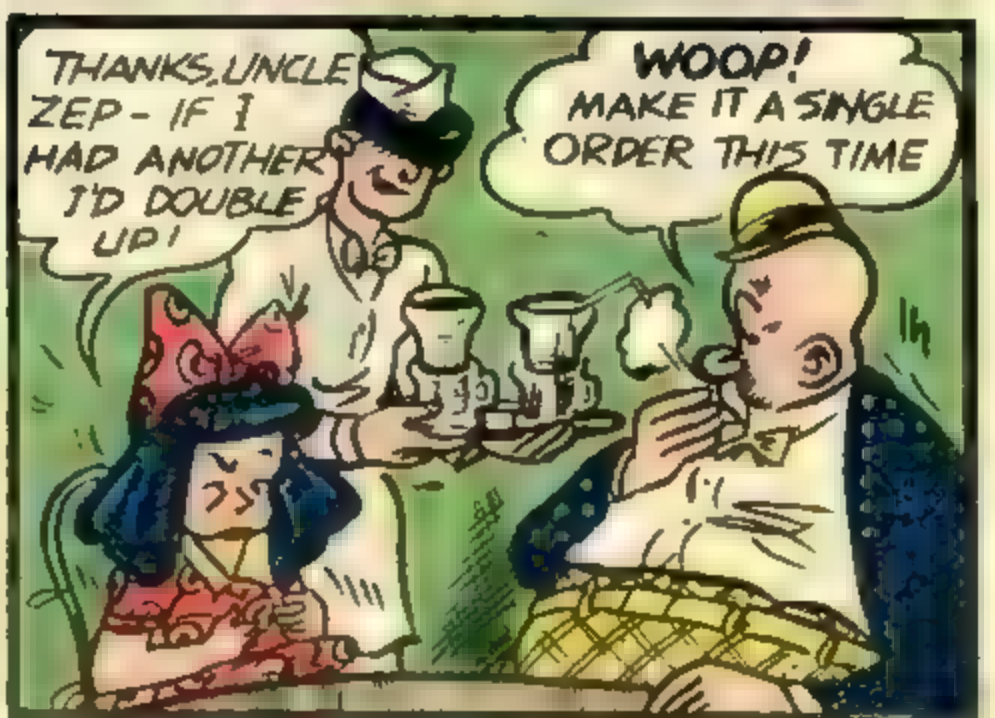
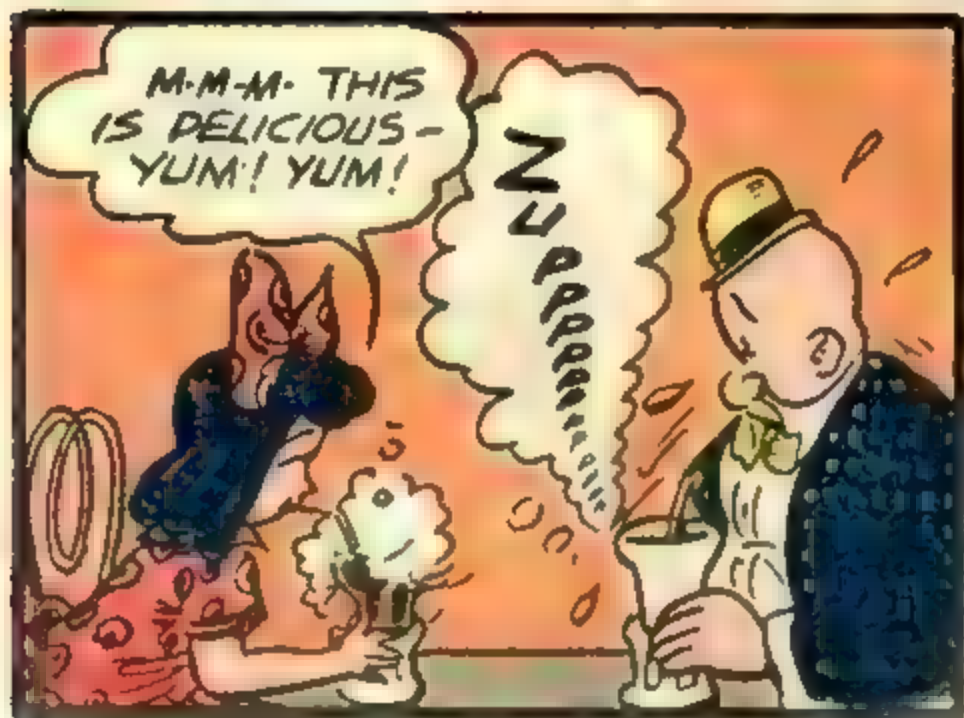
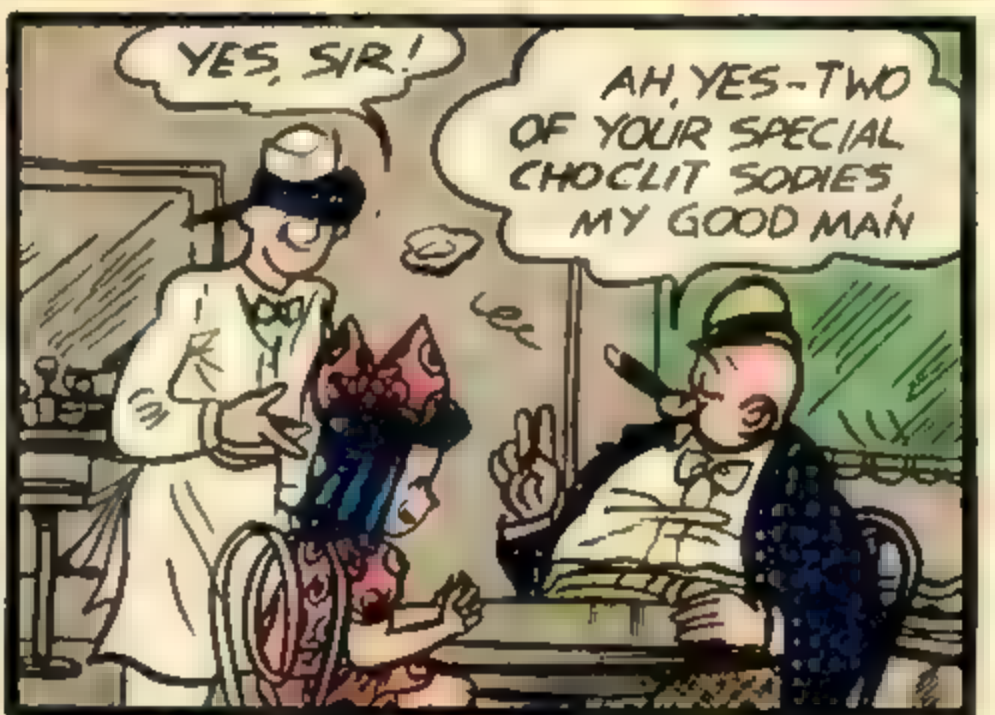
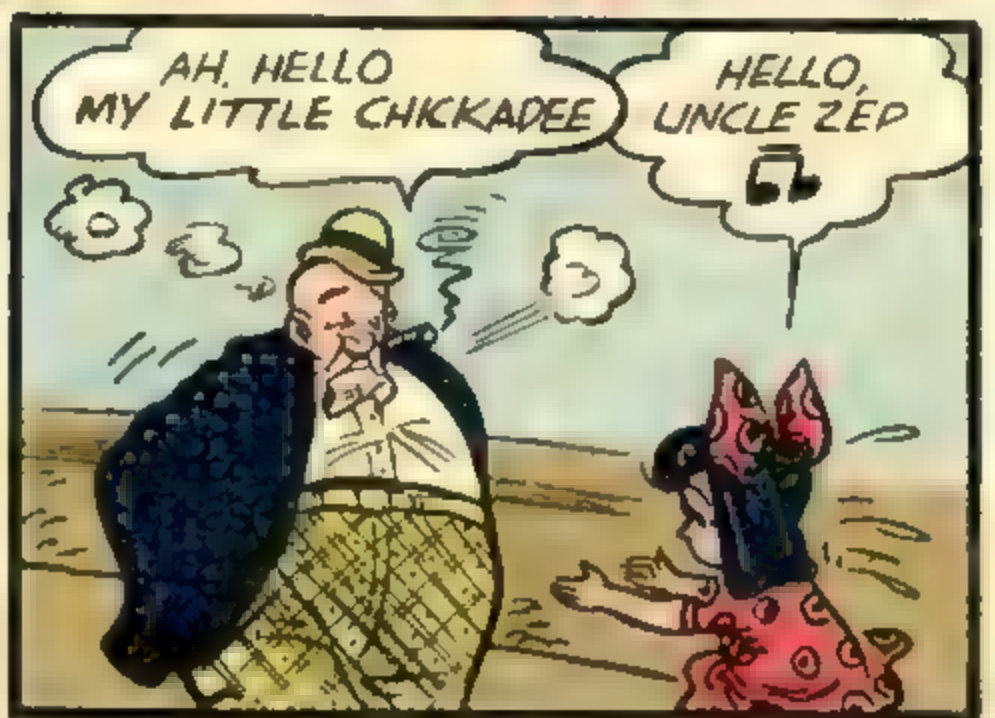
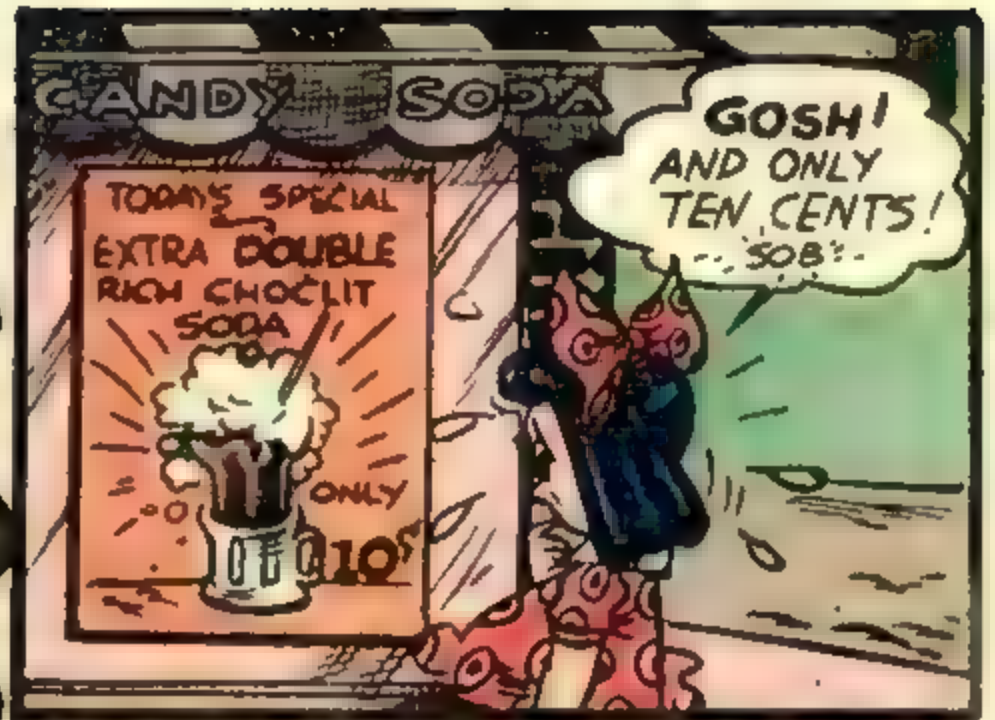
THE END



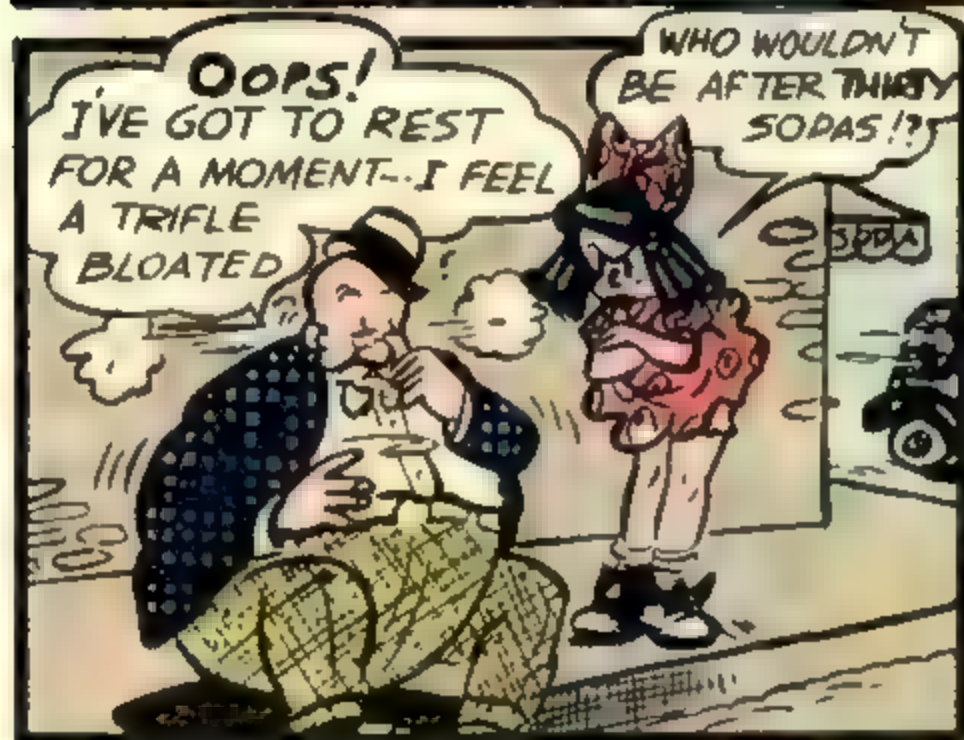
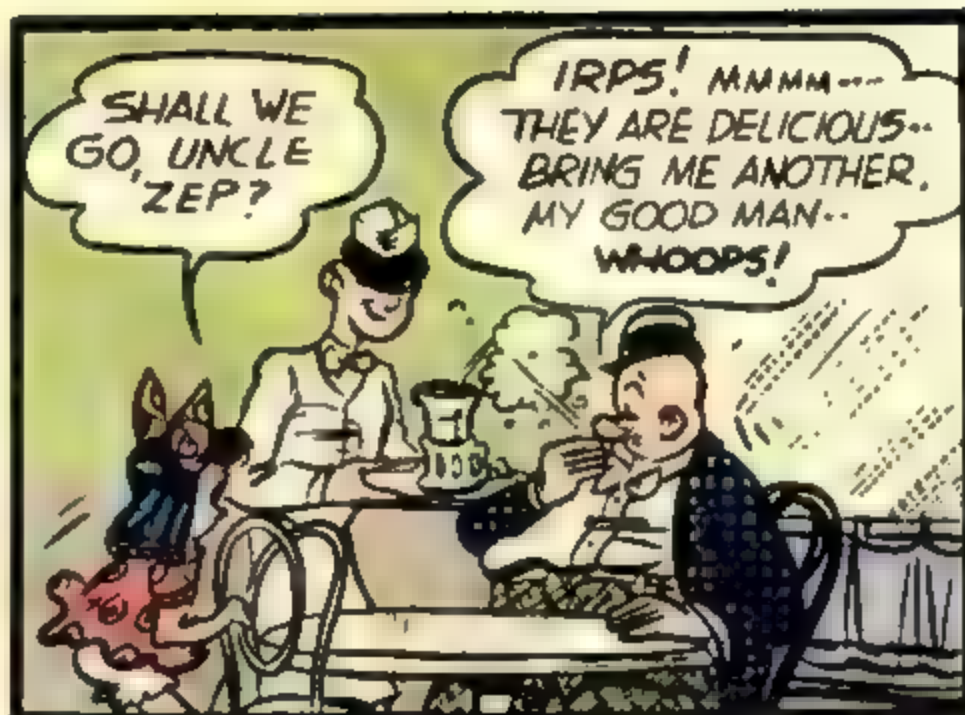


# WINTER SNAP

by Ted Rave

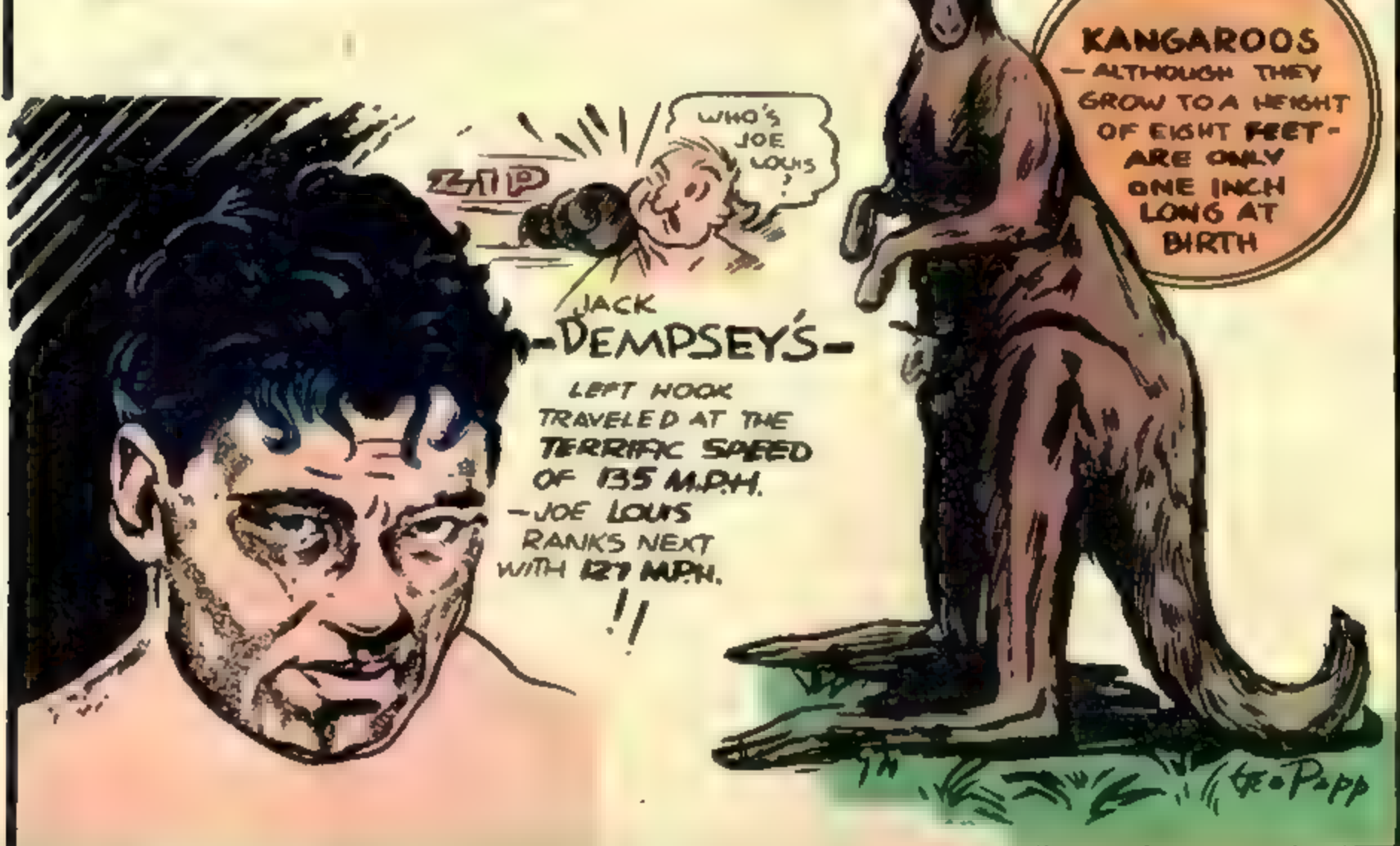








# FANTASTIC FACTS





# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

## THE JOKER RETURNS -

ONCE AGAIN THAT HARLEQUIN OF HATE - THE **JOKER** - BRINGS GRINNING DEATH TO A TERRIFIED PEOPLE ... A MOCKING DOOM FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN ESCAPE ... AND ONCE AGAIN TWO HEROIC FIGURES - **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN THE BOY WONDER** - PIT THEIR AMAZING SKILL IN A SUPREME EFFORT TO HALT THIS PARADE OF CRIME ...



BY

BOB  
KANE

LESS THAN TWO DAYS AGO THE **BATMAN** HAD SEEN THE **JOKER** THRUST INTO A CELL TO AWAIT TRIAL IN HIS CELL THE WILY **JOKER** PLANS ESCAPE

JAIL ME, WILL THEY A MAN OF MY INTELLECT? I'LL ESCAPE AND MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS INSULT!

CROSS THE SATURNINE FACE FLITS THE GHASTLY GRIN ... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE **JOKER**!

AND THAT **BATMAN** AND THE **BOY** IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN - BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE ... NOW!!





FROM THE BACK OF HIS MOUTH THE JOKER UNSCREWS TWO FALSE TEETH!

INSIDE EACH TOOTH IS A CHEMICAL, WHICH WHEN MIXED TOGETHER, FORMS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE... MY MEANS OF ESCAPE!



MOMENTS LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS A GAPING HOLE IN THE CELL WALL!!

FREEDOM! AU REVOIR GENTLEMAN...TILL WE MEET AGAIN-HA HA-HA



STARTLING NEWS STIRS BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON!

FLASH! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE JOKER HAS JUST ESCAPED PRISON! AFTER MYSTERIOUSLY BLOWING UP HIS CELL, HE OVERPOWERED TWO GUARDS AND...

WELL I'LL BE...



THE JOKER FREE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

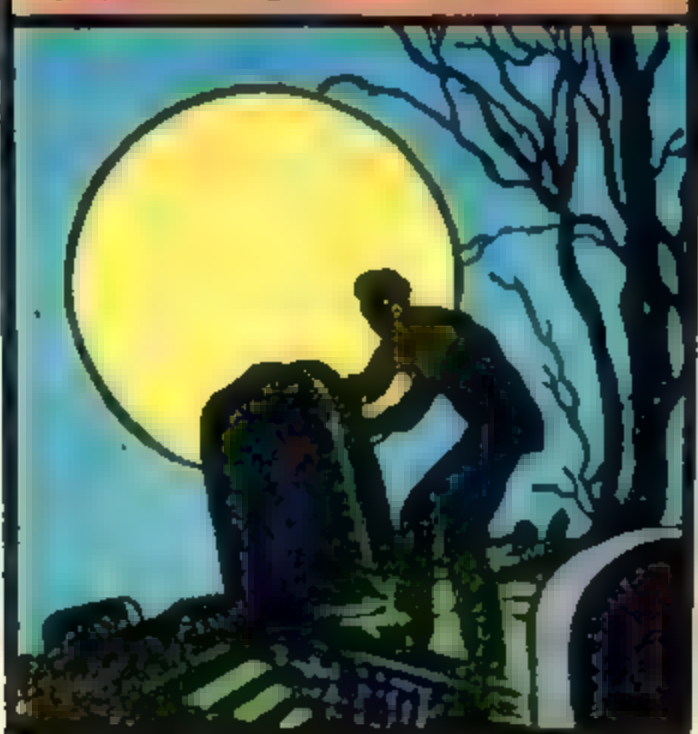
I CAN! HE'S A VERY UNUSUAL MAN! HE'S SHREWD, SUBTLE AND ABOVE ALL RUTHLESS! MARK MY WORDS, THE JOKER WILL RETURN WITH A VENGEANCE!



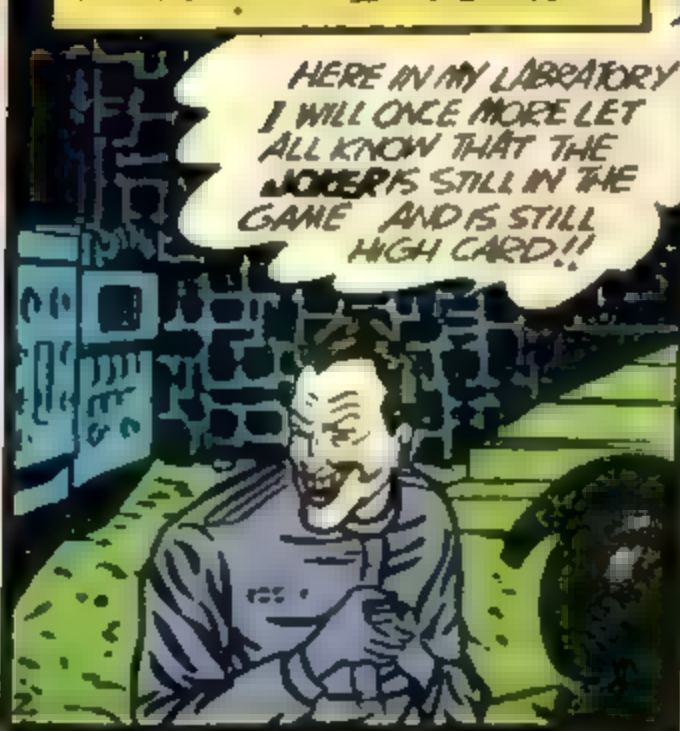
AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE GHOSTS THROUGH THE GLOOM THAT HANGS OVER THE DECAYING GRAVESTONES OF A DESERTED CEMETARY!



THE PHANTOM LIKE FORM PUSHES AGAINST A CURIOUS GRAVESTONE... THE GROUND SLIPS AWAY REVEALING A YAWNING GAP AT HIS FEET

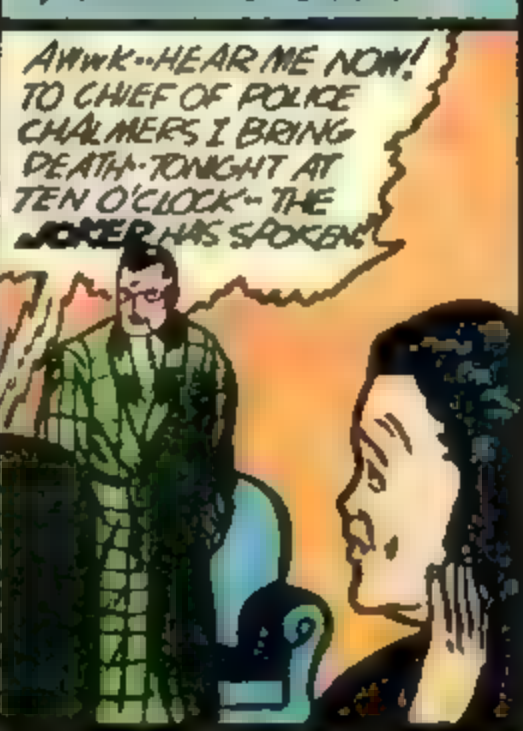


THE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE CRYPT... A LIGHT SWIRLES ON... AND REVEALS THE JOKER!!

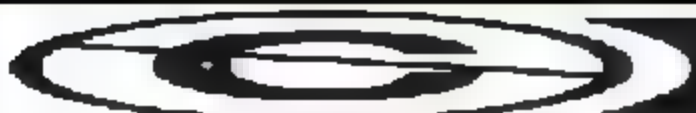


HERE IN MY LABORATORY I WILL ONCE MORE LET ALL KNOW THAT THE JOKER IS STILL IN THE GAME AND IS STILL HIGH CARD!!

ONCE AGAIN AS PEOPLE LISTEN AT RADIOS COMES THAT BREAK... A DEADLY VOICE A MESSAGE OF DOOM!!

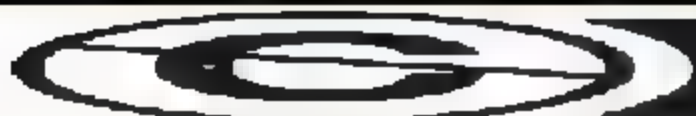
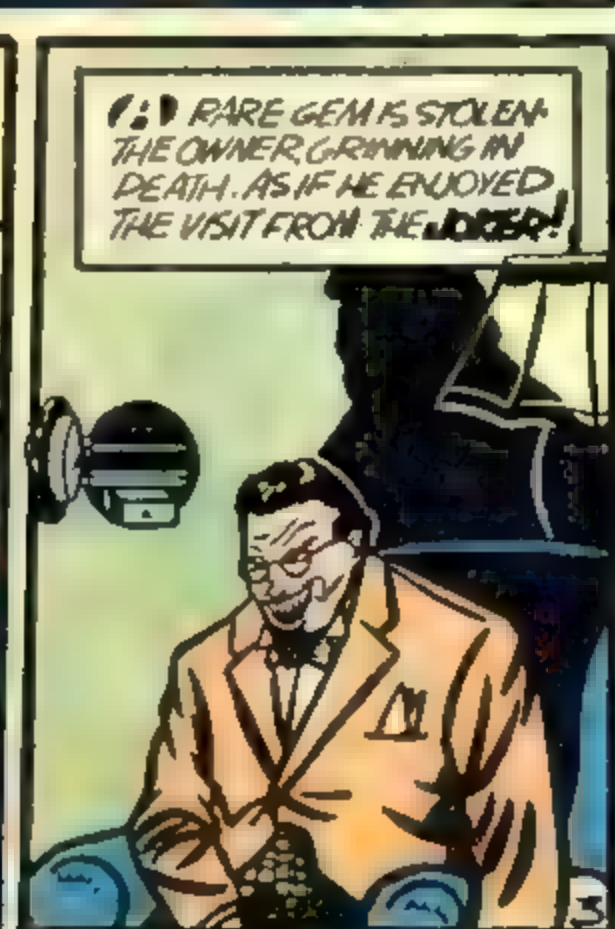
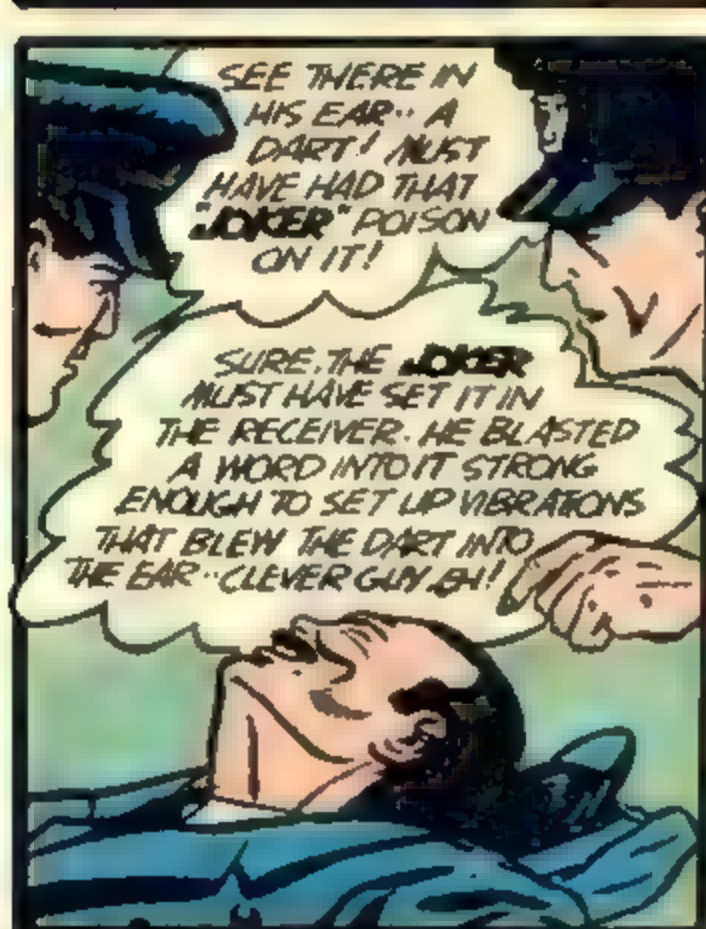
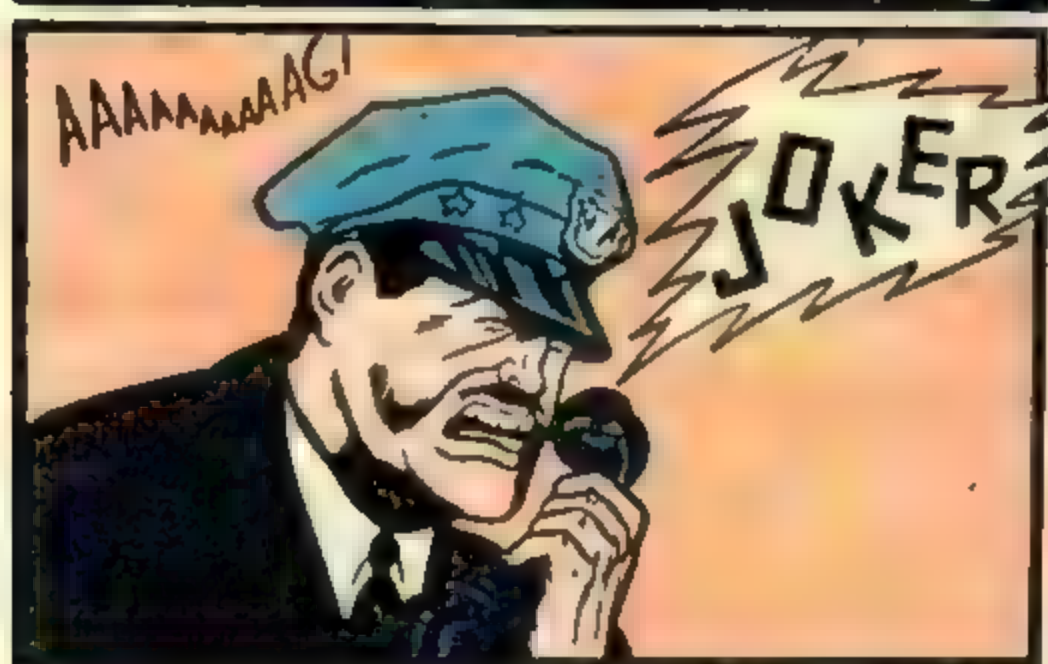


AWWK... HEAR ME NOW! TO CHIEF OF POLICE CHALMERS I BRING DEATH-TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK- THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!



PUBLIC DOMAIN





PUBLIC DOMAIN



ONCE MORE THE MOURNFUL VOICE OF THE GRIM JESTER IS HEARD!

AWWK! TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT SHARP I WILL ENTER THE DRAKE MUSEUM AND STEAL THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE... THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

...AND I'LL STOP YOU... THE BATMAN HAS SPOKEN!

THAT NIGHT DETERMINED POLICE GUARD THE PREVIOUS NECKLACE!

THE JOKER WOULDN'T DARE SHOW UP!

YOU HOPE!

ALMOST EIGHT O'CLOCK! GOSH! I'M GETTING JUMPY!

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES THE FATAL HOUR, THE LID OF A NUNNY CASE QUIETLY OPENS!

HERE THE MELANCHOLY JOKER! AND HIS VENOM GUN!

THE JOKER... AAAGH!

WHY BE SO SURPRISED, YOU WERE EXPECTING ME!

CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE... FROM HER LILY-WHITE NECK... WHA...?

I'D LIKE TO PUT MY HANDS AROUND YOUR LILY-WHITE NECK!

FROM THE SHADOWS...

I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!

BATMAN! HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

THE MIGHTY BATMAN IS UPON THE SURPRISED JOKER BEFORE HE CAN USE HIS VENOM GUN!

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW, MR. JOKER?

THE JOKER FIGHTING WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN UNLEASHES A SMASHING BLOW!

I WILL YET LAUGH MY FRIEND!





THE MADMAN REACHES FOR AN ANCIENT MACE!



I'LL FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL MR. BATMAN. HA-HA HA HA



A SHEER, DESPERATE TWIST OF THE BATMAN'S BODY AND THE MACE GIVES HIM A GLANCING BLOW ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD



SUDDENLY THE POUNDING OF RUNNING FEET-RAISED VOICES...

THE POLICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS THEY MUSTN'T FIND ME!

IT'S AFTER EIGHT! LETS SEE IF THE BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT!



LOOK! THE JOKER'S BEEN HERE! THE NECKLACE IS GONE!

THE BOYS...THEY ALL HAVE THE SIGN OF THE JOKER ON THEIR FACES!

NEVER MIND THE JOKER, LOOK WHAT I FOUND-THE BATMAN



THE BATMAN! WELL, WE HAVE CAUGHT SOMEBODY! NOW I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME--TAKE OFF THE BATMAN'S MASK AND SEE WHO HE REALLY IS!



A HAND REACHES OUT TO WRENCH OFF BATMAN'S COWL!

WILL THE COWL BE TAKEN OFF?  
IF THE BATMAN IS REVEALED AS BRUCE WAYNE HIS CAREER AS A NEMESIS OF CRIME IS FINISHED!  
IS THIS THE END OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN?





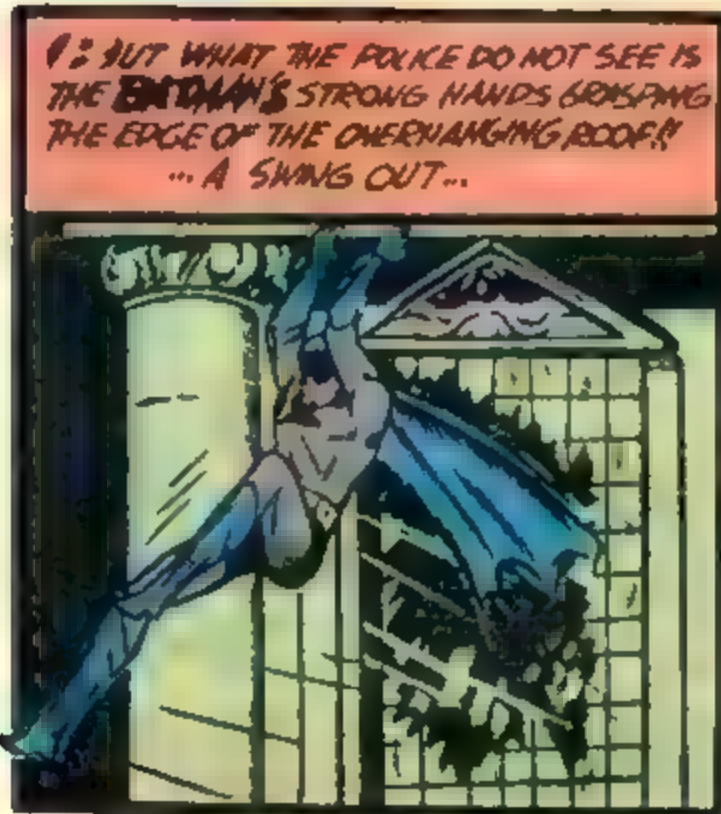
WITH STARTLING AGRIBTWISS  
THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS OFF  
THE FLOOR!!

SORRY BOYS BUT  
I'M NOT QUITE  
READY FOR JAIL!

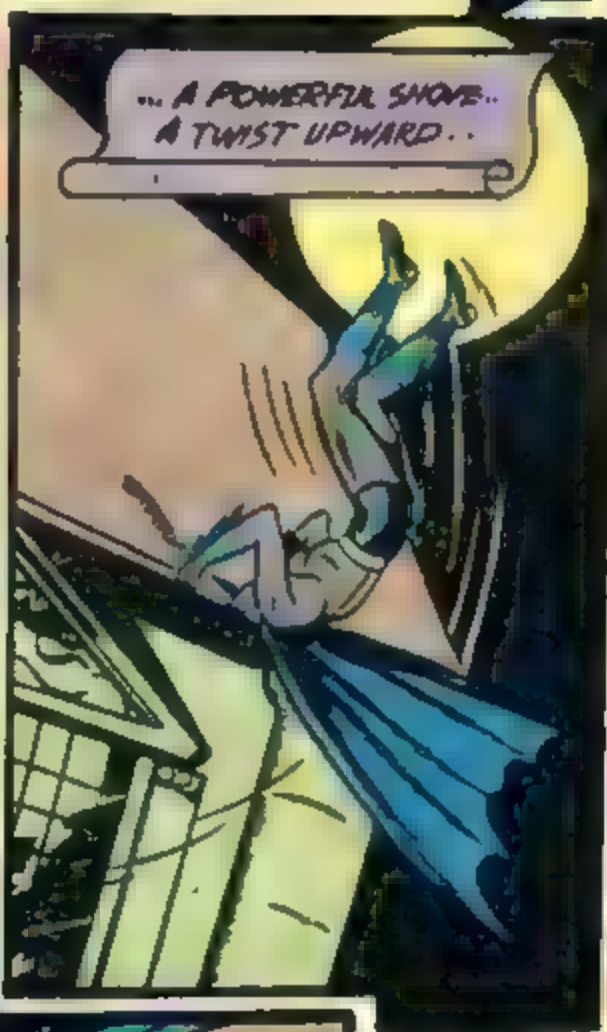


THE POLICE SEE THE MANTLED  
FIGURE LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW  
TO APPARANTLY PROPTO THE  
GROUND BELOW!

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO  
TRY A DROP TO THE GROUND!



BUT WHAT THE POLICE DO NOT SEE IS  
THE BATMAN'S STRONG HANDS GRIPPING  
THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANGING ROOF!!  
... A SWING OUT...

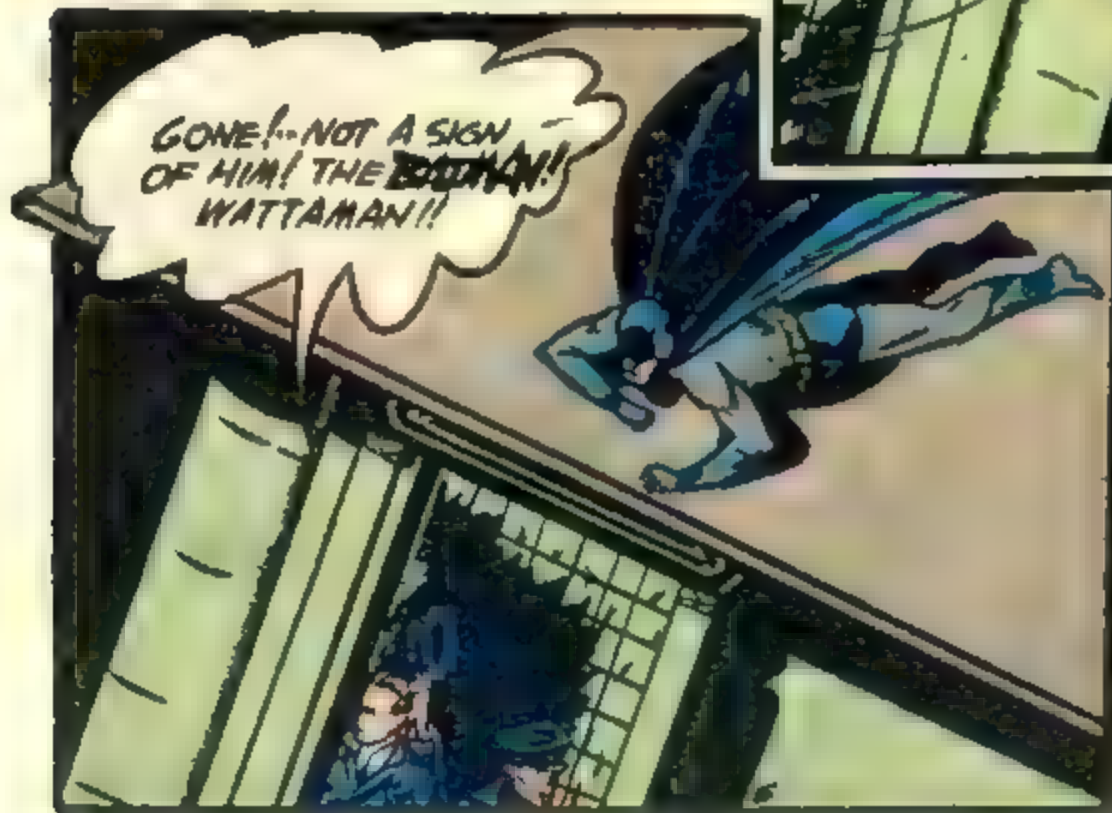


... A POWERFUL SHOVE..  
A TWIST UPWARD...

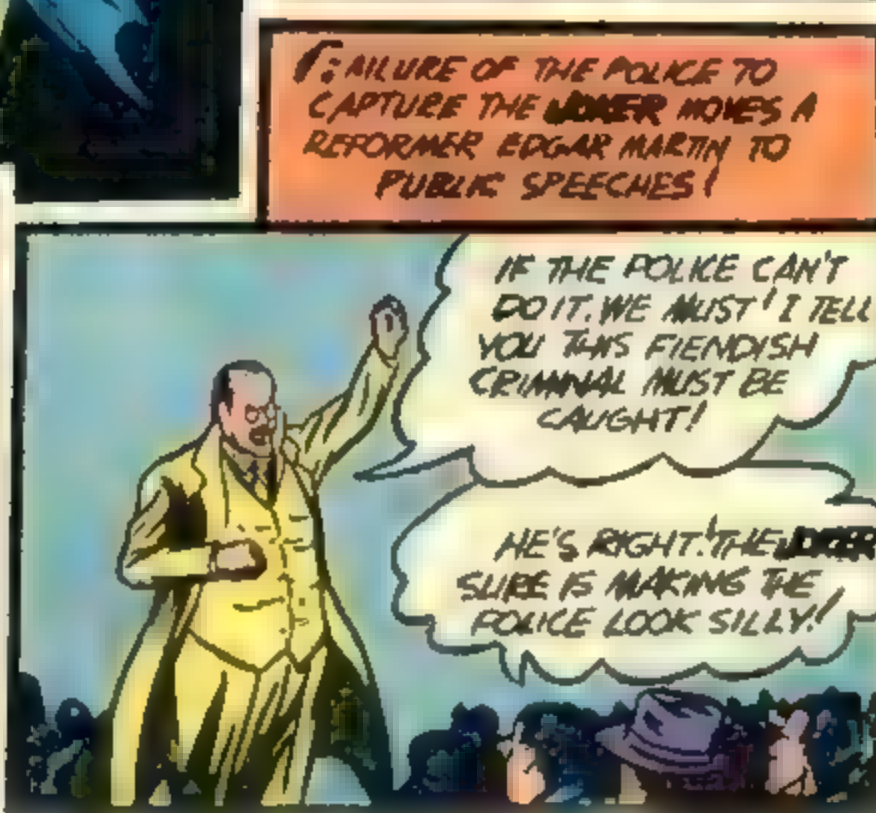


AND THE BATMAN ROLLS UP  
OVER THE UP OF THE ROOF!

NICE TRICK IF I DO IT.  
AND I DID!



GONE!..NOT A SIGN  
OF HIM! THE BATMAN!  
WATTAMAN!!

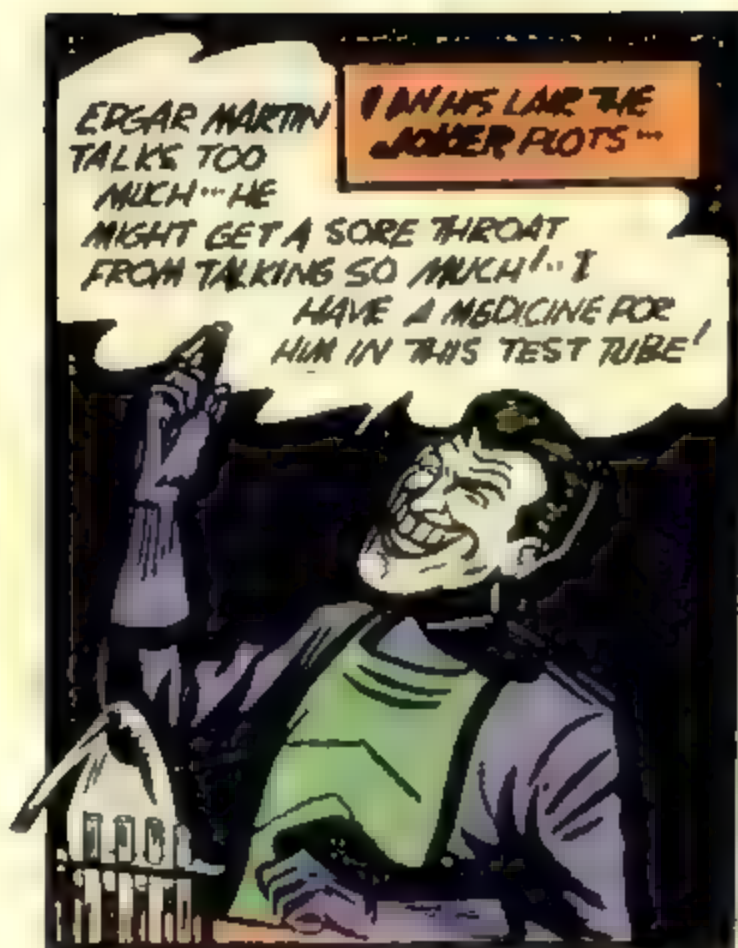


FAILURE OF THE POLICE TO  
CAPTURE THE UNDER MOVES A  
REFORMER EDGAR MARTIN TO  
PUBLIC SPEECHES!

IF THE POLICE CAN'T  
DO IT, WE MUST! I TELL  
YOU THIS FIENDISH  
CRIMINAL MUST BE  
CAUGHT!

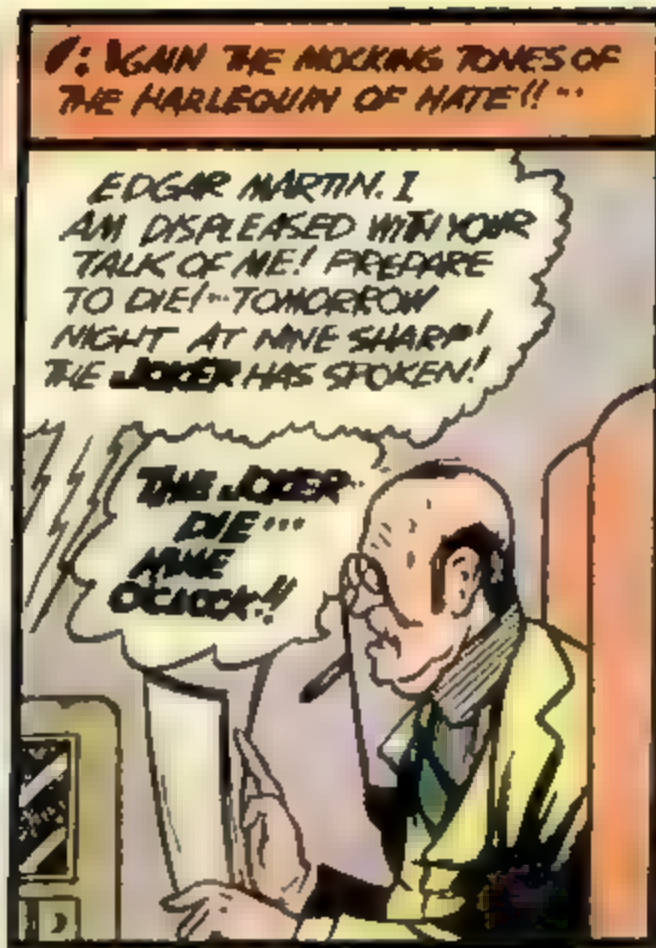
HE'S RIGHT! THE UNDER  
SURE IS MAKING THE  
POLICE LOOK SILLY!





EDGAR MARTIN  
TALKS TOO  
MUCH... HE  
MIGHT GET A SORE THROAT  
FROM TALKING SO MUCH!... I  
HAVE A MEDICINE FOR  
HIM IN THIS TEST TUBE!

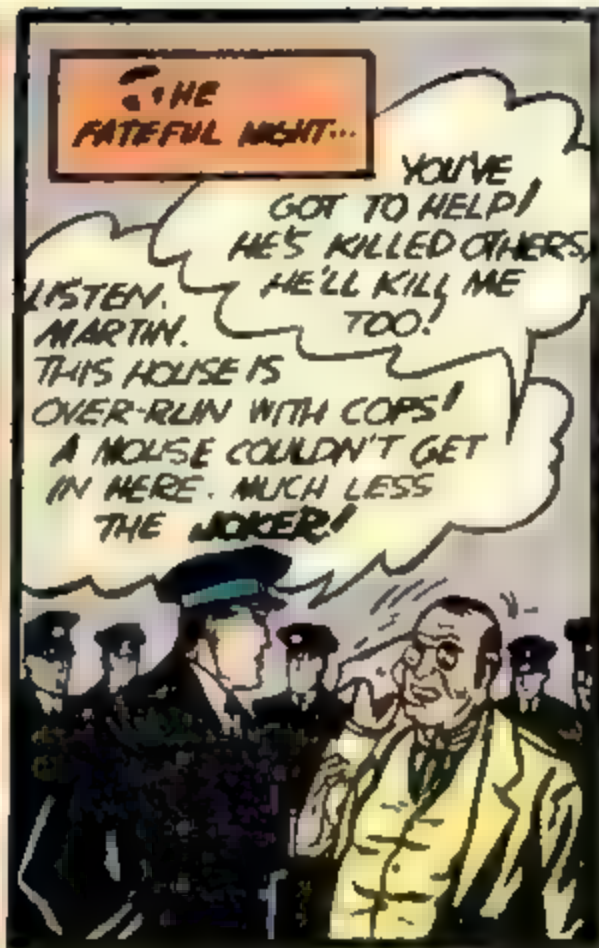
IN HIS LAB THE  
JOKER PLOTS...



AGAIN THE MOCKING TONES OF  
THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!!...

EDGAR MARTIN, I  
AM DISPLEASED WITH YOUR  
TALK OF ME! PREPARE  
TO DIE!... TOMORROW  
NIGHT AT NINE SHARP!  
THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

THE JOKER  
DIE...  
NINE  
O'CLOCK!!



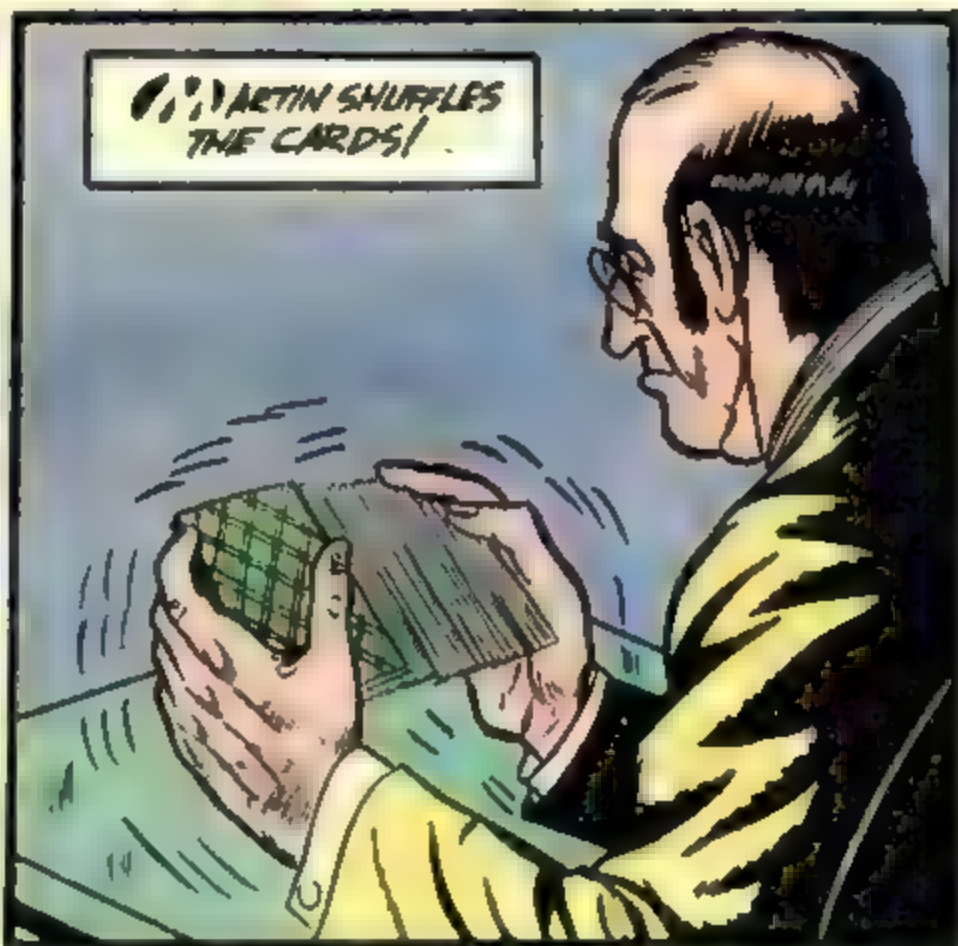
THE  
FATEFUL NIGHT...

YOU'VE  
GOT TO HELP!  
HE'S KILLED OTHERS.  
HE'LL KILL ME  
TOO!  
LISTEN,  
MARTIN.  
THIS HOUSE IS  
OVER-RUN WITH COPS!  
A MOUSE COULDN'T GET  
IN HERE. MUCH LESS  
THE JOKER!



RELAX. ONE OF THE  
BOYS MUST HAVE LEFT THOSE  
CARDS FOR YOU! WHY  
NOT PLAY SOME  
SOLITAIRE?

YOU'RE RIGHT.  
IT MIGHT TAKE  
MY MIND OFF  
THINGS!



MARTIN SHUFFLES  
THE CARDS!

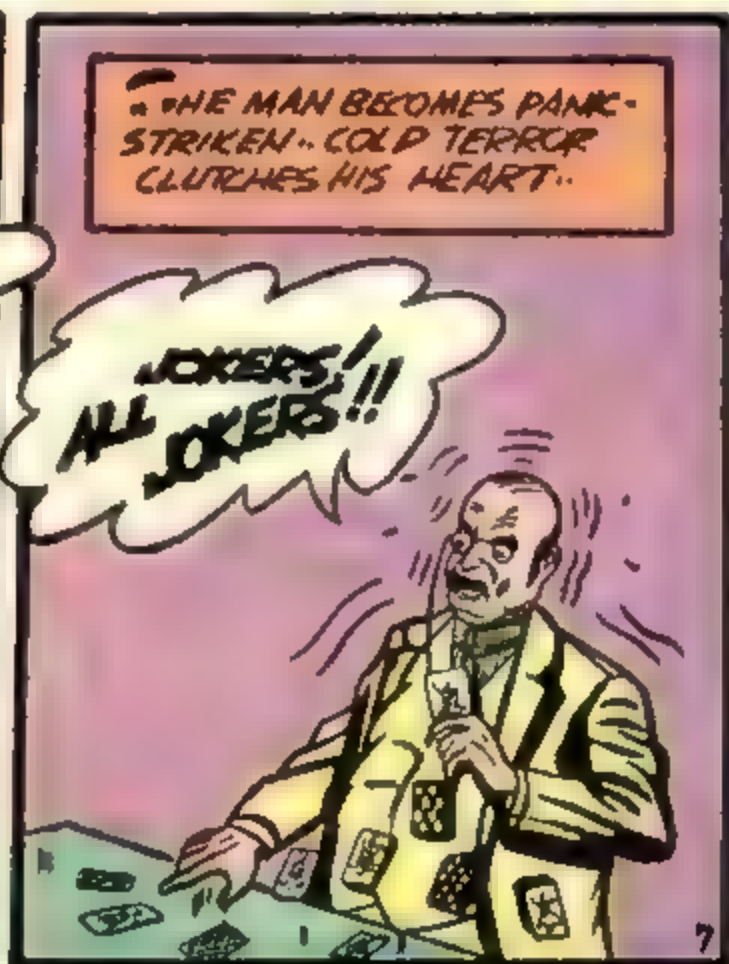


DARN IT! CUT MYSELF  
ON THE EDGES... SURE ARE  
SHARP... BRAND  
NEW DECK!



AS MARTIN LAYS OUT  
THE FIRST CARD HE SEES-

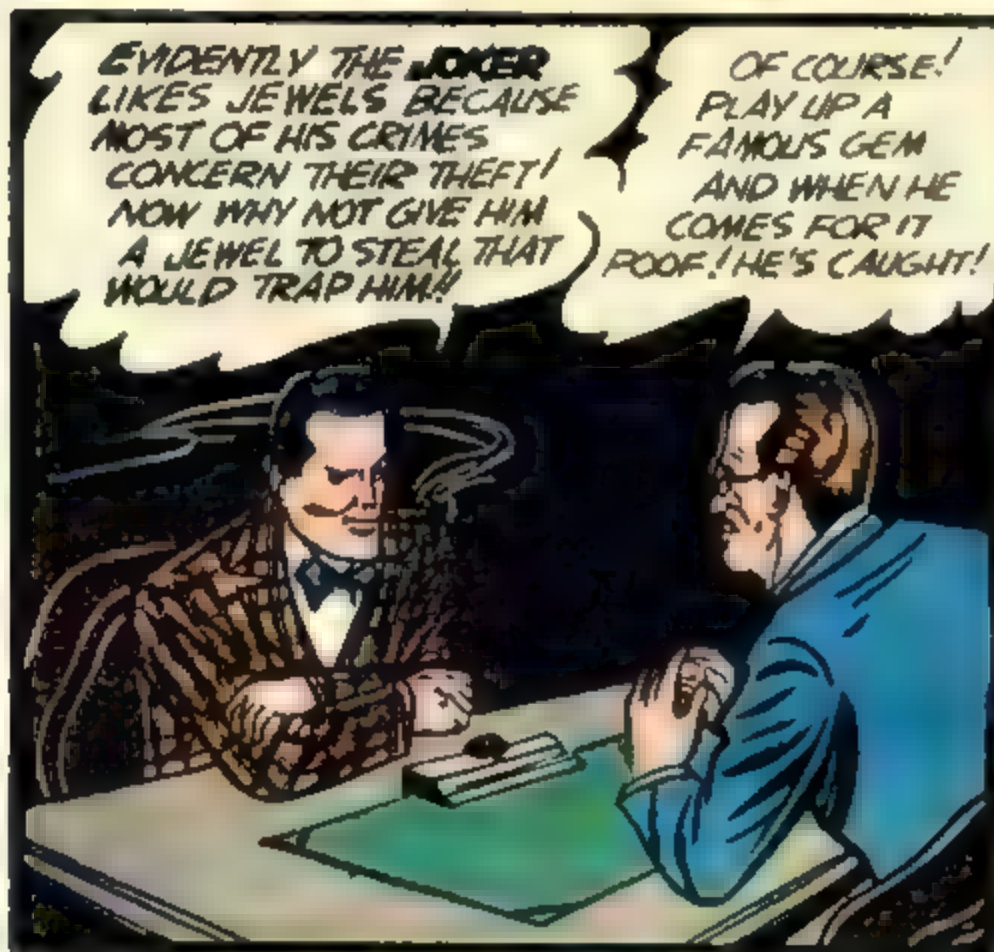
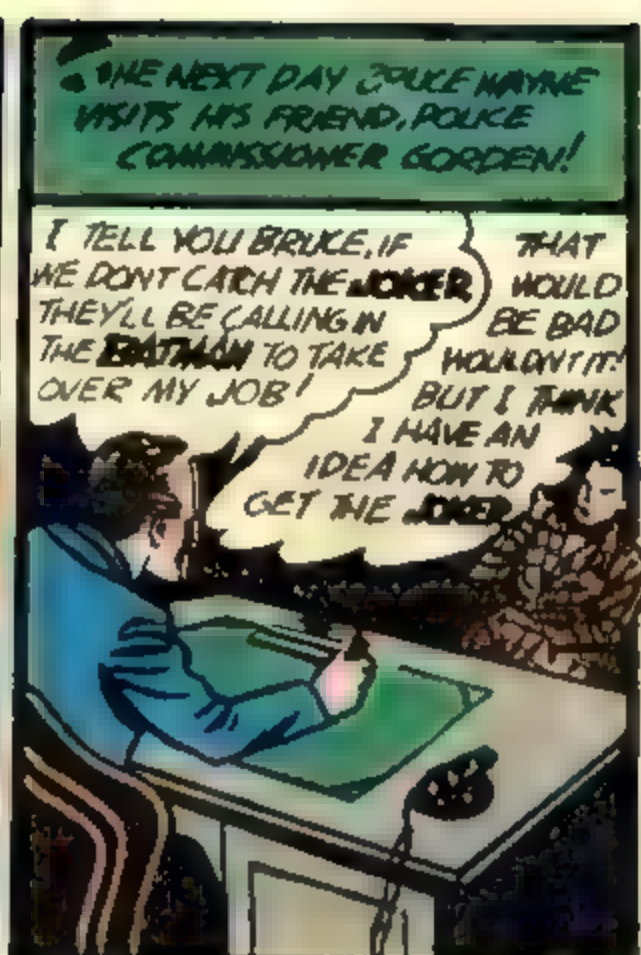
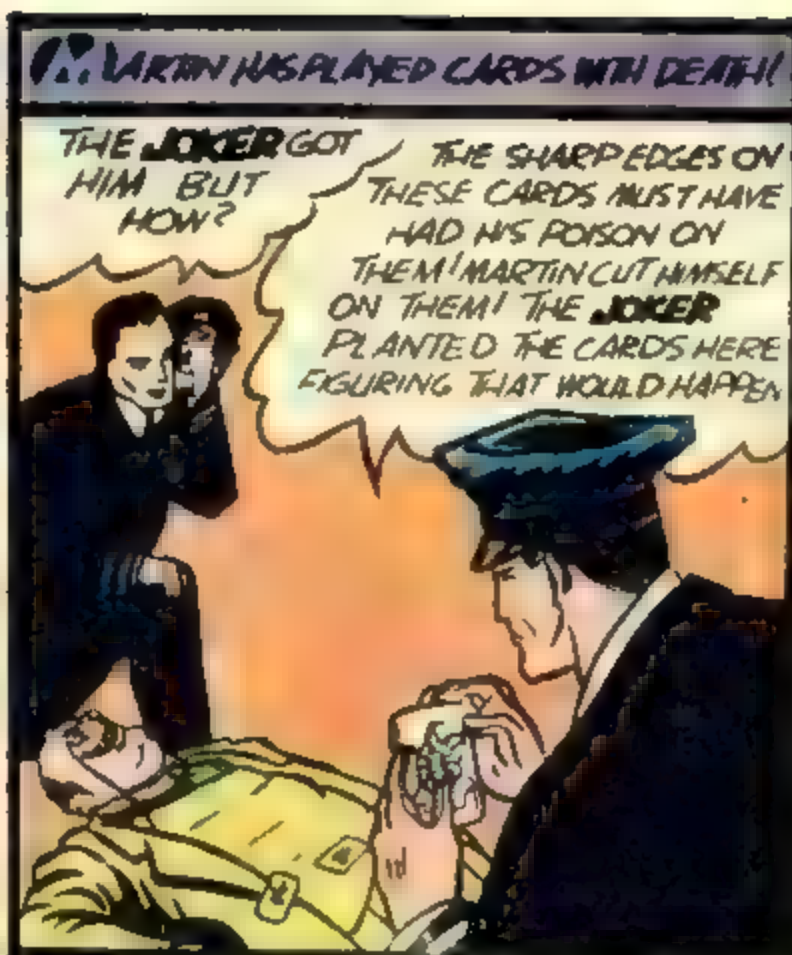
WHA.  
THE JOKER!



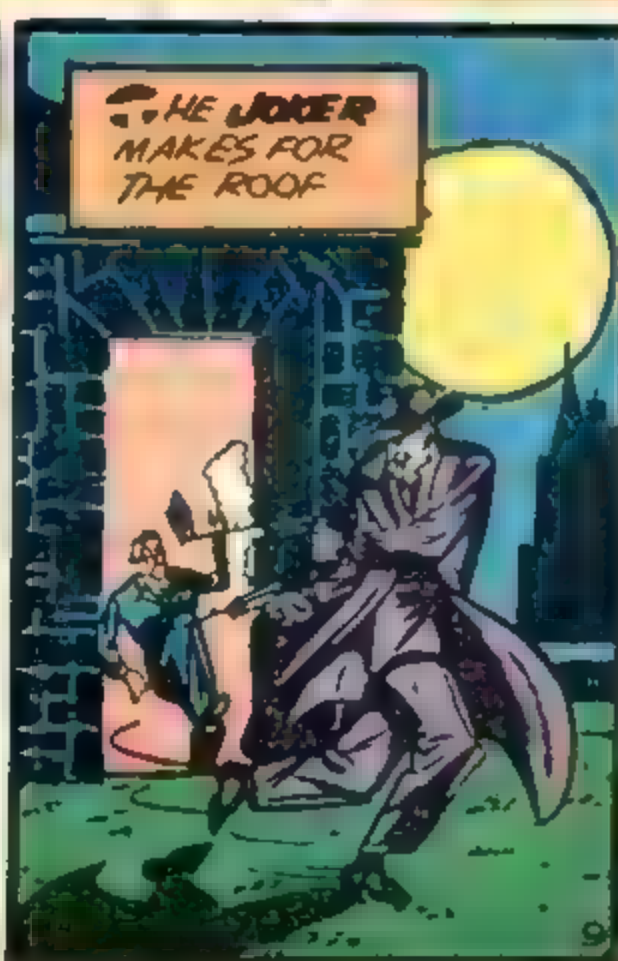
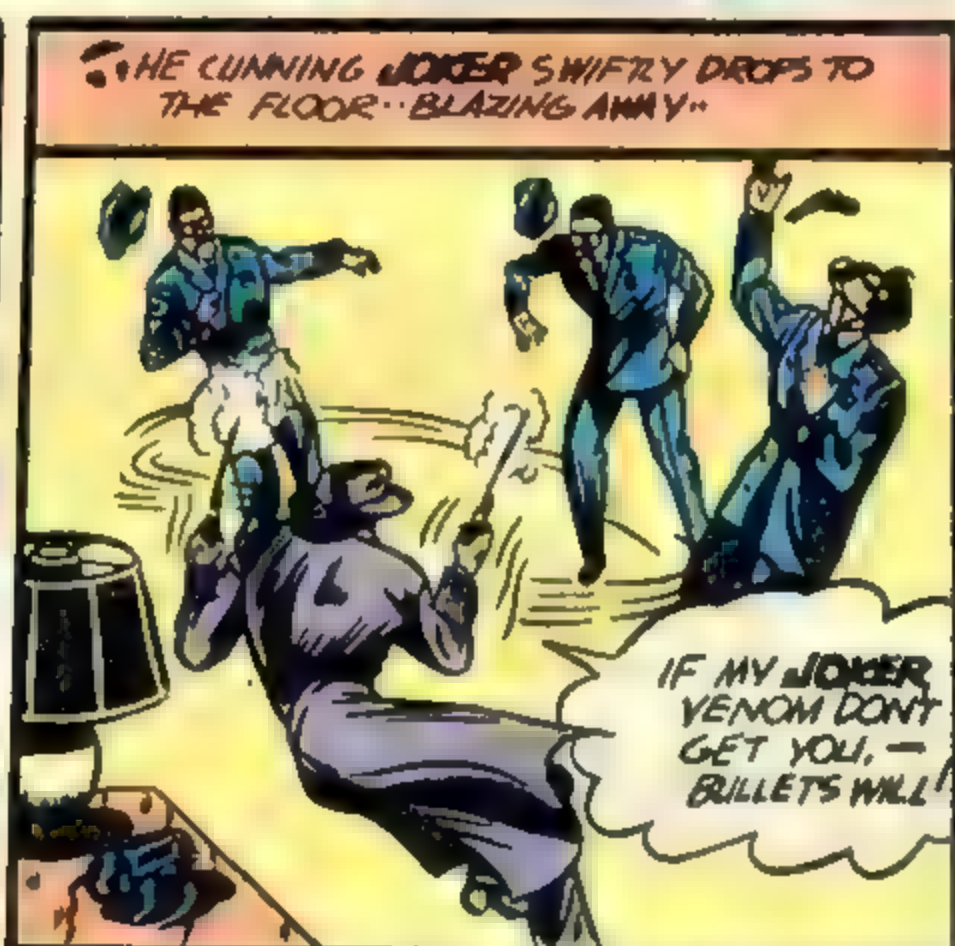
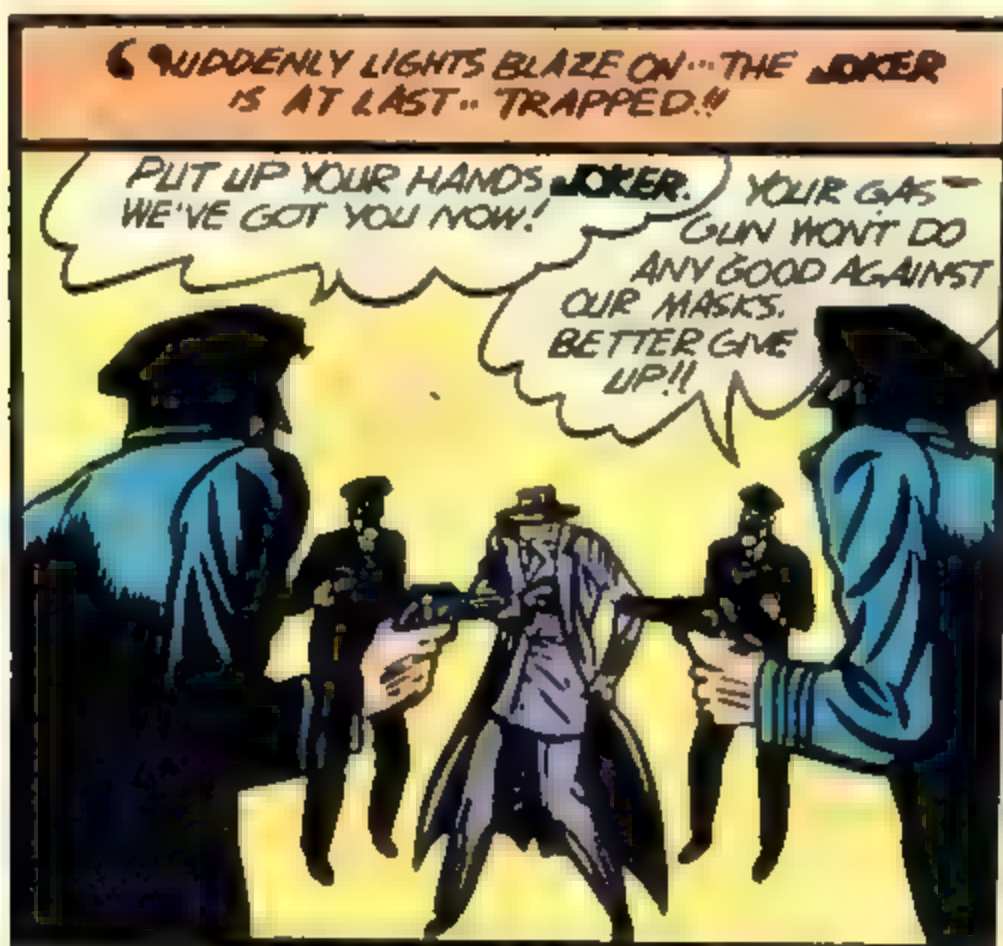
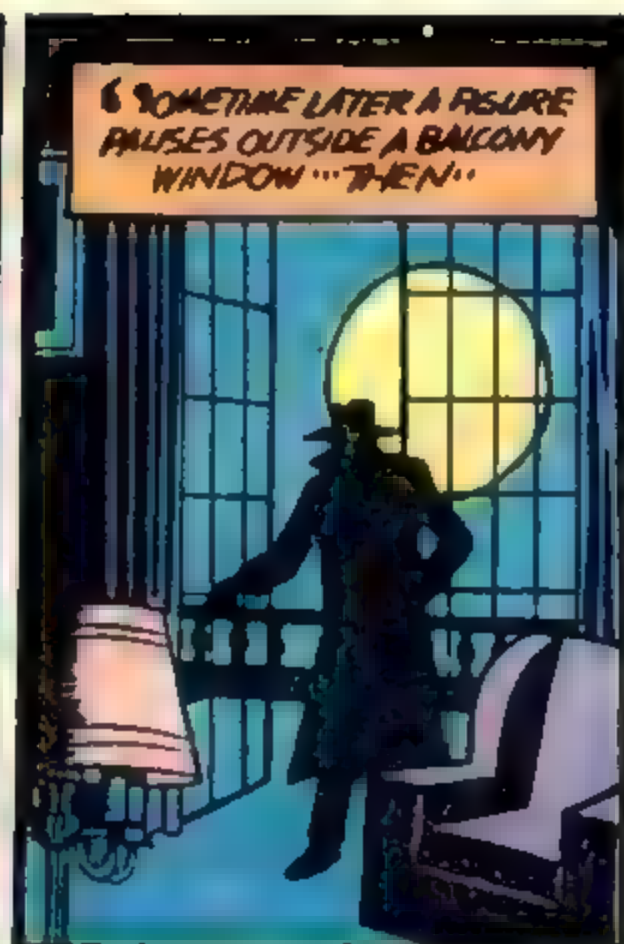
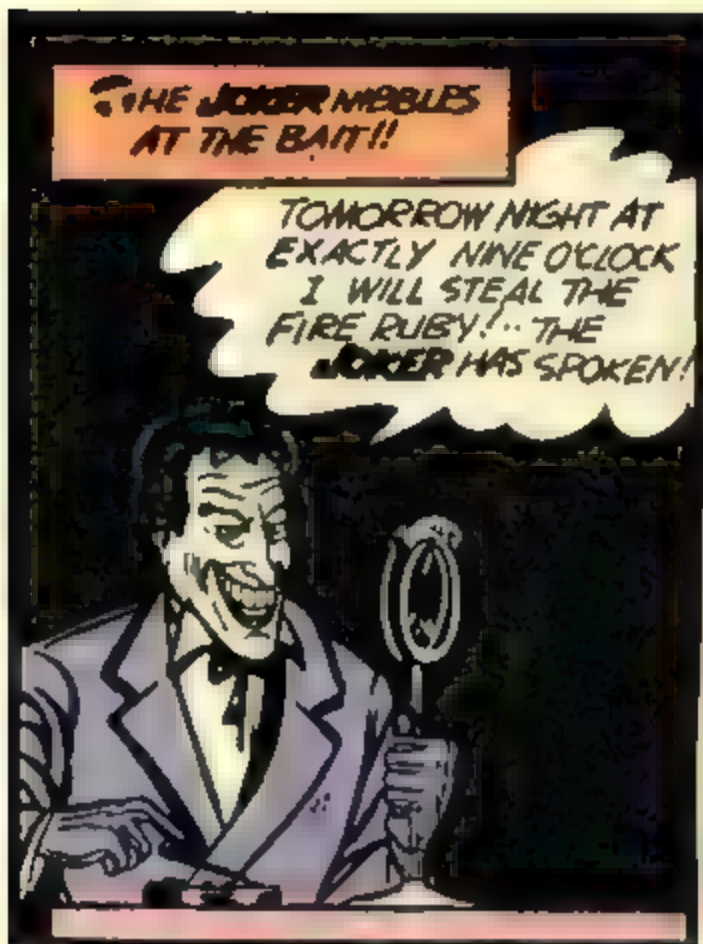
THE MAN BECOMES PANIC-  
STRIKEN.. COLD TERROR  
CLUTCHES HIS HEART..

JOKERS!  
ALL  
JOKERS!!

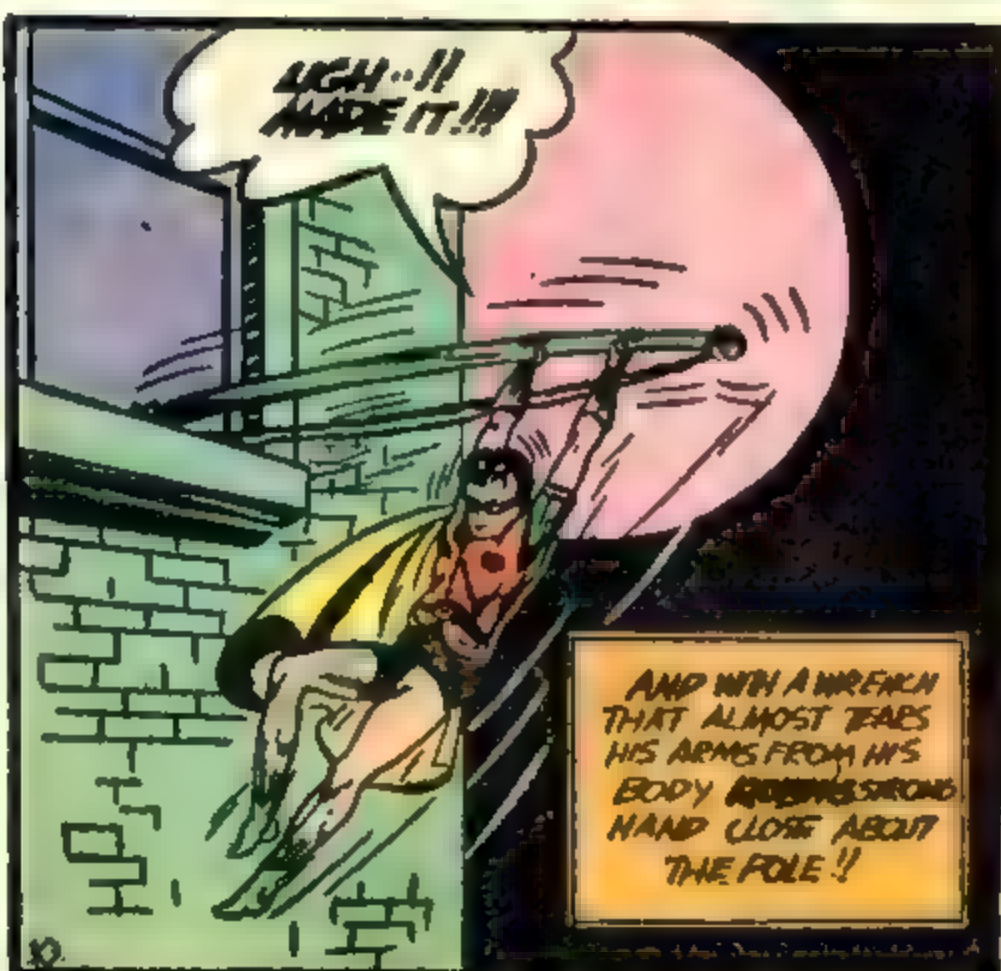
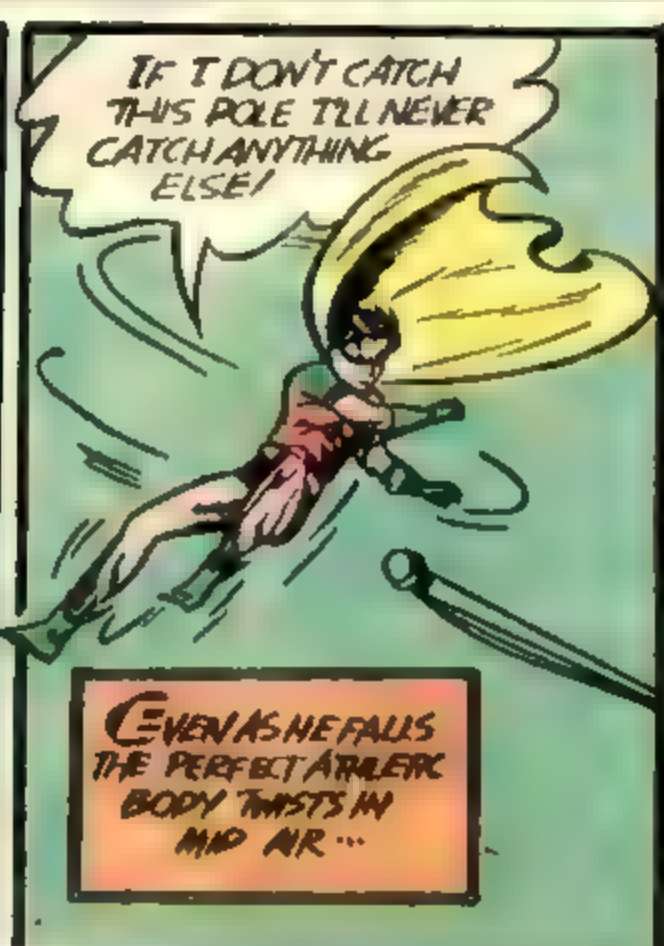




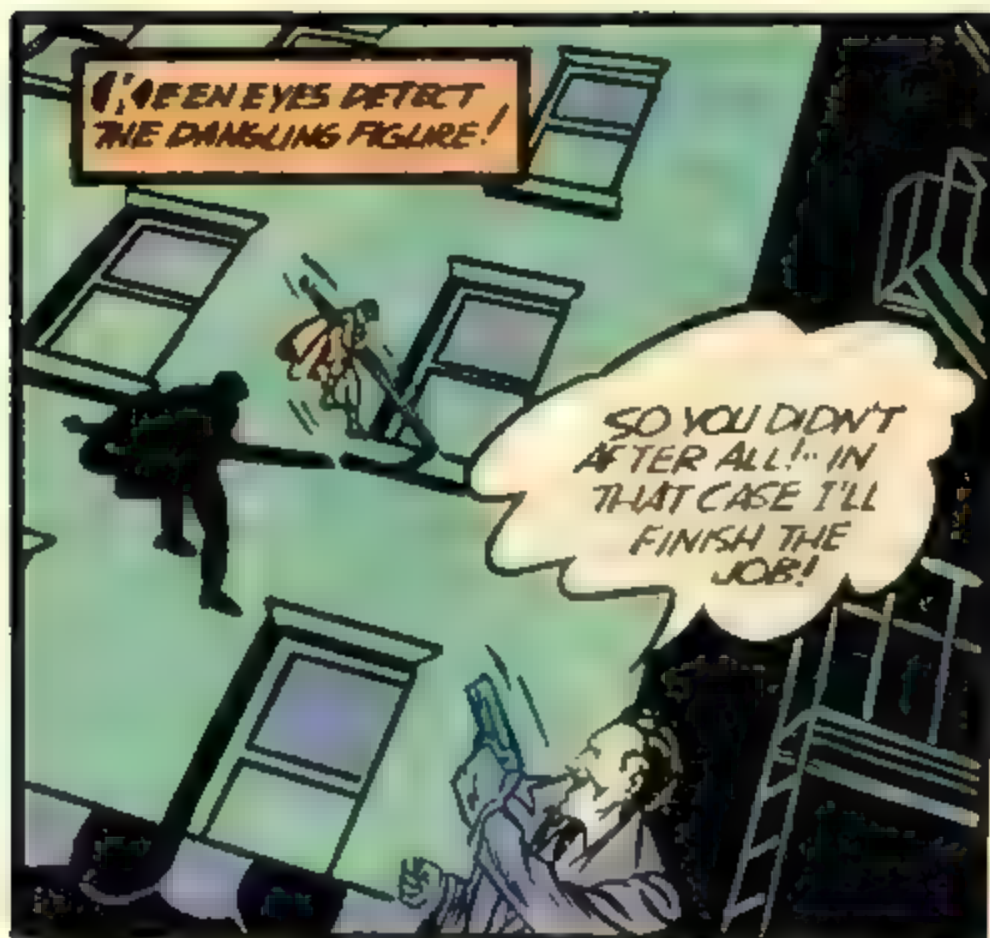












SEVEN EYES DETECT THE DANGLING FIGURE!

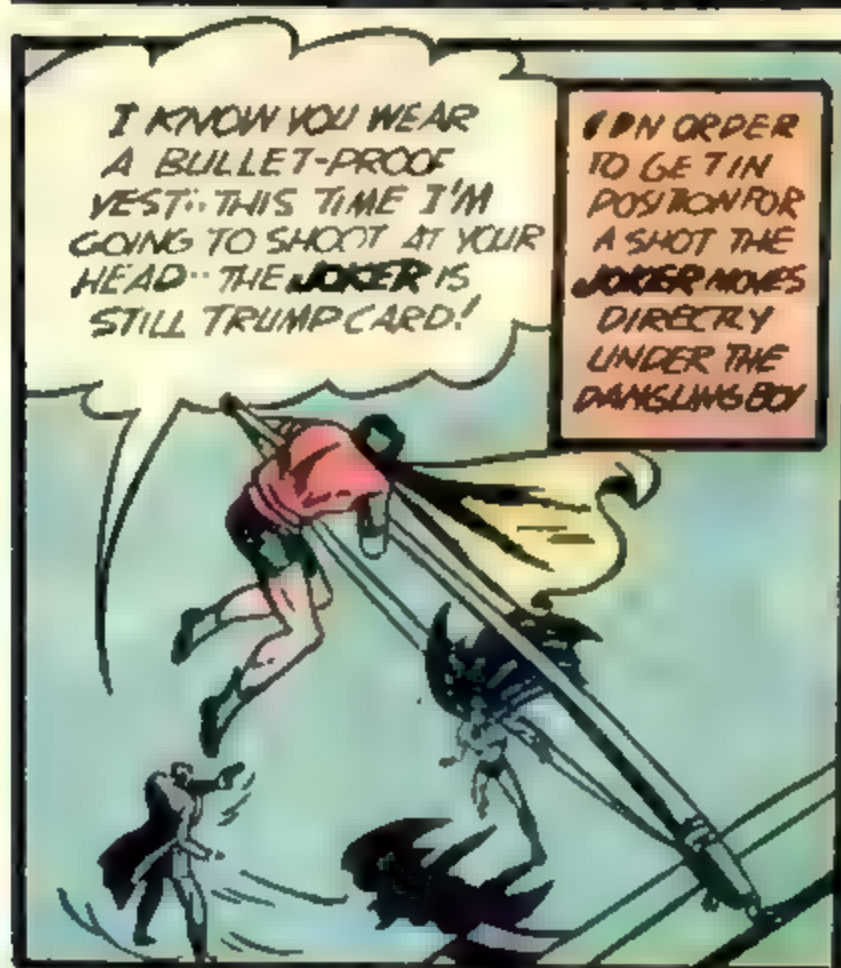
SO YOU DIDN'T AFTER ALL!... IN THAT CASE I'LL FINISH THE JOB!



WHEN A VOICE... THE BATMAN HAS EXPOSED HIMSELF TO DRAW AWAY THE FIRE FROM ROBIN!

JOKER... STOP!!

BATMAN!

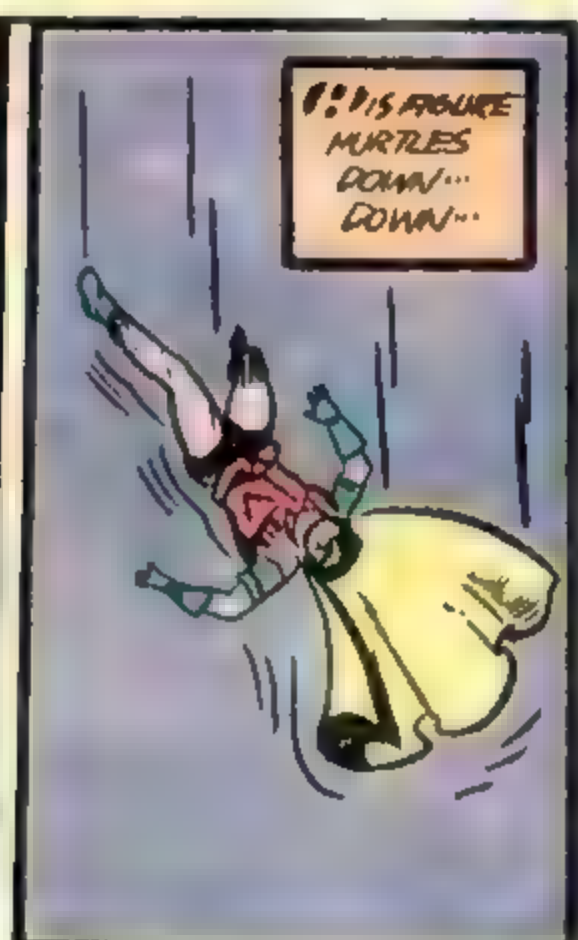


I KNOW YOU WEAR A BULLET-PROOF VEST... THIS TIME I'M GOING TO SHOOT AT YOUR HEAD... THE JOKER IS STILL TRUMP CARD!

IN ORDER TO GET IN POSITION FOR A SHOT THE JOKER MOVES DIRECTLY UNDER THE DANGLING BOY



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE POLE BREAKS UNDER ROBIN'S WEIGHT.



HIS FIGURE MURTLES DOWN... DOWN...



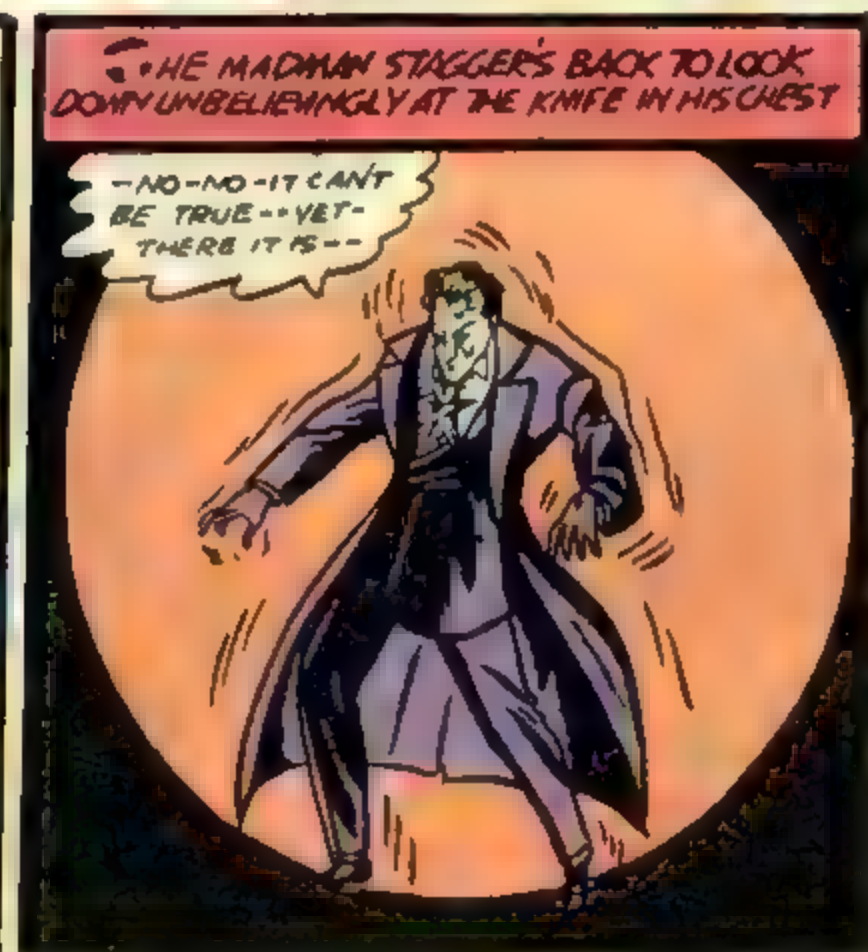
...IT TURNS IN MID-AIR HITS AN OPEN WINDOW AND BOUNCES OFF...



...TO LAND ON THE BACK OF THE JOKER!

MIND IF I DROP IN ON YOU?







DEAL AFTER FEAL OF  
WILD HYSTERICAL LAUGHER  
COMES FROM HIS GAPIING MOUTH

HA! HA! HA!  
THE JOKER IS GOING TO DIE  
HA! HA! THE LAUGH IS ON  
THE JOKER! HA! HA! HA!  
CLOWN LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!  
HA-HA-HA-HA

THE JOKER  
HAS PLAYED  
HIS LAST  
HAND AND  
LOST!

JOKER, THIS TIME  
YOU COULDN'T WIN...  
THE CARDS WERE  
STACKED AGAINST  
YOU!

LOOK - STILL  
GRINNING  
IN DEATH!

YES - AND WHEN THE  
FLESH IS GONE - THE  
GRINNING SKULL  
WILL STILL CARRY  
THE SIGN OF THE  
JOKER... INTO  
ETERNITY!

THERE'S SOMEONE  
ON THE GROUND!  
LOOK, BATMAN AND  
THAT KID, ROBIN!

THE ONLY  
THING TO TAKE  
OVER IS THE  
BODY!

WHY IT'S THE  
JOKER IT  
SEEMS THE  
BATMAN HAS  
SAVED US A LOT  
OF TROUBLE!...  
WE'D BETTER CALL  
THE AMBULANCE!

LET'S GO ROBIN...  
THE POLICE SEEM  
TO THINK IT'S TIME  
TO TAKE OVER!

BUT IN THE AMBULANCE A STARTLING  
FACT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT !!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
DOC. YOU LOOK AS IF  
YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!

I MIGHT HAVE...  
I JUST EXAMINED  
THIS MAN - HE ISN'T  
DEAD! - HE'S STILL  
ALIVE - AND HE'S  
GOING TO LIVE!

## GOLDEN RULES FOR 'ROBIN'S REGULARS'

ROBIN'S COPE:

READINESS  
OBEDIENCE  
BROTHERHOOD  
INDUSTRIOUSNESS  
NATIONALISM

OH NO, SIR,  
I COULDN'T TAKE  
ANYTHING! YOU SEE  
I'M A MEMBER OF THE  
'ROBIN'S REGULARS'  
OUR FIRST MOTTO IS...  
'ALWAYS BE HELPFUL TO  
THOSE WHO NEED HELP!'

THANK YOU  
VERY MUCH FOR HELPING  
AN OLD MAN ACROSS  
THE STREET - I'D  
LIKE TO REPAY  
YOU FOR IT!

WHY NOT  
BECOME ONE  
OF 'ROBIN'S  
REGULARS'?  
NO BUTTON  
OR BADGE IS  
NEEDED -  
THE WORLD  
WILL RECOGNIZE  
YOUR GOLDEN  
ACTS WITHOUT  
THEM! BE  
A 'ROBIN  
REGULAR'  
BY BEING  
REGULAR!



# The **BATMAN**

appears in a complete episode every month in

**DETECTIVE COMICS!**



## NOW ON SALE!



# Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

**You, Too,  
Can Make  
Your Own  
Records If  
You Sing  
or Play an  
Instrument**



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

## MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and play-back unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. **ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$1.75 per dozen.**

**From Wm. C., California:**

I have made several records and they have turned out swell.

**A. R. G., writes:**

I received my Home Recordo and am having lots of enjoyment with it.

It sure is nice when you can make a record and afterwards listen to yourself play.

**Miss Lillian C. of New York says:**

Your recording outfit was received all O.K. and proved to be all you claim it to be.

**OPERATES ON ANY  
A. C. OR D. C.  
ELECTRIC  
PHONOGRAPHS  
RECORD PLAYERS  
RADIO-PHONO  
COMBINATIONS  
Old or New Type  
PHONOGRAPHS and  
PORTABLES**

## IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

**SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!  
START RECORDING AT ONCE!**

**COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98**  
**INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED  
BLANK RECORDS ONLY**

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**11 WEST 17th ST.**

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CUT OUT AND FRAME

SKOS@BBSR



PUBLIC  
DOMAIN